DEC. 1, 1945 10c

Liberty

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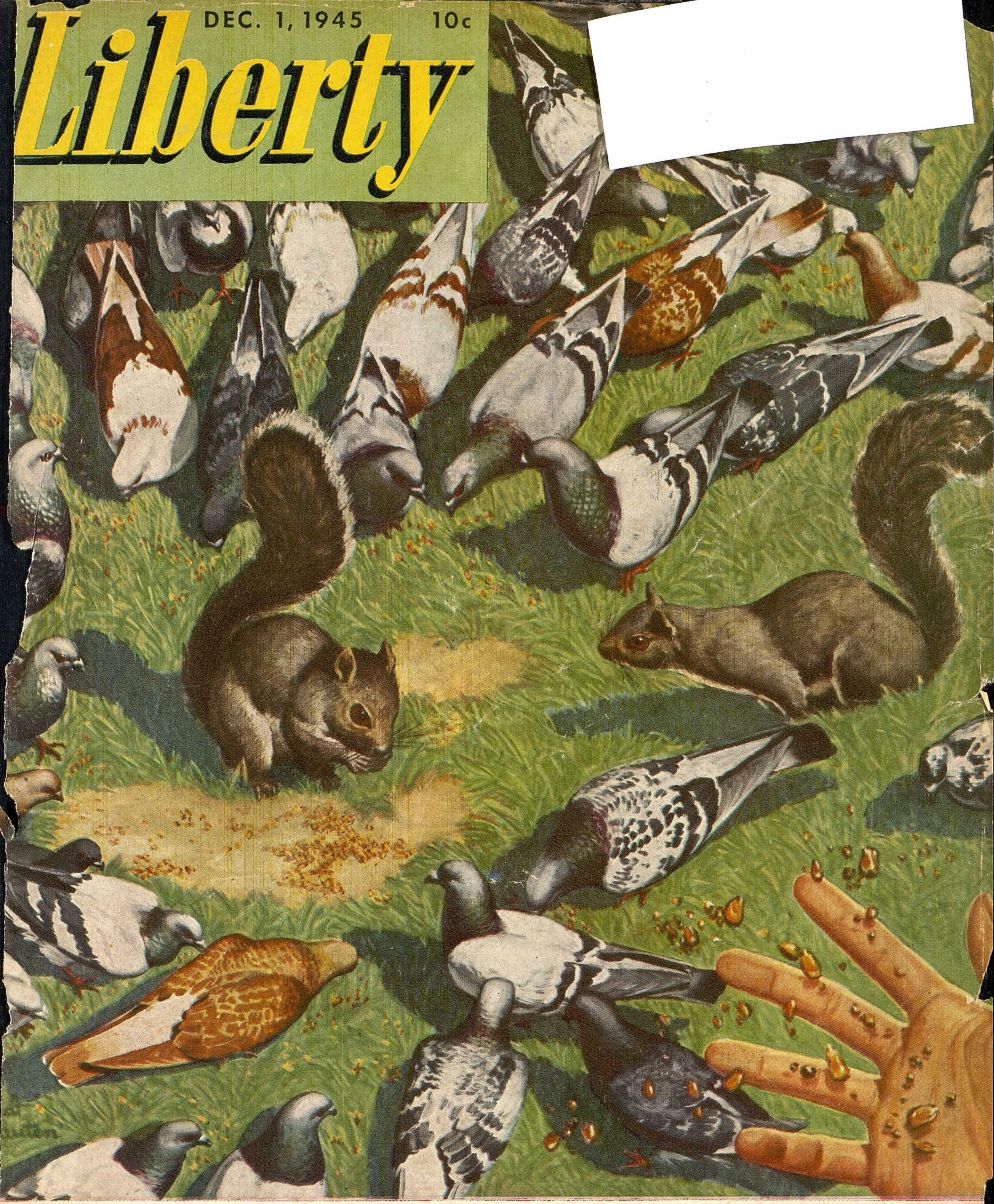

Book: THE BIRTHDAY MURDER—Homicide in Hollywood

Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer on THE FUTURE OF THE ATOM

Cocktail Calendar

for the New Year!

Jan. – Feb.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
......	......	1	2	3	4	5
6	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11	12
13	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
20	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	26
27	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	......	......
S	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	F	[illegible]
......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2
3	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	9
10	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		......

G*osh, it's awfully cold in Jan.;*
Smooth Hot Toddies warm a man!

Mar. – Apr.

S	M	T	[illegible]	T	F	S
......	......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1	2
3	4	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	8	9
10	11	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	15	16
17	18	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	22	23
24/31	25	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	29	30
S	M	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	F	S
......	1	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	5	6
7	8	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	12	13
14	15	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	19	20
21	22	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	26	27
28	29	30	......	......	......	......

I*n March, when winds begin to blow,*
Kinsey Highballs cheer you so!

May – June

S	M	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	F	S
......	......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	3	4
5	6	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	10	11
12	13	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	17	18
19	20	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	24	25
26	27	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	31	......
S	M	[illegible]	[illegible]	T	F	S
......	......	......	[illegible]	......	......	1
2	3	4	[illegible]	6	7	8
9	10	11	[illegible]	13	14	15
16	17	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	21	22
23/30	24	25	[illegible]	27	28	29

H*ere's to May and lovely Spring*
And Whiskey Sours full of zing!

July – Aug.

S	M	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	F	S
	1	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	5	6
7	8	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	12	13
14	15	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	19	20
21	22	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	26	27
28	29	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	......	......
S	M	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	F	S
		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2	3
4	5	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	9	10
11	12	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	16	17
18	19	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	23	24
25	26	27	[illegible]	29	30	31

T*ime goes by—up comes July*
When Kinsey Juleps cool a guy!

Sept. – Oct.

S	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	S
1	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	7
8	9	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	13	14
15	16	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	20	[illegible]
22	23	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	27	[illegible]
29	30		[illegible]	......	......	......
S	M	T	[illegible]	T	F	S
......	......	1	[illegible]	3	4	5
6	7	8	[illegible]	10	11	12
13	14	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	18	19
20	21	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	25	26
27	28	29	[illegible]	31	......	......

T*hirty days all through September*
Bring Manhattans you'll remember!

Nov. – Dec.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1	2
3	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	9
10	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	16
17	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	23
24	25	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	30
S	M	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	F	S
1	2	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	6	7
8	9	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	13	14
15	16	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	20	21
22	23	24	[illegible]	26	27	28
29	30	31	......	......	......	......

H*ang the holly—toast the season*
With Old Fashioneds smooth and pleasin'!

In '46 . . . the whole year through,
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the unhurried

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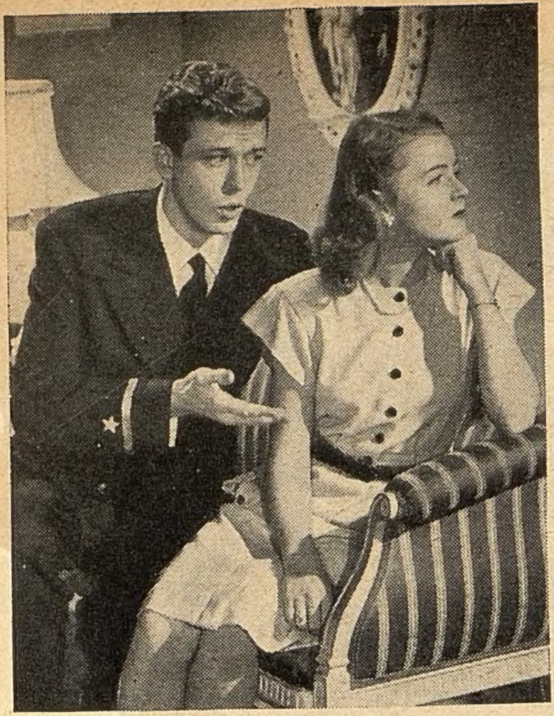


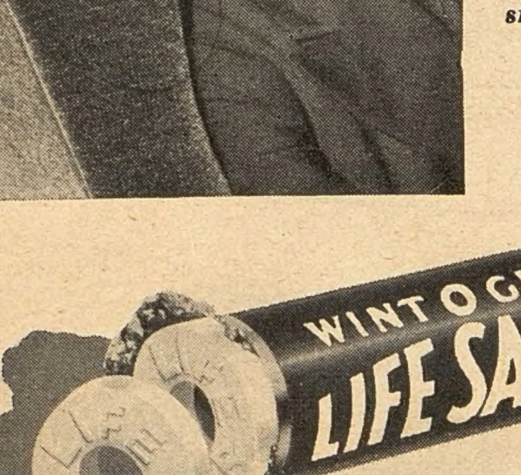
If she acts
all bored
like this...

HONEYMOON EX

When you'd
rather be
all aboard
like this...

TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*



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★ ARTICLES

The Future of the Atom, *Oscar Schisgall* 17
Script Tease, *Robert Copeland* 18
Experts at Raising the Roof, *Morris Markey* 20
Two Men on a Mule, *Arch Murray and Hy Turkin* 22
Not in the Communiqué, *Victor Boesen and Fred Sparks* .. 24

★ STORIES

The Man in the Street, *Stanley Frank* 32
School at Job's Flats, *Ray Nafziger* 34
Counter-Clockwise—Short Short, *Anne Hall* 36
The Horse Before the Court, *Bill Gulick* 38
Not Tough Enough, *John Wells* 40

★ PICTURES

The Camera Eye 25
Star-Studded Tresses, *Helen Faith Keane* 28

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

The Birthday Murder—*Lange Lewis' story of a Hollywood murder-mystery game played for keeps—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 43

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
Veterans' Bulletin Board 10
On the Beam 13
The Thropp Family 30
Books in Review 58
Crossword Puzzle 58
Col. Stoopnagle's Fictionary 70
Liberty Goes to the Movies 88
Woman-Talk 93

★ EDITORIAL

Uncle Sam Profits for a Change, *Paul Hunter* 98

Cover: The Squirrels Who Came to Dinner
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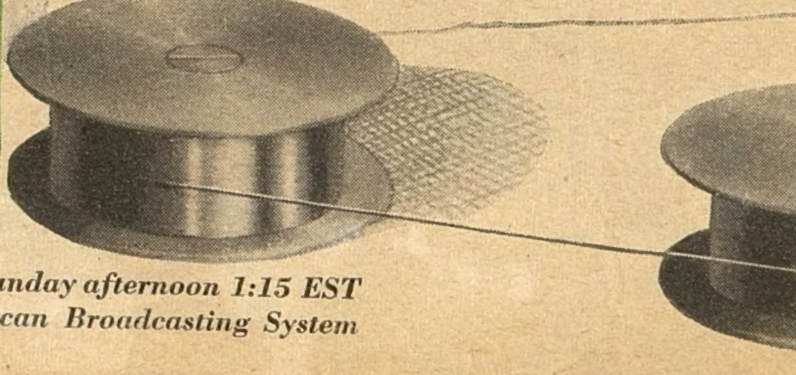

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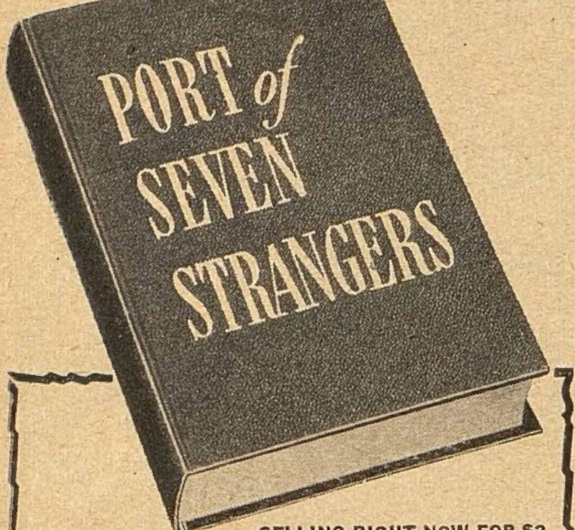

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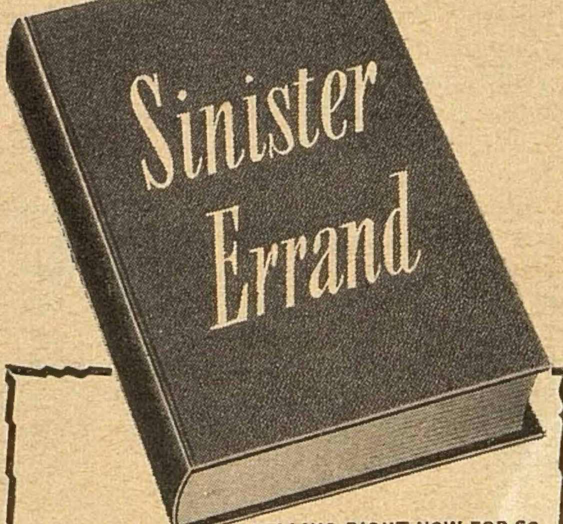
That blind "invalid" can't move from his chair—except when he wants to! That husky-voiced blonde who's "fatal" — in many ways! And—oh, yes—*Death!*



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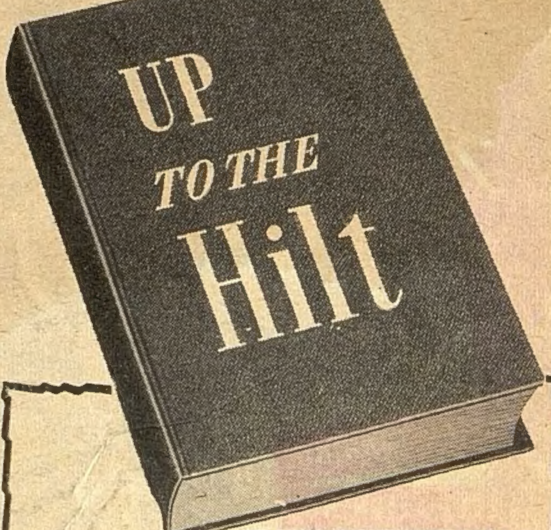
ALL you have had to go on is a little slip of paper. It has led you to a landlady, a pub, a fascinating woman named Janine, and now . . . a gun pressed against your stomach!



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VENOM flowed like vermouth at this party . . . and the cocktails were mixed with . . . MURDER!

YOU can beat Inspector Barry to the answer—IF you can solve the queer puzzle of the pink pillow. The strange woman who wore *priceless* diamonds and *worn-out shoes* wanted it. The dress designer who ate caviar for breakfast wanted it. In fact, the only one who *didn't* want it was the red-headed actress!

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MYSTERY OF THE MENHADEN

FPO, New York—In Finny Fall Guy (September 22), the author, Lt. (j.g.) Ralph T. Hartell, says that nobody knows where the menhaden spawns or where he goes when he disappears in the fall; that nobody has ever seen an infant menhaden.

Well, if it's still a mystery, maybe I can help you out.

At home in Cocoa, Florida, we use the small menhaden for bait, and so I guess you might say that they spawn there, too. They're about two inches, or a little longer. We use them, and then the season changes, and then there is another batch of small ones. And so it goes—*Cody Jackson, AMM3/c.*

COVER SNAFU

San Antonio, Tex. — Unfinished Business, your cover of the veteran going back to school, painted by John Howitt, (October 20) needs a little finishing.

The boys would desire the name of the school and class which graduated your staff sergeant as a rated pilot in the A.A.F. We feel he was behind the door when the commissions or warrants were passed out. Currently there are liaison pilots in the A.A.F. who are enlisted men, but we know of no rated pilots who are. He should be wearing gunner's wings or air-crew member's wings —not the commissioned pilot's wings he has on. *Warren A. Bagur, T/Sgt.; Dewey C. Metheny, T/Sgt.; George D. Vann, Jr., S/Sgt.; John W. Gillis, Capt.; Jay O. Gray, 1st Lt.; Will D. McLean, Jr., 1st Lt.; Charles F. Busacker, 1st Lt.; Robert L. Thompson, 1st Lt.; George G. Dandridge, 1st Lt.; Franklin B. Stickney, 1st Lt. —all A. C.*

OUR ARTIST
OUCH!
F C

Wanted: One doghouse for one artist. —Vox Pop Editor.

TRUTH ABOUT THE TAILORMEN

Hudson, Ohio—I am grateful to you for the article, Peace Among the Tailormen, by Morris Markey (October 13), telling the truth about Sidney Hillman and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. We will do well to mark those politicians and publications who have falsified this man and his purposes. His progressive labor achievements offer a solution for the strife of today in postwar capital-labor relations. — *Mrs. R. S. Mathews.*

SHE ROLLED HER OWN

Jamaica, N. Y.—Take it from a freshman in a New York high school, your article, Down to the Sea in Slacks, by Sigmund Sameth (October 20), certainly doesn't fit my pocketbook, even though Windjammer cruises do sound like a lot of fun.

Roll Your Own Vacation, by Creighton Peet (July 21), was more my speed. I'd like to say that acting on his suggestions for biking and hosteling, I spent the best two weeks of my life.—*Duane Marshall.*

JUST HIMSELF

Bakersfield, Calif.—Every Mother's Son, the article about Van Johnson by Alyce Canfield (October 13) is tops!

It really was swell of Van to tell the things about himself that other stars would never think of telling. It shows he wants people to like him for what he is and not for what other people say he is. That's why he's so popular—because he doesn't try to be someone he isn't. He's just himself.—*Audrey Foster.*

EDITORIAL MUST

Reading, Pa.—I was particularly impressed by Paul Hunter's editorial, Unemployment Insurance as It Sometimes Works (October 6). I wish that could be printed in pamphlet form and sent to all our legislators, to our President, and heard or broadcast at the beginning of all union meetings. Keep up the good work.—*H. H. Muhlenberg.*

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See them woo the West from the wicked can-can dancing girls!

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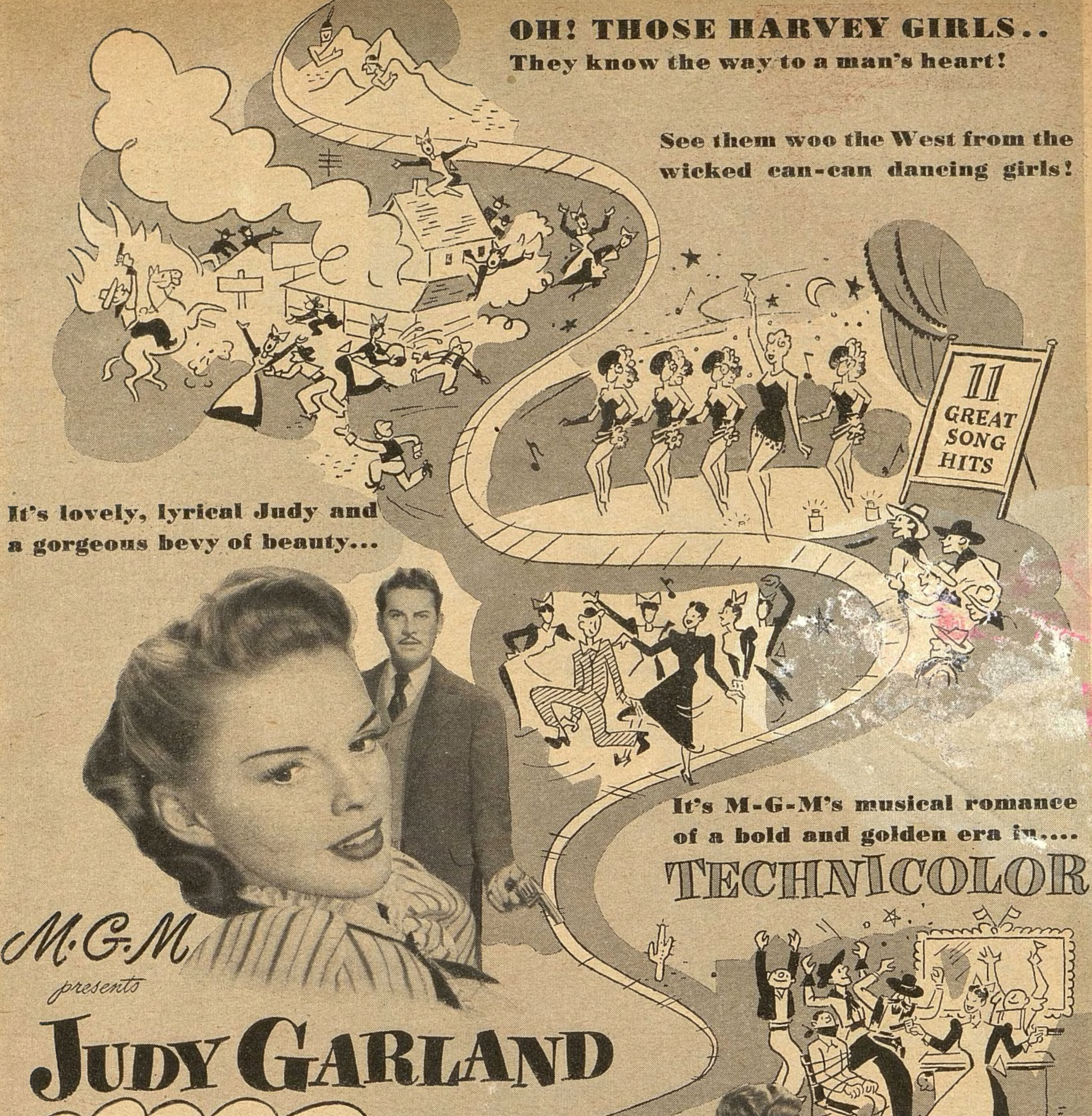

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

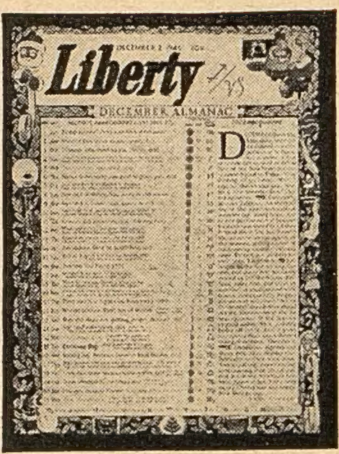
UNBIASED INVESTIGATOR

As Liberty's correspondent in the Pacific, Morris Markey talked with hundreds of men. Whenever they got around to the labor situation at home, there'd be some hot and heavy arguments. "To me," Mr. Markey says, "the most interesting thing about these arguments was that most men spoke with a maximum of conviction and a minimum of information. Only rarely did I find anybody who really knew anything about the structure and internal organization of the great unions. And it dawned on me that I was among the most ignorant of all." And so, after returning home, Mr. Markey went out to discover what the labor unions were about. He visited coal mines and steel mills, clothing factories and automobile plants; he talked with management, labor leaders, and ordinary union members. And he passes his discoveries along to you in articles like EXPERTS AT RAISING THE ROOF, which appears in this week's issue.

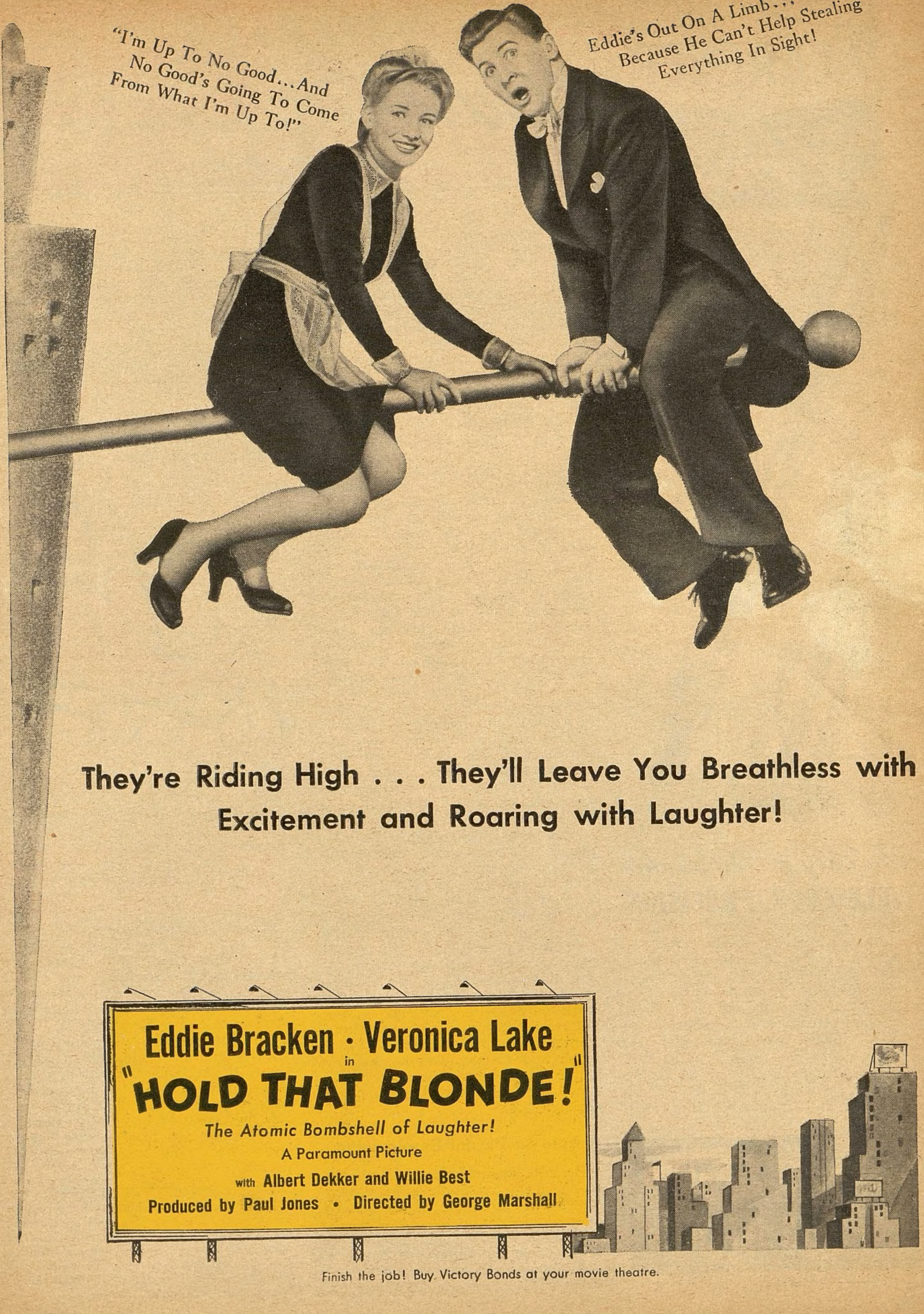
DOWN MEXICO WAY

It was ten years ago that Bill Gulick first went to Mexico City on a vacation. Since then, he's gone back whenever possible, and one of these days he plans to head south again and take a year-long siesta under a certain tree on a mountainside not far from Taxco. He likes the unhurried, easy-going atmosphere of the country, and that's why he finds it so refreshing to write about Juan Ibáñez and the horse, Diablo. Those stories, by the way, didn't start out to be a series; they just grew into one. You'll find the latest, THE HORSE BEFORE THE COURT, page 38.

NEXT WEEK



Prostitution looks forward to the biggest boom in its age-old history, with the control of VD now in sight. Will that mean NEW LIFE FOR THE OLDEST PROFESSION? asks Amram Scheinfeld. Or can your town face it squarely as a moral issue—and will it? . . . Funny business with checks is a big business. Myron Stearns gives you some advice on how forgers work and how you can help stop them in PEN-POINT ROBBERS. . . . Read a novel of prewar China that runs the gamut from startling realism to poetical tenderness—Liberty's Book Condensation, RICKSHAW BOY, by Lau Shaw, China's outstanding novelist.



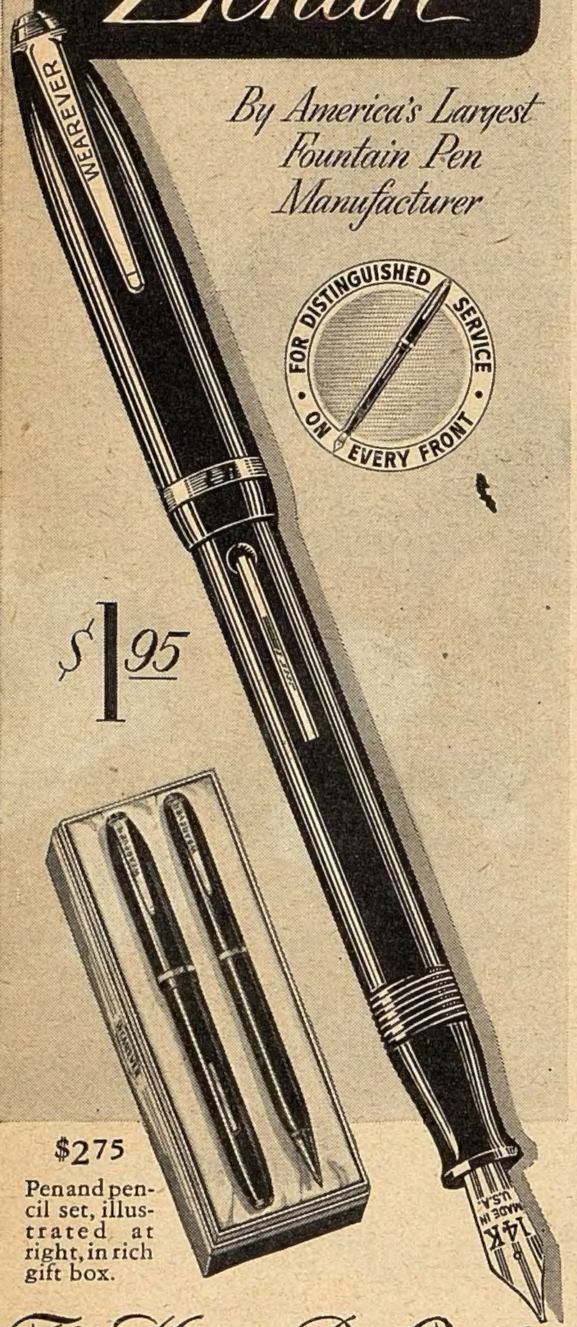
"I'm Up To No Good…And No Good's Going To Come From What I'm Up To!"

Eddie's Out On A Limb… Because He Can't Help Stealing Everything In Sight!

They're Riding High . . . They'll Leave You Breathless with Excitement and Roaring with Laughter!

Eddie Bracken · Veronica Lake
in
"HOLD THAT BLONDE!"
The Atomic Bombshell of Laughter!
A Paramount Picture
with **Albert Dekker and Willie Best**
Produced by Paul Jones · Directed by George Marshall

Finish the job! Buy Victory Bonds at your movie theatre.


WEAREVER
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT
14K MADE IN U.S.A.

WEAREVER
Zenith
By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer
$1.95
$2.75
Pen and pencil set, illustrated at right, in rich gift box.
The Key to Pen Quality
TELESCOPE PRECISION
Like many other fine instruments, the 1945 Wearever Zenith is fashioned with utter precision . . . the uncompromising standards of precision applied to the making of a fine telescope. Telescope Precision! Its value is reflected in the skillful "C-Flow" feed, the accurate 14-carat gold point, the balance and beauty of ruby-topped Wearever Zenith. See, try, buy the Zenith. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N.J. (Est. 1896).
Copyright and patented 1945—David Kahn, Inc.

"WEAREVER" LEADS

WEAREVER
Refill Leads
at all stationery counters

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

THE need for rehabilitation of a particular group of employers is brought out by the case history of Ralph Johnson of Chicago, recently brought to my attention. Here is an ex-sailor who applied for a position as a shoe salesman. Outwardly, this vet appeared to have the qualifications required of a successful applicant. Inwardly, he didn't—or so said the job-giver. His absence from this type of work and his unfamiliarity with the present market were given as reasons for the rejection.

This case went uncommented upon until Bulletin Board correspondence brought in many similar gripes. The climax was reached just the other day, when an after-dinner acquaintance asked me whether I knew of a vet who could supervise the sale and manufacture of musical accessories made of plastics. I recommended a wounded vet who had majored in salesmanship, and who had some knowledge of the product. Then the "job-dispenser" asked me how long the applicant had been in service. When told that the vet had an enviable combat record of four years, he replied, "I'm afraid you will have to find me a man who hasn't lost contact with the market—with the job. Can't you find me someone who hasn't been away for too long and who will be remembered by the wholesalers?"

And here is where your Bulletin Board editor earnestly began the struggle of trying to rehabilitate such unreasonable employers. From here on it will be the job of all of us to make our communities realize that such employers, fortunately in the minority, do exist, and that now and then a casual check-up might expose their whereabouts. We have to convince them that a vet's return to work may easily prove to be the most critical step in his transition from military to civilian life, and that a job to him may well be the key factor in helping him become a functioning, purposeful member of society.

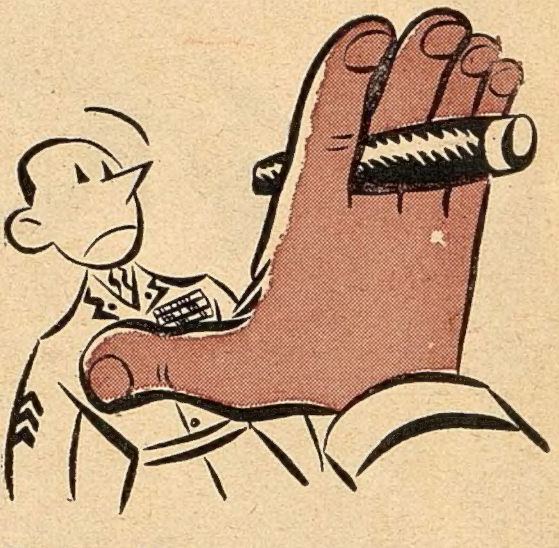
A Note on Partial Employment

Benefits available to unemployed ex-servicemen include a maximum of $20 a week if you are completely unemployed. If you are partially employed and receive some income, you can receive the difference between your income and the weekly allowance of $20, plus an additional $3. That is to say, if you had a part-time job from which you received $12, you would be entitled to an additional $8, plus another $3, or a total of $11 from the government.

The $3 bonus is probably intended as an inducement to earn some money yourself, because if you do, you can collect a total of $23 a week, whereas if you earn nothing by your own efforts, you get only $20.

* * *

S2c Martin Purcell, FPO, San Francisco, Calif. Since you enlisted in the Regular Navy for a six-year hitch, you will have to complete the six years, regardless of the war's end. The "point system" does not affect Regular Navy personnel.



Unreasonable

* * *

T/Sgt. Monroe Jergens, APO 96, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif. Public Law 118, 79th Congress, automatically extended all five-year-level premium-term (National Service Life Insurance) policies issued on or before December 31, 1945, and not converted to permanent policies before that date, for an additional three years without any increase in premium. It is not necessary to apply for the extension. Simply continue to pay the premiums at the same rate at which you paid them during the original five-year period.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions in regard to veterans' affairs. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to "Veterans' Bulletin Board," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

If you ask for "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

and he says ***SURE***

you're safe... and you know it!

Your dealer may not be able to say "Sure." There's an even more limited supply available than last year, because the Armed Forces still require so much non-boil-away anti-freeze.

But if he *can* supply you with "Prestone" anti-freeze, you're all set for the cold weather. "Prestone" anti-freeze can't boil away, evaporate or foam off. It protects against rust and corrosion. One shot lasts all winter—you're safe and you know it!

Here's how anti-freeze is being distributed this year

To assure anti-freeze protection of the nation's motor vehicles, the War Production Board, with the cooperation of the Anti-Freeze Industry Advisory Committee, set up a state allocation plan for the distribution of all anti-freezes. This plan is intended to assure motorists of some kind of anti-freeze protection. Some "Prestone" brand anti-freeze will be available in all communities.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Prestone" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

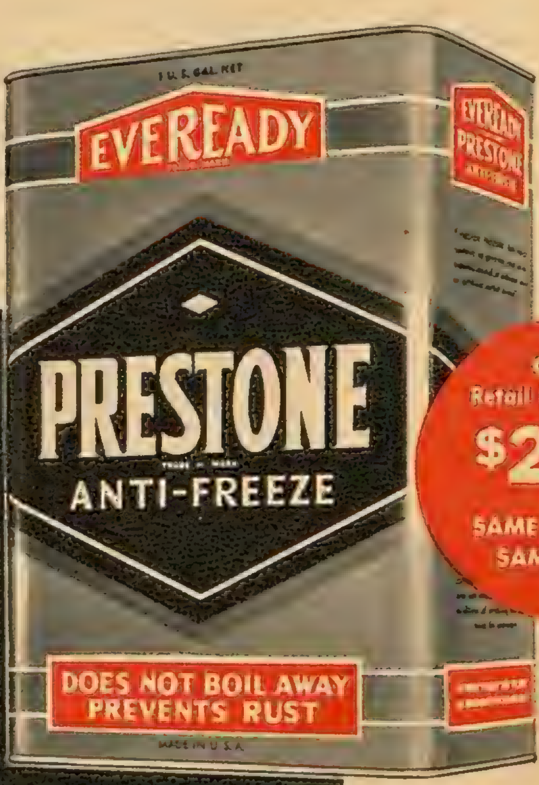
WHY OUR ARMED FORCES STILL NEED ONE-SHOT ANTI-FREEZE

Vast numbers of our tanks, trucks, planes, warships, etc., remain at various points throughout the world. This tremendous investment of the American people must be protected—and protected properly. That is why our armed forces still require quantities of one-shot anti-freeze.

Time Too Short

Even though the requirements of the services have been reduced, not enough "Prestone" anti-freeze can be made to meet both military and civilian needs this Winter.

PRESTONE
TRADE-MARK
ANTI-FREEZE



O.P.A.
Retail Ceiling Price
$2.65
per gallon
SAME PRODUCT
SAME PRICE

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Coming right up
with the makings of a matchless good time!
The gardenia's snowy perfection . . .
the superlatively smooth, mellow taste of PM.
Here's beauty and quality and jollity . . .
Pleasant Moments coming right up!

IF IT ISN'T **PM** IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey.
86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.

When war ended, the Ryan FR (Fireball), the Navy's first jet-propelled fighter, lost its chance to see combat action. But its place in naval aviation is secure.

ON THE BEAM

Air-service veterans, watch your steps! Postwar commercial flying is *not* all gravy, and its planes aren't like those you have flown

BY WAYNE PARRISH

RETURNING veterans from the military air services are giving aviation authorities considerable concern.

A large percentage of these vets who are pilots want to remain in aviation. No one will say they haven't earned the right to do so, or deny that aviation in the future will need the ideas, initiative, and enterprise which the young men from the services can give to it. But old-timers in commercial aviation are afraid the vets will have their enthusiasm blasted, and that many will lose their money, by trying to engage in a business which is a long way from being stable and in the Big League.

Many of my friends in the aviation business who have come up the hard way are astounded at the large number of combat vets who intend to use their government loans, their savings, and new loans to establish local fixed-base operations. This means the setting up of a dealership, fuel services, training, plane rental, plane maintenance, charter service, and the like on local airfields.

The old-timers are anxious that the young men shall realize the risks involved in going into business on their own. The realistic outlook is not too bright.

Local airport operations are a tough grind. During the winter months it's discouraging. Any fixed-base operator during the decade 1930-40 knows the heartaches, the losses, the struggle for existence in a competitive field which lacks the opportunities for volume sales that one finds in the automobile field.

Most of the vets first learned about aviation in government training schools or in schools working under contract to the services. They've seen military aviation expand to unprecedented heights. But civil aviation is still on the small side and old-timers believe it will have to grow gradually. To be successful as a fixed-base operator means the outlay of considerable capital, with sufficient reserves to last through some lean periods. A lot of unexpected expenses show up, because of the stringent regulations which beset every phase of aviation. Altogether, the road is long and rocky. Any old-timer in the business will testify to that.

Judging from the reports we've heard of the number of vets planning to go into business locally, a lot of the boys are headed for disappointment. On the other hand, some will pull through.

It just happens that there aren't nearly enough jobs in aviation to take care of all the returning airmen. The air lines are limited in their personnel requirements. The manufacturing field is trimmed way down from its July level. And the local fixed-base field is due to be overcrowded.

Then there's another worry. Vets who've been flying the big and the fast aircraft want to continue to fly. They can't continue flying such planes unless they stay in the military services, for the military planes have no place in civil use. They are far too expensive in original and in maintenance cost.

So the vets will keep in trim by flying the 80-horsepower, the 120- and the 200-horsepower aircraft. Having flown a P-47 or a P-38, these pilots naturally think the light airplanes are simple to operate. But here is where they will have trouble.

One of the best booklets thus far issued to warn the vets is by Jerome Lederer, head of the engineering department of Aero Insurance Underwriters, and one of the ablest analysts in the aviation field. Here is what he

(*Continued on page 15*)

When You Give An Autopoint TRADE MARK **Pencil You Give Years of Trouble-Free Writing!**

Beautifully designed "Autopoint" pencils are made with infinite care, yet are moderately priced. Their balanced construction and foolproof mechanism will give years of trouble-free writing. Proud owners will cherish an "Autopoint" pencil because of these famous features.

GRIP-TITE TIP HOLDS LEADS FIRMLY

This amazing, exclusive feature holds leads firmly down to the last ⅛ inch. Makes it impossible for leads to wobble, turn or fall out.

CAN'T CLOG OR JAM

No clogging or jamming of leads with an "Autopoint" pencil. The simple, foolproof mechanism gives you unfailing dependability.

BREECH LOADER

Leads are loaded from the rear. The plunger feeds the lead as needed. The Grip-Tite tip assures smooth, even writing.

THE CHOICE OF BUSINESS FIRMS

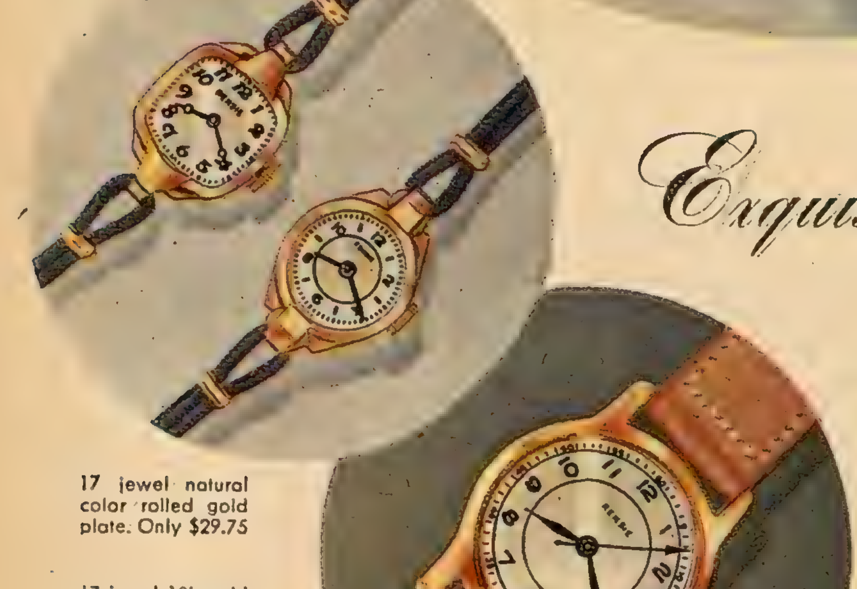
For many years "Autopoint" pencils have been the choice of business organizations for employee use and for building sales. Choose for yourself the pencil industry has proved best.

Autopoint TRADE MARK
BETTER PENCILS
AUTOPOINT COMPANY, 1801 Foster, Chicago 40, Ill.

GIVE THE RENSIE

furs by Gunther

Brown-eyed, golden haired Norma Richter, one of the loveliest of the lovely Conover models.



17 jewel natural color rolled gold plate. Only $29.75

17 jewel 10k gold filled case $37.50

17 jewel 10k gold top, steel back, waterproof, shock resistant, anti-magnetic, sweep second hand $71.50

All prices tax included.

Exquisite as America's Beauties

Joyous indeed will be those whose Christmas is made unforgettable by the gift of a Rensie Watch. For Rensies are "Exquisite as America's Beauties"—famous 'round the world for style and smartness. Naturally, a Rensie is a *luxurious* gift, whether priced at $22.50 or $1000. And Rensie's precision engineering—geared to thousandths of an inch accuracy—makes it a gift that will be treasured year after year on the *wrist* as well as in the heart! Choose from the Christmas collection of magnificent Rensie watches at the better jewelers and jewelry departments in your city.

RENSIE WATCHES

Product of the Paul V. Eisner Co., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Tune in Rensie Radio Auction Show starring Dave Elman—Monday 10:00 p. m. (EST)—Coast to Coast Mutual Network

(*Continued from page 13*)

says to the military pilots home from the wars:

"Frankly, gentlemen, you have us worried. The situation is so complicated with respect for what you have accomplished, our friendship for you personally, and your accident record here at home, that we can not even be subtle. Here are the facts:

"You have been doing flying most of us couldn't touch. You are rightfully proud and you don't relish any stay-at-home suggesting you need advice.

"Your accident record since you came home is rotten—an abnormal rate for every hour of flying, case after case of exhibitionism, buzzitis, and poor technique in airplanes that don't perform like the equipment you are used to.

"Everyone is reluctant to place restrictions on you. Well, we are not going to, but we are going to ask you to remember three things:

"1. The Civil Air Regulations have changed since you went away.

"2. Under the new rules *any* flying that endangers the life and property of another is *reckless* flying, and it may affect the whole future of the pilot involved.

"3. There is nothing wrong with a civil aircraft, *but it is different.* You are used to structures that will take a 9 G pull-out with never a shudder. . . . The plane you rent or borrow won't be like that."

This is sound advice. Above all, Lederer suggests that all returning vets who want to fly civil aircraft take a check ride with a pilot who knows the aircraft before going up alone. This may sound silly, but the accident record shows that the vets have a tough time adjusting themselves to civil aircraft. So be careful!

Negro Pilots in the A.A.F.

Just as the war was drawing to a close, Tuskegee Army Air Field, Tuskegee, Alabama, celebrated its fourth anniversary—and simultaneously completed four years of training Negro pilots for the Army Air Forces.

Negro pilots played an important part in the war, chiefly as fighter pilots in the North African, Sicilian, and Italian campaigns. More than sixty-five members of one unit were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Much credit for the Negro flying success goes to Colonel Noel F. Parrish, a Southerner and an Army pilot, who was assigned to this program when it first came into being. I remember calling on Colonel Parrish, then a captain (and no relation to me), when Tuskegee Field was being commissioned. At that time many high A.A.F. officers had serious doubts as to whether Negroes could become good fighter and bomber pilots. Colonel Parrish thought he could succeed. He not only did so but stuck to the job at Tuskegee through the war.

Bill Gets There Quickly, Easily and Safely in the FAMOUS PIPER CUB

YOU FLEW A CUB IN THE FIELD ARTILLERY DIDN'T YOU, BILL?
YOU BET! IT WAS THE PLANE WE ALL FLEW-- IT DID MIRACLES!
THIS IS THE SUPER CRUISER MODEL-- ISN'T IT GOOD LOOKING?
INSIDE AND OUT, SIS! IT'S SAFE AND EASY TO FLY, LIKE ALL CUBS. AND IT COSTS VERY LITTLE TO OPERATE!
THIS IS THE WAY TO TRAVEL! THERE'S YOUR FOLKS' FARM ALREADY, BILL!
WATCH HOW EASILY THE CUB GETS INTO THIS SMALL FIELD DAD FIXED UP!
YOU SAVE A LOT OF TIME, FLYING, SON.
WE'LL SEE MORE OF YOU NOW, MOM!
I'M GETTING A PIPER CUB FOR THE FARM, BILL. IT'LL PAY FOR ITSELF IN NO TIME!
New Edition! "HOW TO FLY" BOOKLET
HOW TO FLY PIPER CUB

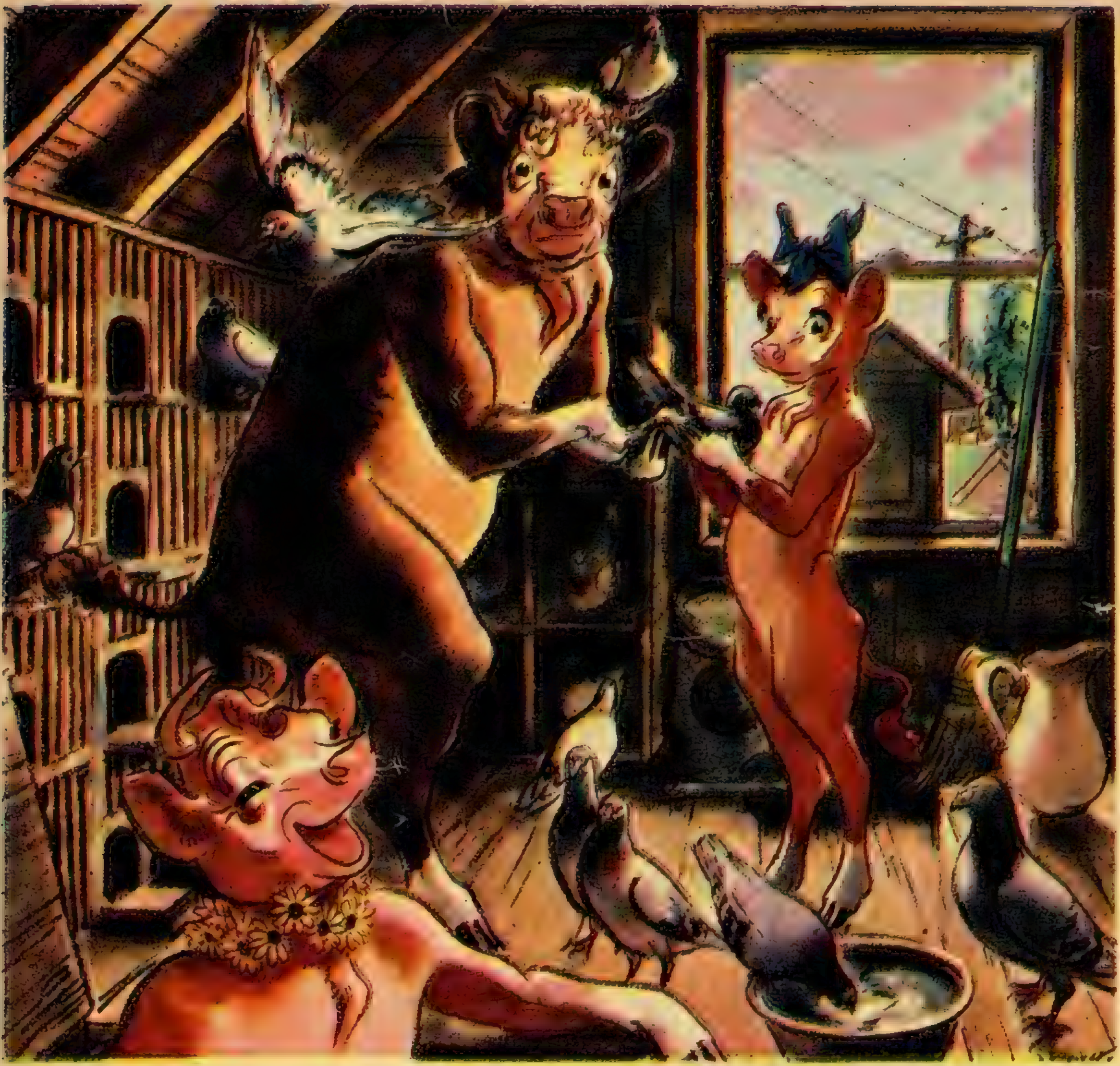
Write us for information on where to obtain movie films showing "How to Fly" and "The Construction of a Light Airplane." Interesting, clear, instructive sound narration.

PIPER AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
LOCK HAVEN, PENNA.
In Canada: Cub Aircraft Ltd., Hamilton

More colorful, interesting and instructive than ever! "How to Fly a Piper Cub" describes and pictures basic steps in flying. 53 step-by-step photos. Many other facts and full-color pictures of Piper Cubs. Get your copy from your Piper Cub Dealer or write Dept. LB115, enclosing 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling.

PIPER CUB

Points the Way to Wings for ALL Americans



"But, darling, what will the postmaster say?" laughed Elsie

"WHAT'LL HE SAY!" roared Elmer, the bull. "He'll say I'm a smart guy! He'll pat me on the back! He'll say my idea of flying mail to the boys in the service by pigeons is *colossal!*"

"Pigeon mail!" smiled Elsie, the Borden cow. "Why, Elmer *dear,* haven't you ever heard of *V-Mail?*"

"Aw, that old stuff!" snorted Elmer. "Look at all the red tape. First, you gotta walk to the letter box. Then, the postman has to walk to the post office. *Then,* the letter has to have it's silly picture taken before it gets on a plane. I tell you, my system saves the government a lot of trouble!"

"The government," pointed out Elsie, "will go to no end of trouble to get letters to our men in the services *fast and sure!* For they know that letters from home are as necessary to winning the war as guns!"

"There you go again, taking the joy out of life," groaned Elmer, shooing the pigeons out the window.

EVERY SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK IS A CREAMY DELIGHT!
Borden's

"Oh, no!" protested Elsie. "I'm all for putting more and more joy into the lives of our fighting men with tons and tons of short, *cheery* V-Mail letters! We should all write as often as we can, for letters are sweet reminders of the things that make home *home.* The tang of orange juice, griddle cakes dripping syrup, the rich flavor of *Borden's Homogenized Milk* with cream and Vitamin D in every sip!"

"If I got a penny every time you mentioned Borden's," sighed Elmer, "I could throw a party for servicemen every night."

"If you're planning a party," said Elsie, be sure to serve *Borden's Fine Cheeses.* Men love them. They taste so wonderful, and they're hearty eating. Full of body-building proteins, you know."

WONDERFUL BUYS FOR YOUR POINTS AND PENNIES— BORDEN'S FINE CHEESE!
Borden's CREAM CHEESE

"What're you going to do next," sneered Elmer, "send proteins by V-Mail?"

"No indeed!" exclaimed Elsie. "You can't put *any* enclosures in V-Mail. What you can put in is news the boys are starving for. Homey news about Junior's football team, and Mary's party, and baby's first tooth. Which reminds me, dear, that our fine *Borden's Evaporated Milk* is helping babies all over America to grow strong teeth and bones. It's fortified with Vitamin D! And *sterilized* for babies' protection."

"Somebody's going to need protection," warned Elmer, "if somebody doesn't quit dragging the name Borden's into every discussion that starts in this house."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK HELPS LITTLE ONES GROW INTO BIG ONES!
Borden's
MILK

"It's not only in this house," sparkled Elsie, "that Borden's name is mentioned. Wherever folks talk about vitamins, for instance, *Borden's Hemo* is sure to be mentioned. For *Hemo* gives you vitamins and minerals in a real *food* drink. Do you *more* good that way, according to dietetic experts."

HEMO'S THE WAY TO DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!
Borden's Hemo

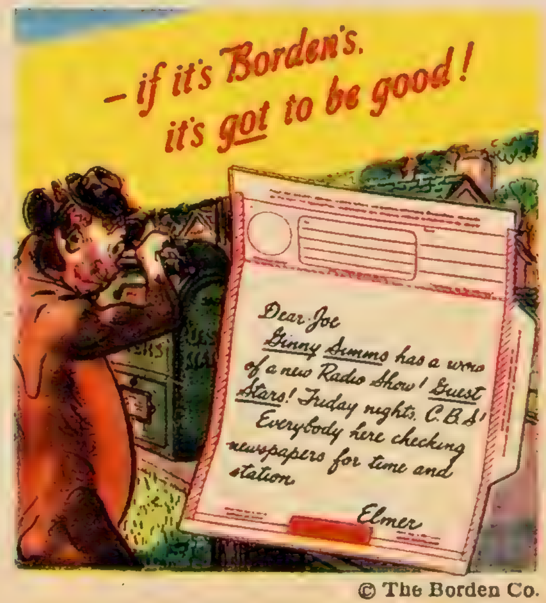
"If *you* weren't such an expert on everything," groaned Elmer, "my little pigeons would have my letters halfway across the ocean by this time! And I wouldn't be all tired out listening to your arguments."

"What better way can you pep up, dear, than with a great, big dish of our delicious *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbet?*" asked Elsie. "They're fine, *energizing* foods as well as grand, refreshing treats, you know."

COOLS YOU OFF AS IT PEPS YOU UP— BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"Aw, tell it to the Marines!" snapped Elmer.

"You don't have to tell a Marine," smiled Elsie, "a soldier, a sailor, or anybody about Borden's, even by V-Mail. Everybody knows —*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"


– if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

Dear Joe
Ginny Simms has a wow of a new Radio Show! Guest Stars! Friday nights, C.B.S! Everybody here checking newspapers for time and station
Elmer

© The Borden Co.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

The Future of the Atom

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

"IT is quite feasible that a city the size of Seattle should be completely heated from an atomic energy source in less than five years. Of course it will take much longer for the full technological benefits of atomic power to make themselves felt."

Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, who had been in charge of the atomic bomb's research and development laboratories at Los Alamos, New Mexico, spoke without excitement. He is a quiet man, with the scientist's precise, unimpassioned manner of stating facts.

We were alone in his office. He paced the floor and puffed at a pipe while he talked—thin, loose-limbed, wearing casual brown tweeds. The first sprinklings of gray are already visible in his hair. I knew, of course, that he had long ago achieved an eminent reputation in physics, and that his work at the University of California had been widely recognized and quoted; nevertheless, until I met him, I marveled at the fact that anyone so young—he is forty-one—should have been given the tremendous responsibility of guiding and co-ordinating the work of some 600 of the world's most distinguished scientists.

His confidence, his precision, the clarity of his ideas make you understand at once why he was chosen for the task that was brought to such historic completion over Hiroshima. When talking of atomic energy, he becomes intense. His eyes, his hands, his whole body join in emphasizing the points he makes. And he makes points which few others have brought to public attention, especially in discussing the peacetime possibilities of the world's new source of power.

"People ask," he said, "how soon, if at all, we will be able to control atomic energy so that we may devote it to commercial use. They ask if the explosive properties of the atomic bomb can be reduced to a gradual, controlled flow of power which will serve humanity rather than destroy it. The facts are almost the reverse of this process of reasoning."

Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer

He stopped pacing the floor and pointed his pipe at me.

"The atomic bomb," he said, "was not a step on the road to the production of controlled atomic energy. The bomb itself was the end result, the solution of a military problem that had been given to us. In coping with that problem we learned how to create and control atomic energy a year and a half before Hiroshima. But we had to pass that point. *We had to find ways to make that energy explode.* The production of atomic energy was merely a step on the way to that goal.

"Of course we produced this energy at a low temperature. We had no time to pause and develop it. With a pressing war job to do, we had to neglect other avenues of progress in order to produce the bomb as quickly as possible. Now that the military goal has been achieved, however, there is no reason why we cannot return to the further development of atomic energy as we learned to create it a year and a half ago."

Here was a revelation that brought the commercial uses of atomic energy much nearer than most of us had supposed. I could not help commenting on the spur the war had given to scientific accomplishment—in the field of radar, for instance; in aviation; in the development of high-power fuels; and specifically in the production of the atomic bomb. Dr. Oppenheimer, however, had views of his own about this.

"It's true," he said, "that the bomb was a great technical achievement, but in many ways it set science *back* five years. So many men devoted themselves to this one project that other work in their fields had to be neglected. This was their part in the war; they concentrated on it all of their time and thought and strength. It was inevitable that other funda-

(*Continued on page 94*)

Dr. Oppenheimer, head man on the atomic-bomb research, answers the questions that are in everybody's mind about the peacetime uses of this new source of power, in terms of what and when

Script

Meet the zaniest twosome in radio, the guys who drive Olsen and Johnson crazy and break every rule of straight-faced radio in their climb from gags to riches

CKLW
MUTUAL

The four mugs in this picture are inseparable because Gentile (left) and Binge start work at the outlandish hour of six. Still, they're making $25,000 apiece.

Being secretary to the nonsense boys is basic training for going whoops. And it won't matter if she gets confused: the zanies never mess with a script anyway.

THIS is crazy, but two grown men make a good living at it.

By all ordinary rules Joe Gentile and Ralph Binge should be a couple of out-of-work radio characters. Instead, their Early Morning Frolic has been tickling Midwest radio audiences for more than a dozen years—the daddy of all the nonsense programs that have since sprung up throughout the country.

Joseph Edward Gentile (Gen-tee-lee), thirty-seven, and Ralph Joseph Binge (Bingay), forty, can be heard on and off for three hours, 6 to 9 A.M. EST, six mornings a week over Station CKLW, Windsor-Detroit.

In each of these daily periods one or the other, and generally both, will take part in forty-odd commercial announcements, averaging three minutes each. And if a single one of these commercials, transcriptions excepted, comes out of them as it would out of a regular announcer, it's not a coincidence. It's a catastrophe, an insult to the collective Gentile-Binge intelligence as well as feelings.

At first, some of the advertisers don't like it. So they quit with a "get-those-nuts-off-my-announcements-or-I'll-take my-business-elsewhere" ultimatum.

But most of them come back because, whether they like it or not, the public does. When Gentile and Binge "stayed with script," nothing much happened. When they tore the script up, or jig-sawed it to their own patter pattern, eager buyers tore the store doors down—well, almost—at least enough for the present station brass hats to let the boys do it their way.

A Detroit jeweler was upset when his $125 engagement-wedding-ring "loss leader" was introduced by a playlet entitled The Broken Traffic Light, or Forever Amber. It was a short upset, due to the inescapable fact that the day's business on matrimony bargains rang a cash-register record.

An oculist was surprised, and pleased, when people suddenly asked for his "downhill spectacle special." This model was designed for mailmen, salesmen, policemen, and others on their feet a lot. Joe and Ralph had told the folks it made the walk-a-day world that much easier; you were going downhill all the time. They also told the case history of

Tease

By ROBERT COPELAND

the man who needed glasses in the worst way — twice in a week he found himself whistling at his mother-in-law.

A constant-listening Detroit psychiatrist doesn't want his name mentioned because some of his better-paying patients might think *he* was nuts for enjoying such a program.

Gentile, a native of Detroit, has headed up the show since the start, when CKLW opened in 1933. Previously he managed a honkytonk band in Toledo, doing the announcing on remote pick-ups over WSPD when his group had dance-hall spots. Station CKLW, started in the depression, needed deflated salary talent and gave Joe a twenty-five-dollar-a-week jack-of-all-trades call, which included a fifteen-minute early-morning record or "platter" show. From boredom, he began ad libbing and clowning with the control engineer between records. Since it was so early, none of the station officials ever heard it and nothing was said.

So he asked the man at the neighborhood gas station, who always seemed to have a line-up of motorists gassing up their own cars while he told stories, to take part in the program. The man was Binge.

The show expanded into an hour "time killer." People had started to write in and call up, but sponsors would have none of it. Ralph turned to amateur boxing and a plumbing side line for a meal ticket. Finally a venturesome clothier fell for the sales bait and Joe lured Ralph back with fifteen dollars a week.

Next, the station reorganized (it's now 1938), and J. E. Campeau, formerly a salesman, became general manager. He hired Dick Jones as a combination city sales manager and press agent, and took the wraps off the act. From $250 gross income a month between them early in 1938, Gentile and Binge will split close to $50,000 this year. The station's annual billing on the show will not be far from $300,000.

For their oldest real-estate sponsor they have developed an "echo chamber" character who pops up out of the woodwork, over the telephone, from a deep well, under the bed, in the cemetery, etc., always pledging in a sepulchral voice to "get you cash for your property in forty-eight hours."

Sound effect: the drooling-bib for Sinatra listeners.

The listener is led through the corn to the counter through such escapades as the one about the window washer who forgot his safety belt. Did he falter? No indeed. He just hooked So-and-So's suspenders to the thirty-eighth-floor window catches. Then his foot slipped and he bounced to the pavement. Then he bounced back, thanks to the full elasticity. He kept bouncing for three days, until Joe and Ralph had to call the sheriff to shoot the poor fellow in mid-air so he wouldn't starve to death.

Or Captain Bowse and his Semi-Pro Hour will take you on a trip—take you "to Hangnail, Missouri—beautiful Hangnail, home of the great girdle manufacturer whose slogan, 'We Get Around the Ladies' is a household word that can't be repeated here." The first performer plays the Missouri Waltz on a radish.

For better appearance you are offered Dr. Quack's Jekyll-and-Hyde Face Cream for Dual Personalities, or the Twitching Jowl Shaving Cream, which fools your beard and sneaks under your skin to make whiskers grow inwardly so that you can bite them off.

Then there is the rungless ladder, for people who want to go to the basement anyway. People who are never on time need The Watch that Yodels Every Half Hour. Cranked from the side, and water-cooled, it can also be used as a salt shaker.

Bargain seekers who feel they won't live long and yet do not wish to make a bad investment are implored to buy the Combination Day Bed and Casket from their neighborhood undertaker.

The Hound-U Finance Company Will Get U if U Don't Watch Out. That's why you want to do business with a Gentile-Binge sponsor. Hound-U's technique calls for references from fifty persons whom you've known for over twenty years, including the governors of ten states. After getting your loan you are wired for sound so that if you ever get more than four miles from home a button is pressed and your pants fall off. The same people operate the Jolly Fracture Insurance Company, featuring the eighty-year-pay-life policy. If you ever lose a leg they will help you look for it.

With every package of Wheat Scratchies you get, absolutely free, a parlor cobra, with fangs removed, for the persecution of objectionable guests.

Slopo Knocko gasoline makes your car knock in rumba time, while the hydrant cozy, free with every 500 gallons, is a sure friend when you need a parking place in a hurry.

Be careful if you catch Epidermo Five-Toesies. You may be torn away from your loved ones in the middle of the night and bundled off to Fungi Point, outlawed island for the sufferers of athlete's foot. Worse than that, you will find this scourge fatal once it gets above the ankles.

In their own serial, Last Page Flanagan, you meet Tondelayo Tissue, the bighearted bubble dancer who married a ninety-nine-year-old

(Continued on page 66)

KITCHEN
LEWICKI

Experts at Raising the Roof

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Decoration by James Lewicki

How fast the nation catches up on the housing shortage depends largely on three million craftsmen who belong to twenty-six separate unions. Here is an insight into the workings of these ultra-independent labor units

AMERICA must have ten million new homes as rapidly as they can be built, as well as new stores, office buildings, schools, factories, apartment houses, and hotels. We are at the beginning of the greatest construction period the country has ever known, because the war's demands for critical materials halted all ordinary sorts of building.

The 3,000,000 members of the building-trades unions must do the job. How well are they organized to perform their stupendous task?

The building-trades unions are different from other organized labor groups. It is fairly simple to organize the workers in the automobile industry or in the steel plants because they are concentrated in definite areas. But every village has its carpenters and plasterers working under sharply varying conditions.

Furthermore, many men in the building trades are virtually their own bosses. The ambitious bricklayer or plumber has every opportunity to get ahead. He may move from apprentice to journeyman, from foreman to superintendent, and finally become a contractor himself, employing others of his craft.

The twenty-six separate organizations within the building trades are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. A.F.L. unions differ in theory and in practice from the unions of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, which organizes by industries. Each particular A.F.L. trade or skill forms its own brotherhood and runs its affairs with complete independence. The power lies with the local chapters far more than with the International headquarters, and A.F.L. leaders give few orders.

Thus, on any good-sized construction job it is likely that at least one workman from each of the twenty-six unions will find employment at one time or another. It is this fact that has caused the jurisdictional strike—the kind of strike which seems so senseless to the public.

These are the separate unions which engage in building construction: asbestos workers and insulators; bluestone cutters, bridge and curb setters; bricklayers; carpenters; cement masons; cement and concrete laborers; composition roofers; electrical workers; elevator constructors; engineers, united portable; house shorers and sheath pilers; housesmiths—finishers; housesmiths—structural; marble cutters, carvers, and setters; metallic lathers; mosaic workers; painters, decorators, and paper hangers; plasterers; plumbers and gas fitters; roofers and sheet-metal workers; slate and tile roofers; steam fitters; stone cutters; stone setters; stone masons; tile layers.

EACH union has its own rules, constitution and bylaws, and elects its officers in accordance with its particular brand of internal politics. Some are models of democracy and fair play. Others are run by the worst types of professional labor bosses. It is a weakness of the A.F.L. theory of local autonomy that secrecy surrounds many of the individual unions, that there is no real check on the ambitions or even the thefts of any of their professional leaders.

A man high in the councils of the building trades in New York said quite frankly that he often had misgivings about the A.F.L. system of organization. He deplored the jurisdictional strikes and the character of certain individual unions. "But," he said, "we have a peculiar set-up. On a construction job, all the trades are not working at the same time. The painters don't come in, for example, until the plasterers and carpenters have the surfaces ready for paint. We have done our best to devise machinery to settle jurisdictional disputes before they reach the stage of work stoppage, and I would say that we arbitrate and agree on four out of five of them before they become really troublesome."

This arbitration machinery consists of a series of Building and Construction Trades Councils set up in all sections of the country. These councils have little authority save that springing from good will and common sense. They consist of representatives from each of the building trades in the area, who meet once a month. Each council also works in collaboration with another organization: the Building Trades Employers' Association, which is a conference of contractors and master builders.

The Employers' Association membership long ago signed contracts establishing wages and hours and also the closed shop. Between the Council and the Association, agreements have been reached for the impartial arbitration of all disputes, including jurisdictional quarrels. In recent years some 300 of these jurisdictional disputes have arisen, and have been settled. The settlements, permanently binding on all hands, are published in a voluminous handbook. Here are a couple of examples:

The painters were irked because the plasterers were doing too much cleaning up after their job was done. This reduced the hours of work available for the painters. So after much deliberation the Board of Mediation laid down the rule:

"1. The rough cleaning of surfaces to be painted shall consist solely of the removal of blobs of plaster or cement adhering thereto, and may be done by the plaster's helper.

"2. To remove such blobs, the plasterer's helper shall be limited in use to something like a barrel stave, a piece of wood, or a 'straight hoe,' and shall not use painters' tools."

In another argument:

"The Committee finds, on the evidence presented, that the running of gas piping in connection with gas-fired hot water or steam boilers shall be done by the *plumber* to the gas-high pressure governor, and beyond this point by the *steam fitter*."

THUS there is a tangle of interlocking agreements between the various unions of the building trades, In the past, these have often been a source of irritation and conflict, but patience and level heads have brought a degree of order to the situation, and jurisdictional strikes have greatly declined in number.

There are hundreds of contractors, large and small, who do not belong to the Employers' Associations, and consequently do not recognize the closed shop. Likewise there are many thousands of building craftsmen who do not belong to any union at all, particularly in small communities. So there is no real solidarity on either side. The result is more free enterprise than in most industries and more of a free labor market, with supply and demand the determining factor.

One union official said, "Don't put us down as either saints or devils. We try to do the best we can for the community and for ourselves, but we make some mistakes."

There are many of us who will suspect the presence of the devil's

(*Continued on page 68*)

In big cities, union men arrive on the job with their tools—and grievance blanks.

They may be dealing with twenty unions.

Two Men on a Mule

Doc Blanchard, powerhouse. Stopping him is like tangling with two half-tracks.

ARMY'S mighty monarchs of college football were scampering through an early practice session on the plains of West Point, high above the Hudson. It was only August, and the season's start was still more than a month away, but the field was full of the same intensity of purpose that marks every Army practice under the coaching of Colonel Earl Blaik.

The colonel was barking commands and watching every move. During a lull, a couple of football writers began to put the vacuum on him.

"How are you going to be this year, colonel?" asked one. "Just about as good as last season, eh?"

Blaik, reticent and hesitant to praise, answered, "Well, to start with, I've got Blanchard and Davis back. But some people seem to think that's all you need."

"Well, isn't it?" cracked the scribe.

If ever a truth was spoken in jest, this was it. For if ever two men formed the nucleus of a great football team, Felix A. (Doc) Blanchard and Glenn W. Davis are that pair. Each is a one-man riot; together they form the most explosive one-two punch any college team ever had.

A veteran scout, asked about Navy's chances in the Army-Navy classic in Philadelphia next Saturday, summed it up like this:

"How would you like to be going into the ring against a guy who had Jack Dempsey's left hook and Max Baer's mighty right? You know what would happen. It would be ONE, TWO, and BOOM! Well, that's what will happen to Navy. The Middies have a well-coached defense, and they might be able to stop one of them. But both—never!"

There have been fine football players on the outstanding Army teams of the last two years, but take away Blanchard and Davis and you have just another team —a good team, with a sturdy line and fast-stepping backs, but withal just another team. Blanchard and Davis represent that added something that makes these gold-striped legions of West Point a team apart—one that is to college football history what the incredible Chicago Bears of 1940 were to the pro ranks, the Yankees of 1927 were to baseball, and the old Montreal Canadiens were to hockey.

The two represent different zeniths of gridiron genius: Blanchard as the bruising, jolting powerhouse, and Davis as the antelope of the chalklined meadows. It's all but impossible to rig up a defense that will bottle both, so perfectly do they complement each other. Draw your defense in to stop the atomic thrusts of Blanchard, and Davis will run wild around the wings; spread your line to stop the Mercury-gaited dashes of Davis, and Blanchard will blast the midriff like a runaway bison.

From the records alone, you might think Davis is the boy who makes Army tick. He broke all West Point scoring records a year ago with 120 points that led the nation's scorers. His three brilliant dashes into the end zone led a '44 assault that crumpled Notre Dame under the worst beating an Irish team ever took. Yet after that 59-0 rout, the man most of the 74,430 spectators were talking about as they left Yankee Stadium was

The Michigan game (Army 28-7) pointed out what has become about the usual proportion; Blanchard and three tacklers.

Blanchard. Doc hadn't scored a point, but he was the outstanding man.

Old Pop Warner, who has been coaching and watching football's finest teams for almost sixty years, exclaimed in awe as Blanchard mowed down John (Tree) Adams, Notre Dame's six-foot-seven-inch tackle, "That's the hardest block I've ever seen!" This from the man who coached two of football's all-time greats—Jim Thorpe and Ernie Nevers.

Stout Steve Owen, canny coach of the pro-grid Giants, couldn't believe it at first and had to see more. After the Navy finale in Baltimore's Municipal Stadium, Owen owned up, "I never thought I'd see the equal of Bronko Nagurski. But I certainly did, this afternoon. This Blanchard has everything The Bronk had in the way of power, plus more speed and finesse. I only wish the U. S. Army didn't have a first mortgage on him."

Some say that Doc Blanchard got his nickname from his father, Felix, Sr., a country doctor who once played football for Mississippi State under an assumed name. Others say it must have been an honorary tag hung on him by the medical profession in gratitude for all the business he threw their way via bone-breaking blocks and plunges.

Blanchard first climbed the hill to Army's famous Beast Barracks in July, 1944, practically unheralded. He had been a freshman sensation at North Carolina State before serving in the armed forces several months, but his football fame was strictly local.

Is it going to be a Hiroshima for Navy when it meets Army? Pretty sure bet, say the experts, if Blanchard and Davis, the Army's atomic bombs, are still sparking at game time. Here's a look at football's greatest pair in action

By

ARCH MURRAY and HY TURKIN

Only nineteen at the time, it hadn't been long since he had played his first game of football in his native town of Bishopville, South Carolina. "Our town team was playing its biggest rival, Bennettsville," Blanchard recalls, in a Southern drawl, "and we had trouble keeping down the score. The coach sent me in as a substitute fullback. On the first play, Bennettsville piled through me for another touchdown. There and then I wanted to quit football for life. But on the next play I made a hard tackle, and I reveled in the feeling of jarring body contact, an enthusiasm I've never lost."

Doc explains that though he's a South Carolinian, he went to North Carolina State because Jim Tatum, who was the coach then, is his mother's first cousin.

As a boy, Doc had his tough moments. When he was three, he was run over and seriously injured by an auto. A few years later, while trying out his father's pipe, he set the barn afire. Now as an Army fullback he runs over opposition like a Mack truck, and sets whole football fields afire.

Doc doesn't look impressive when stripped to the waist. His muscles don't ripple and bulge as you'd expect from looking at him in football togs or cadet gray. In fact, one visitor to the Army dressing room peered at the thick-limbed, smooth-skinned boy and asked who the fat kid was.

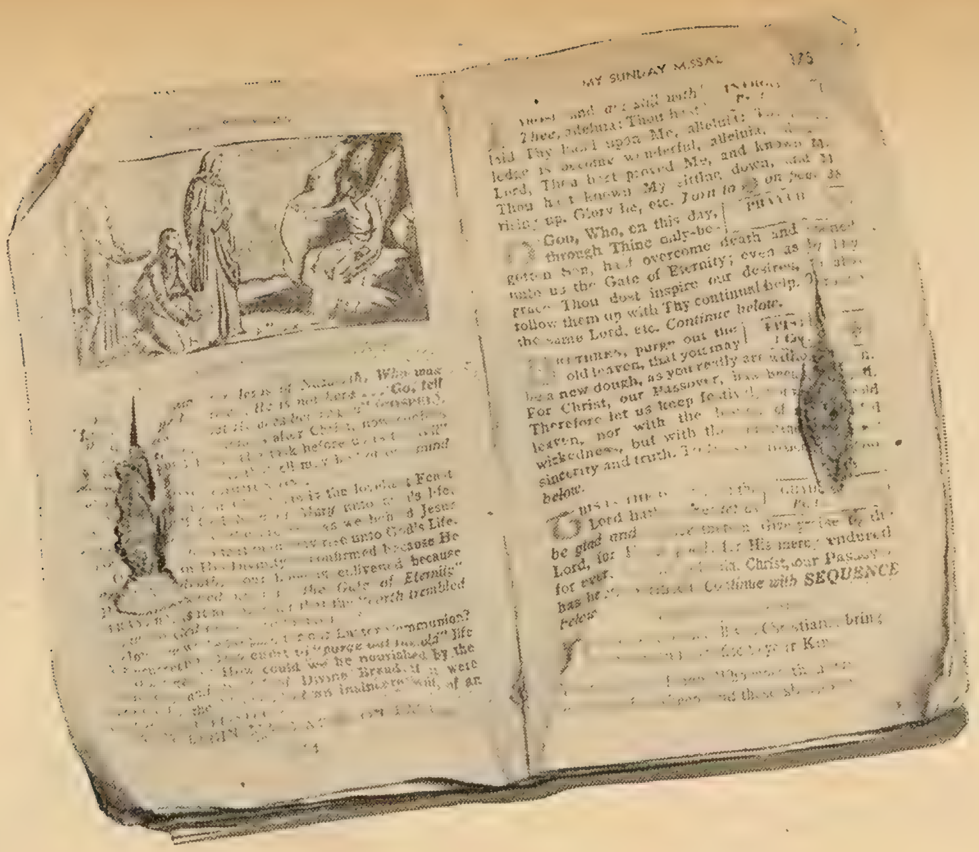
One of the better artists with a knife and fork, Blanchard laughs at the tall tales that he had never put the shot before last winter. Some fell for the story that he was fooling around the field house when the sixteen-pound iron ball rolled by his feet. He is supposed to have picked it up and heaved an incredible forty feet the first time he ever tried to put the shot. That was the start of his track career (they said), but it's a fact that last spring he wound up winning the IC4A title with a toss of 48 feet 3½ inches.

"The truth is," he smiles, "I had done some shot-putting in high school. It wasn't any new-found knack that lured me out for the track team. Fact is, I was hungry for the training table. They feed you better there than anywhere else, and you don't have to worry about Plebe restrictions."

Doc's role in the march of Blaik's Black Knights across the white stripes can be seen in the figures, as well as in the movies that reveal the lethal character of his blocking and tackling. Last season he gained 556 yards through the middle for an average of 7.1 yards per try. He set a record for kick-offs with 45, for a total of 2,523 yards, or 56.1 yards per kick.

Both Blanchard and Davis *(Continued on page 96)*

Glenn Davis takes off like jet propulsion. He's aging Navy coaches prematurely.



Countless battlefields are littered with the meaningful effects of men who have returned—and those who won't. This prayer book blocked a hot sliver of shrapnel.

Not in the Communiqué

By VICTOR BOESEN and FRED SPARKS

Behind the communiqué are fighting men, and behind the men are parents, wives, and sweethearts who wait, worry, and write letters. War's human tragedy is starkly apparent in the debris which litters empty foxholes

IT was on the Naha-Shuri Line, assaulted and reassulted and finally taken and held by the marines in the battle for Okinawa. This section of the line, a razorback ridge in the chain of green hills that had comprised the Jap enemy's main defense bastion, was scalped and pitted by the fury that had seesawed back and forth across its length.

Now the storm had whirled on, and a peculiar stillness held the scene, broken only by a soft rustling now and then as a gentle wind, searching amid the abandoned things of war and the personal chattels of the men who had fought here, caressed and shifted the scattered messages from home which were left behind as the dead or broken men who had cherished them were borne away. They tell a story which needs no interpretation.

Here, the envelopes folded double, are two letters together. They are anchored by earth which, as mud, flowed across one corner during the rains. We are careful to avoid the mine staked out a few feet away as we pick them up. One is from his sweetheart and the other from his mother.

"My darling," begins the first, "can it be true that this day is really coming to an end, or is it just another one of those illusions? . . . No, from my window I can see the stars crowding themselves into an already half-moon-brightened heaven. . . . Tomorrow will come all the faster and there will be more mail, bringing another chance for me to hear from you. . . . It's a miracle how I can even stand a day in a place where you are not, let alone the ten months that we have been apart. God lets us have such trials, though, so that our happier moments will be all the more glorious. I love you more with each passing day, if that is possible. . . . All my love all my life. . . . MARY LOU."

The letter from mother is written with an indelible pencil. "Dear Son. . . . Well, the day has come that we are afraid of, but take good care of yourself and listen closely to your officers. They will help you all they can. We are all praying, and with God with you . . . hope for the best." There is news of family members and friends and an exhortation to "Write as often as you can, even if it only says 'I'm well.' Don't worry about us. We are all fine. . . . Do you need soap, toothpaste, or anything? Let us know. Love from all. MOTHER."

The two letters have been slashed half asunder by a sliver of shrapnel.

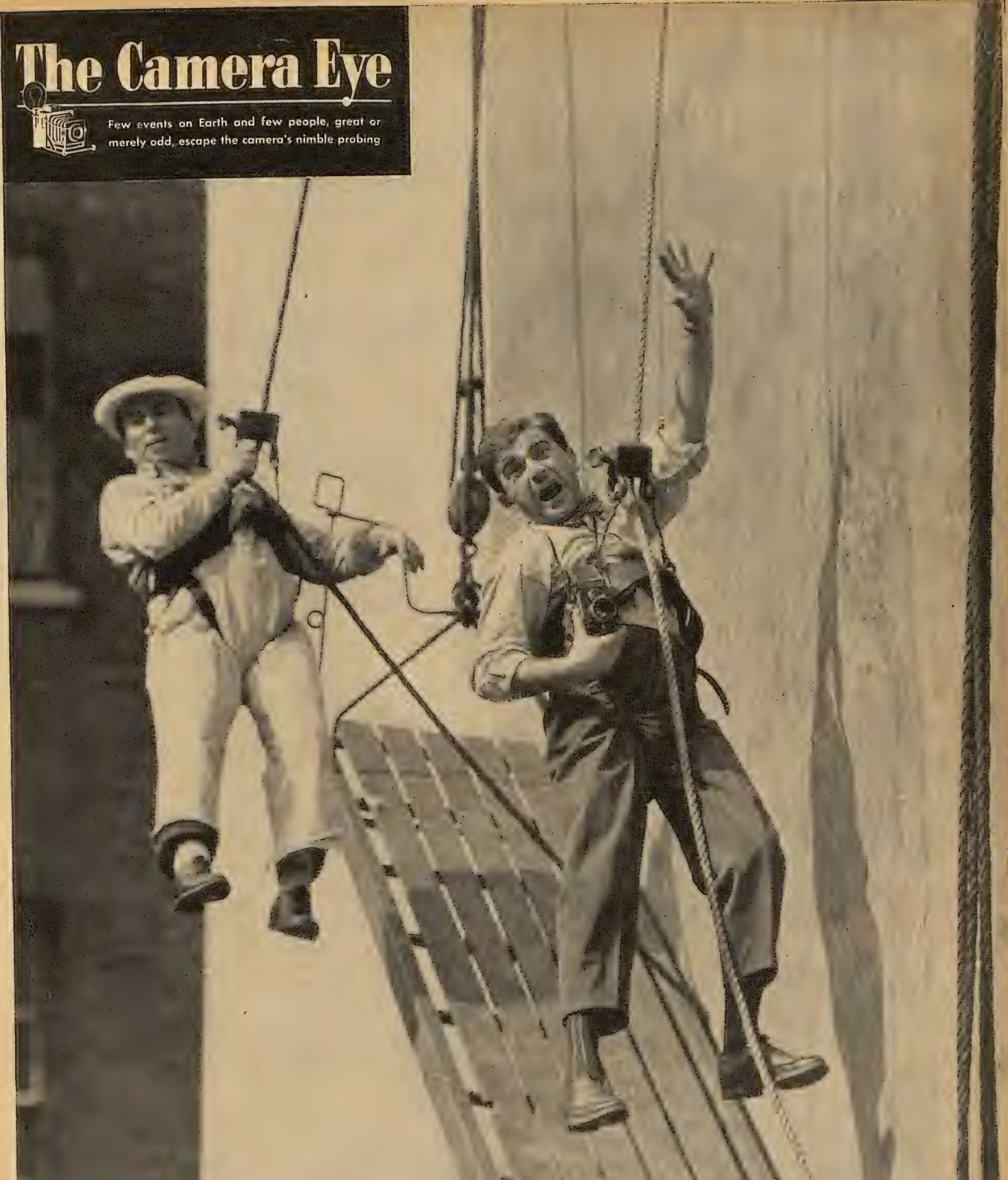
On the edge of a foxhole four letters are scattered, all with the same greeting. A streak of mud has dried on the first letter's opening page. We scrape it off and read: "No wonder you haven't been able to let us hear from you, since you are in the thick of things," it begins, in a feminine hand. "We've been reading in the papers about the part the Sixth Division is playing at Okinawa. May God watch over you and keep you safe and unharmed. We are all praying and praying for you and Johnnie. . . . Of course you have heard of President Roosevelt's death, and I am enclosing some of the pictures of the funeral procession. All the stores and theaters were closed Saturday, but we had to work half the day. They did let us out of the Treasury to see the procession. The marines looked the best in their uniforms and marched the best, naturally; that's to be expected, isn't that so? . . . God bless you, and ever so much love. . . ." The name is gone with the rains.

The next two of the group of four are notes. The first is decorated at the top with a color drawing of a little girl in red slipping up behind a boy in a blue uniform seated in a chair and placing her hands in front of his eyes, saying, "Guess who?" The text speaks of "a picture my

(*Continued on page 90*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



FALL GUY FOR AN INVENTOR—When Jack Frankel (the confident-looking one) devised a gadget to keep workmen from falling off scaffolds, Sonnee Gottlieb, New York news photographer, declared himself in as guinea pig. Apparently he was unprepared when the demonstration scaffold collapsed, but he obeyed the first rule of his craft: save the camera.

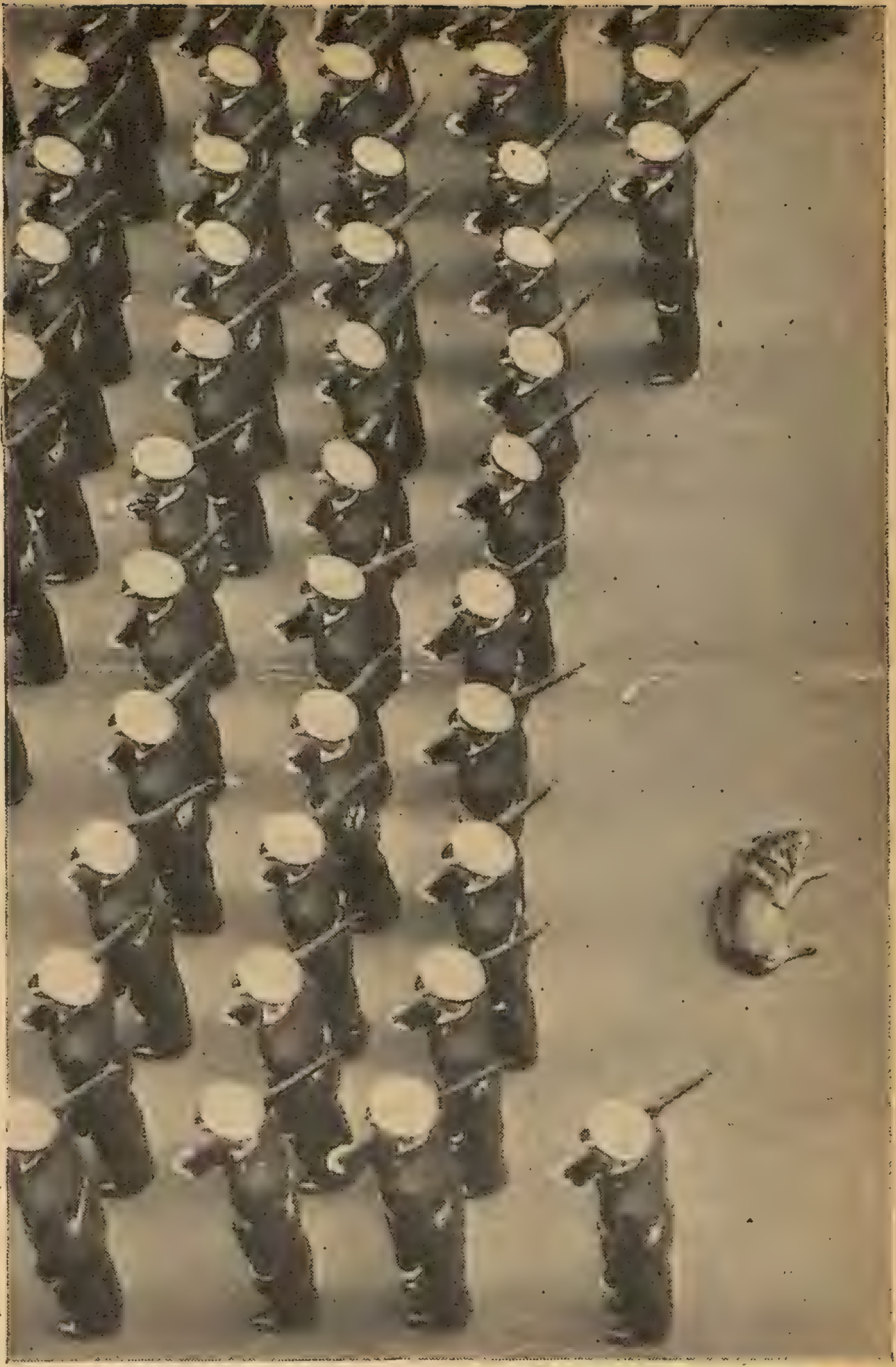
TILE HITLER—Charles J. Correll, the Andy of Amos 'n' Andy, got this tile from Adolf's private bathroom at Berchtesgaden and set it in the concrete walk at his Hollywood home.

SMOG GIRL—That's what Hollywood calls Dolores Moran, but it's hardly apt, because smog is an admixture of smoke and fog. Miss Moran appears to smolder all right, but how come fog?

WESTWARD HOE—Dreading the idea of another Maine winter, Ray Gilbert and his spouse loaded their goods, their cattle, and themselves into a side-door Pullman and lit out for California. Fresh milk is no problem here.

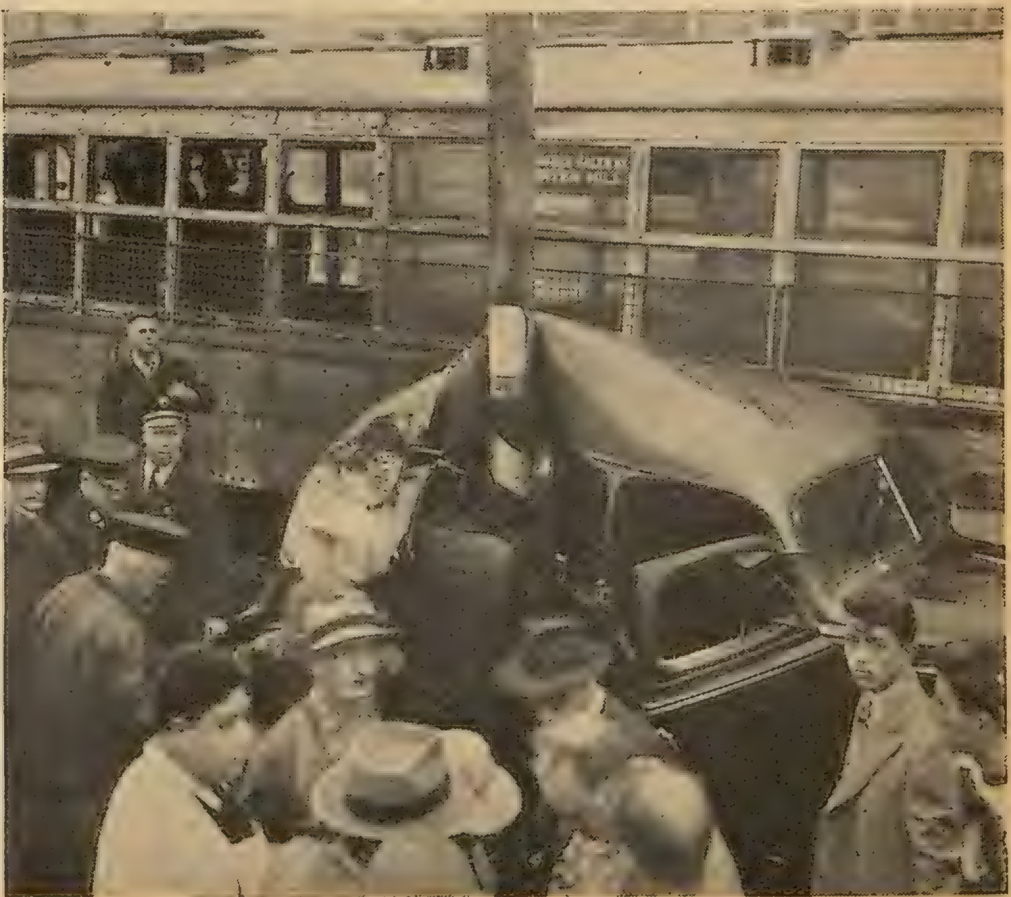
HE'S A COED—Air Force Pilot Meredith Stiles, Amherst College senior, went back to college, but his Spanish prof was on leave. So Stiles became Exhibit A at Smith, the only male in its seventy years. When does he study?

EIGHTY WINKS—After you sit up all night in a day coach, you sleep—even in a Chicago railroad station. Sgt. Frank Rodgers, en route to New York, looks plumb beat out, but his son Dennis appears well fed, anyway.

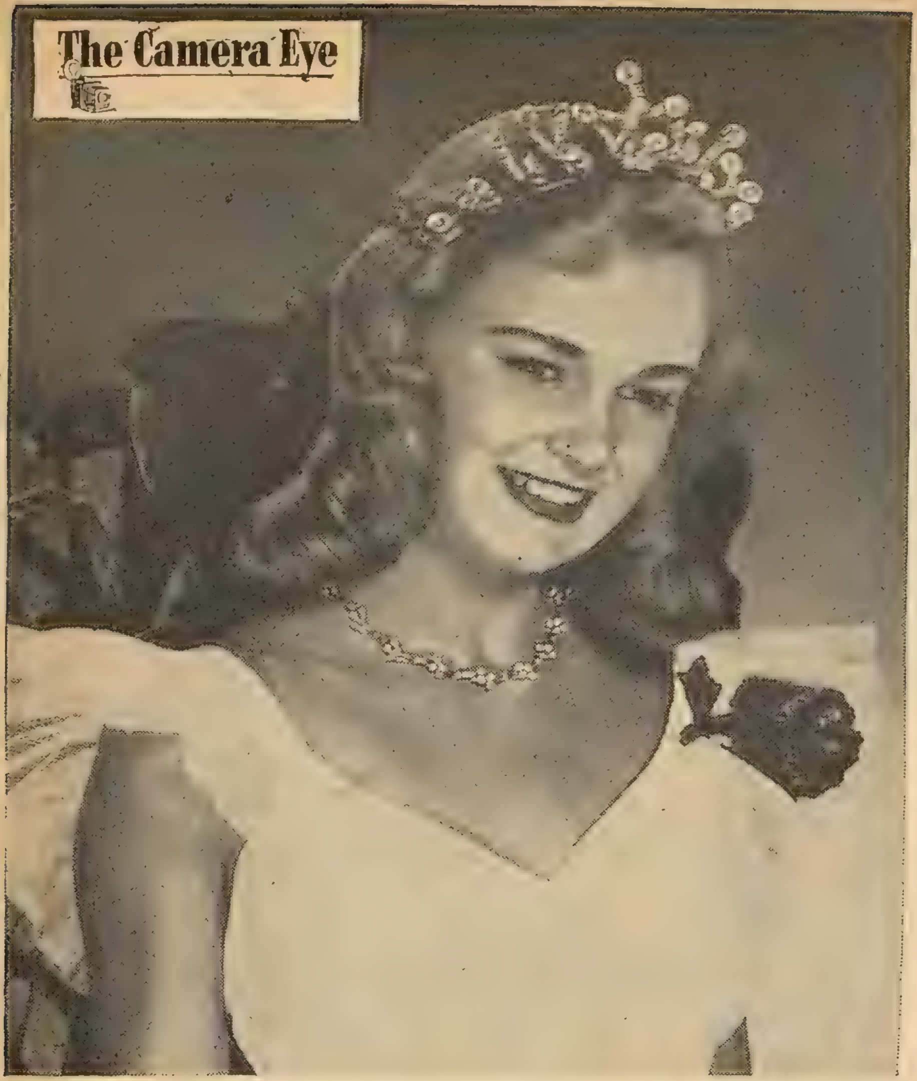


REAR GUARD, AT EASE!—Parades are hard on the dogs, either way you read it. This mascot in New York's procession for Admiral Nimitz obeyed the "Parade rest" order fast.

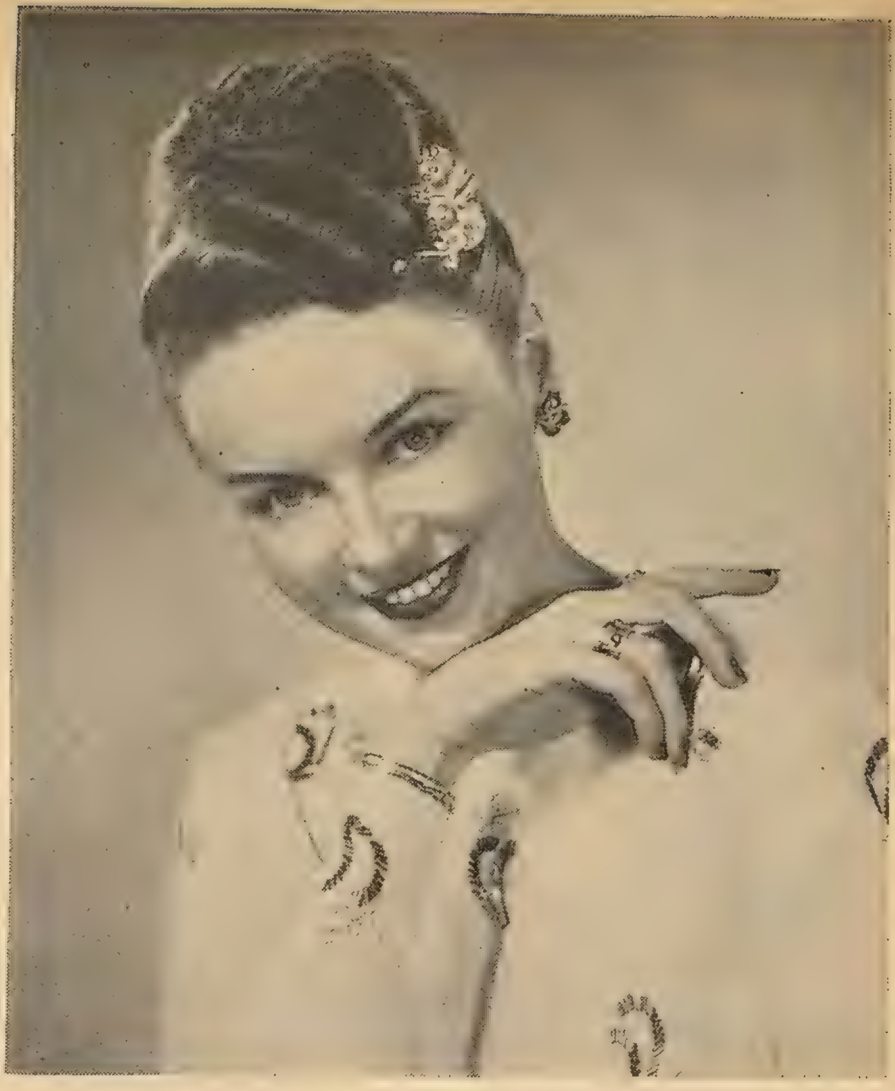
USED CAR, CHEAP, MAY NEED MINOR REPAIRS—A Boston driver misjudged his clearance by a yard or so, and lived to try again.



The Camera Eye

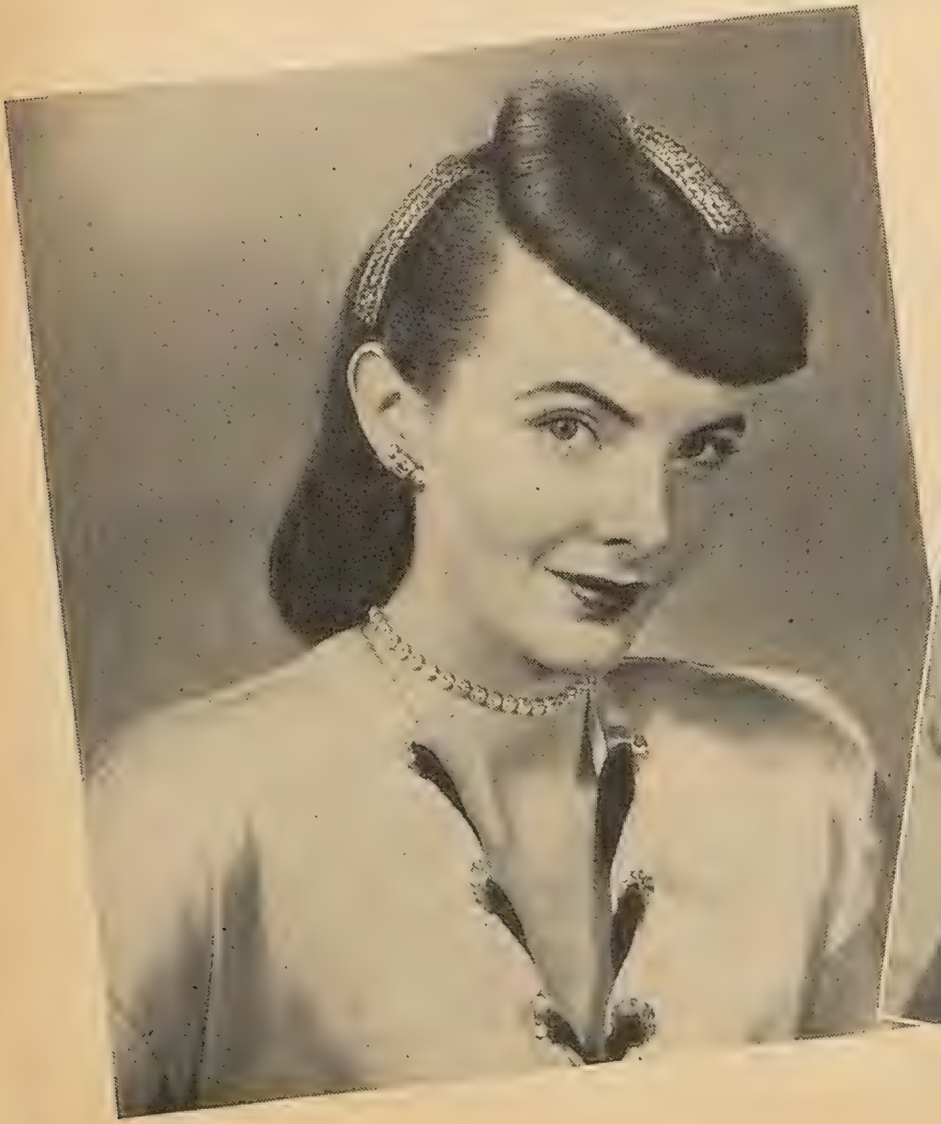


TIARAS, once stuffy, heavy, and regal, are favorites with the young set. They are made with a light gay touch. The junior pictured here wrapped hers with red velvet ribbon to accent the roses on her dress.

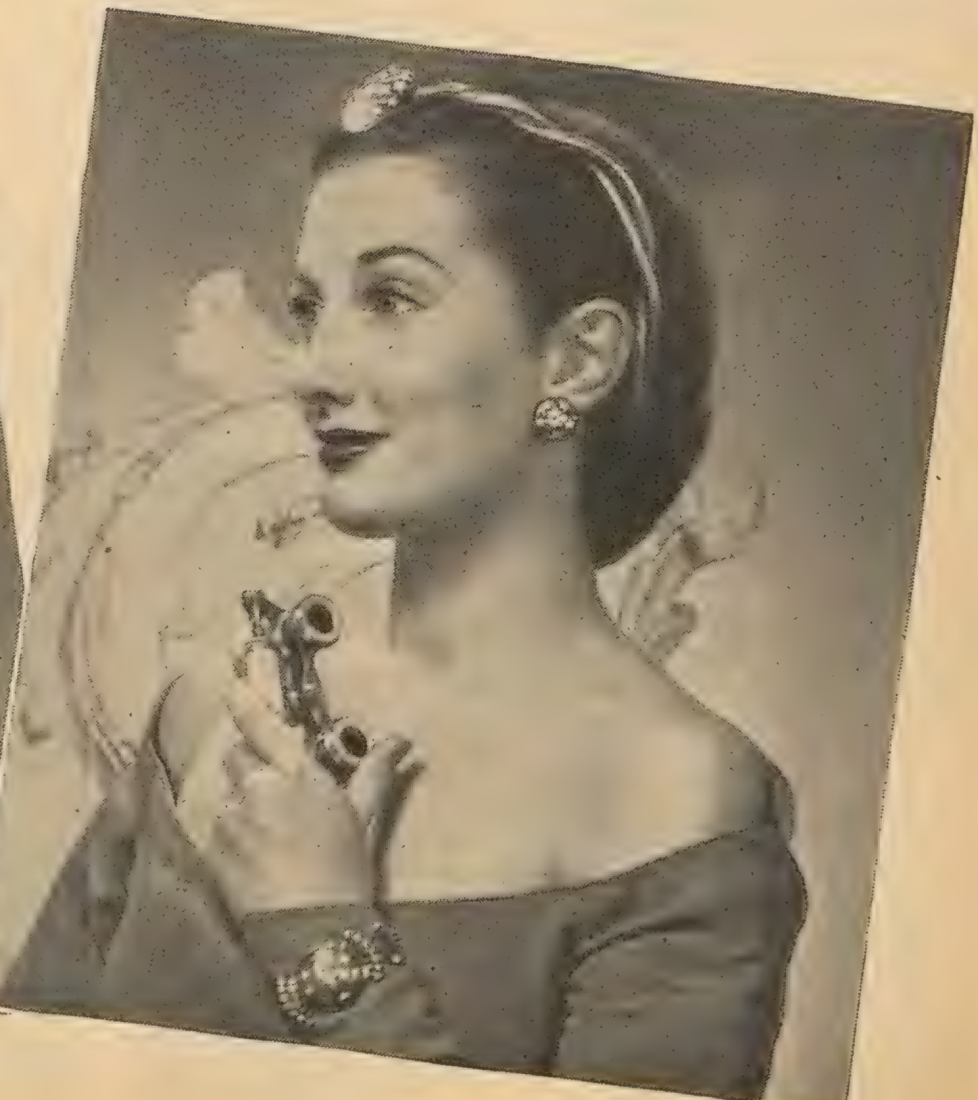


BIG CITY STUFF, this towering sea of waves with its spotlight of diamonds! But it certainly shows beautiful hair to its best advantage. The sequin-trimmed dress typifies the present-day bejeweled fashion trend.

HAIRDRESSERS' HOLIDAY! Although it is extreme, this hair style cleverly covers a broad forehead, avoiding bangs by use of this sophisticated swirl. Blue rhinestone combs match the skirt.



OFF-THE-SHOULDER GOWNS have always given the girls a fine chance to wear elaborate necklaces. Sometimes, however, the neck is deliberately left bare and the necklace of gold with its jeweled clip is transformed instead into a headpiece.



Star-Studded Tresses

BY HELEN FAITH KEANE

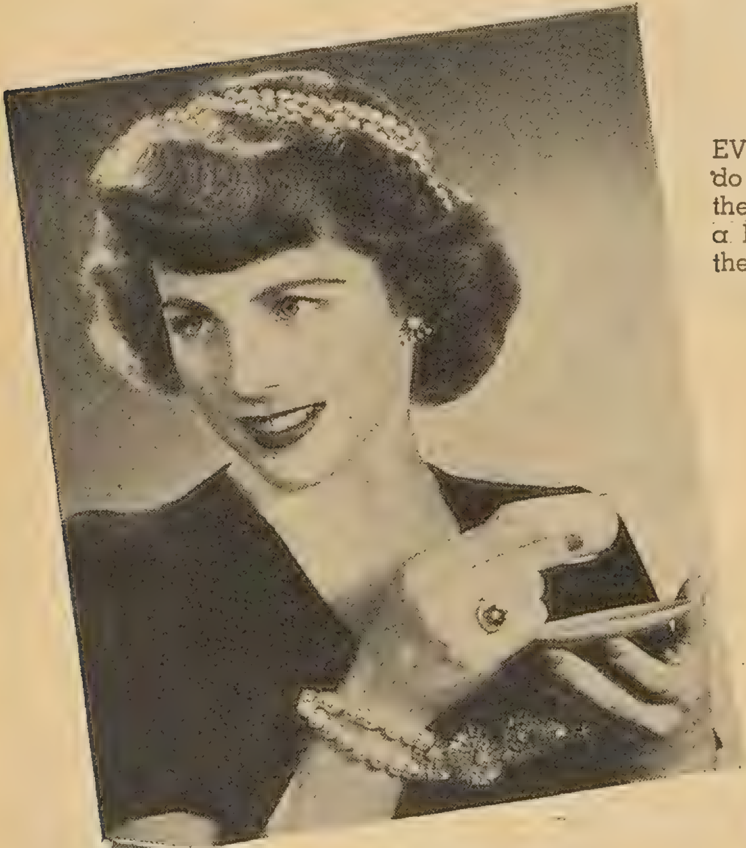
Photographs by Edelmann—Muray Studios

Hair styling created by M. Louis
Fashions and gems: Bonwit Teller
Hair-do ornaments: Arpad

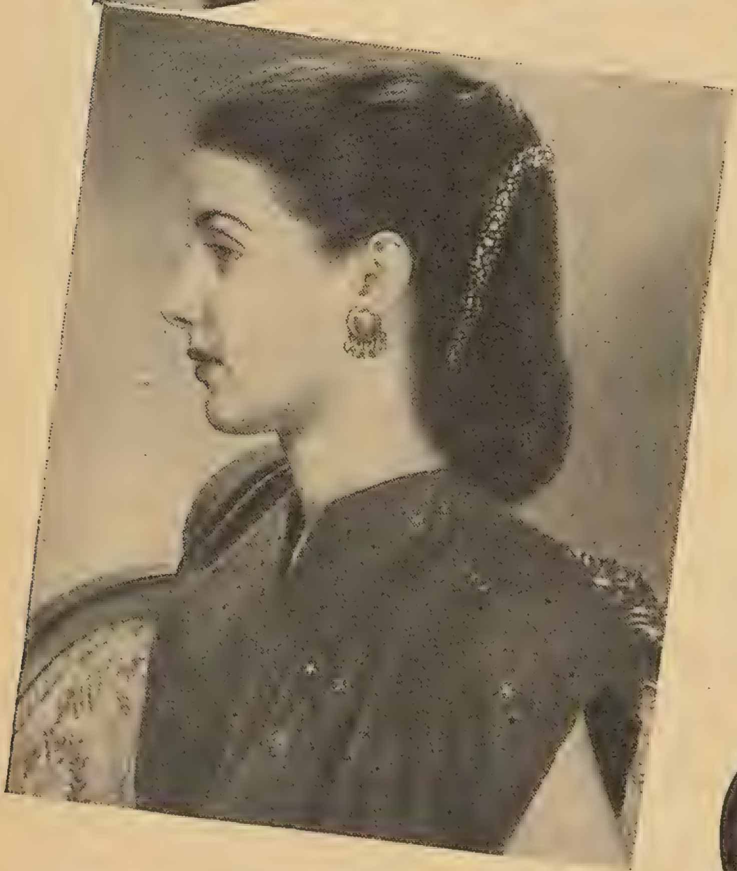
THE star-sparkle of gems and the moonbeam glimmer of pearls are out of the passing-fancy stage and definitely part of a fashion trend to elegance in hair styles.

The stores are showing lots of sparklers made up specially for hair decorations. Everything from dimestore imitations to precious gems are being used. Lots of handy girls are finding forgotten gadgets in dresser drawers readily adaptable to use in the hair.

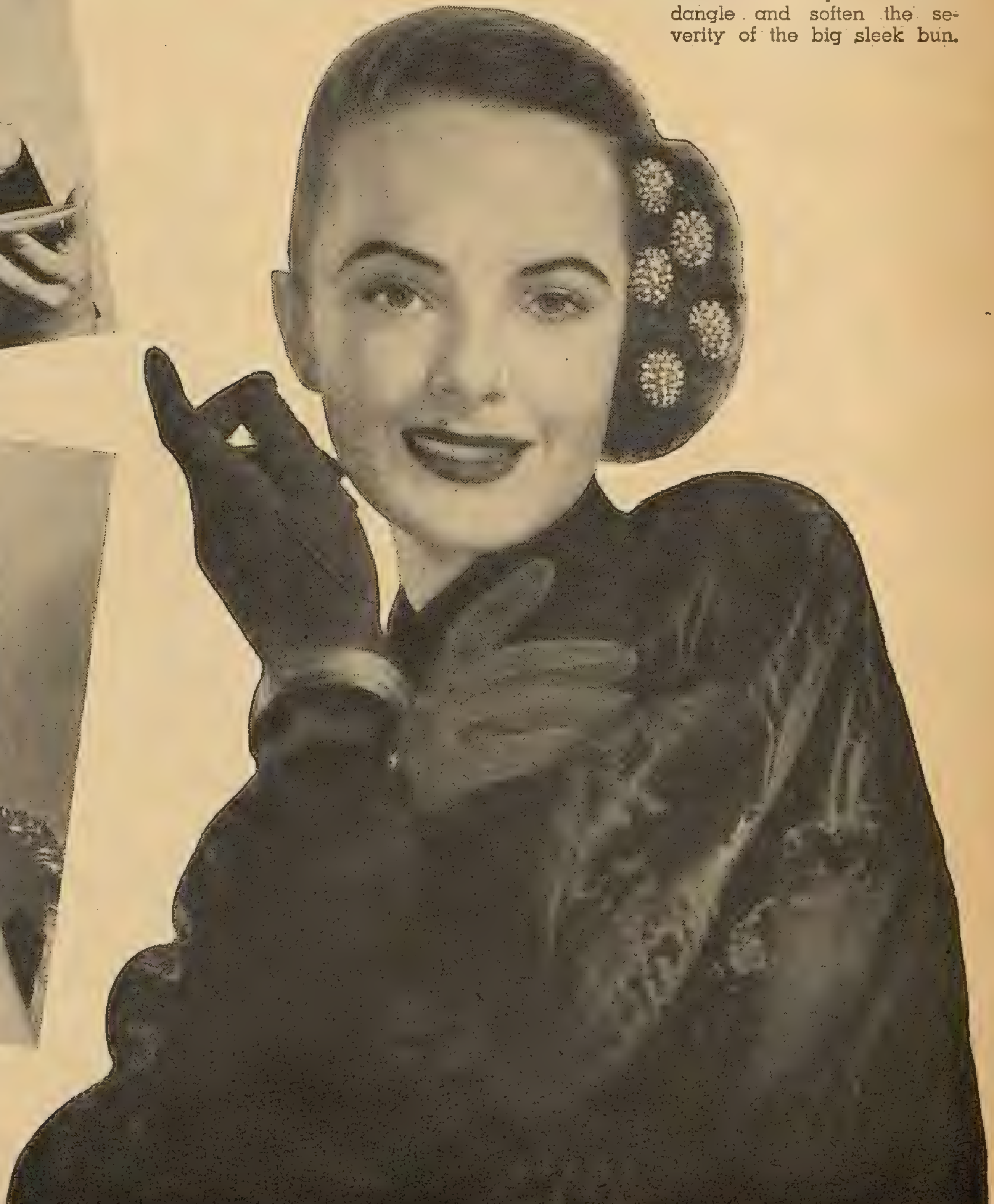
Hair styles themselves are more varied, more daring. Girls are changing hair-dos to fit special clothes and occasions. And every hair style becomes more exciting because of the brilliance of a radiant ornament.



EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE—The short hair-do with soft curls. And equally popular is the pearl necklace which is used here as a hair-do halo. It's comfortably set behind the flattering ends; held with bobby pins.



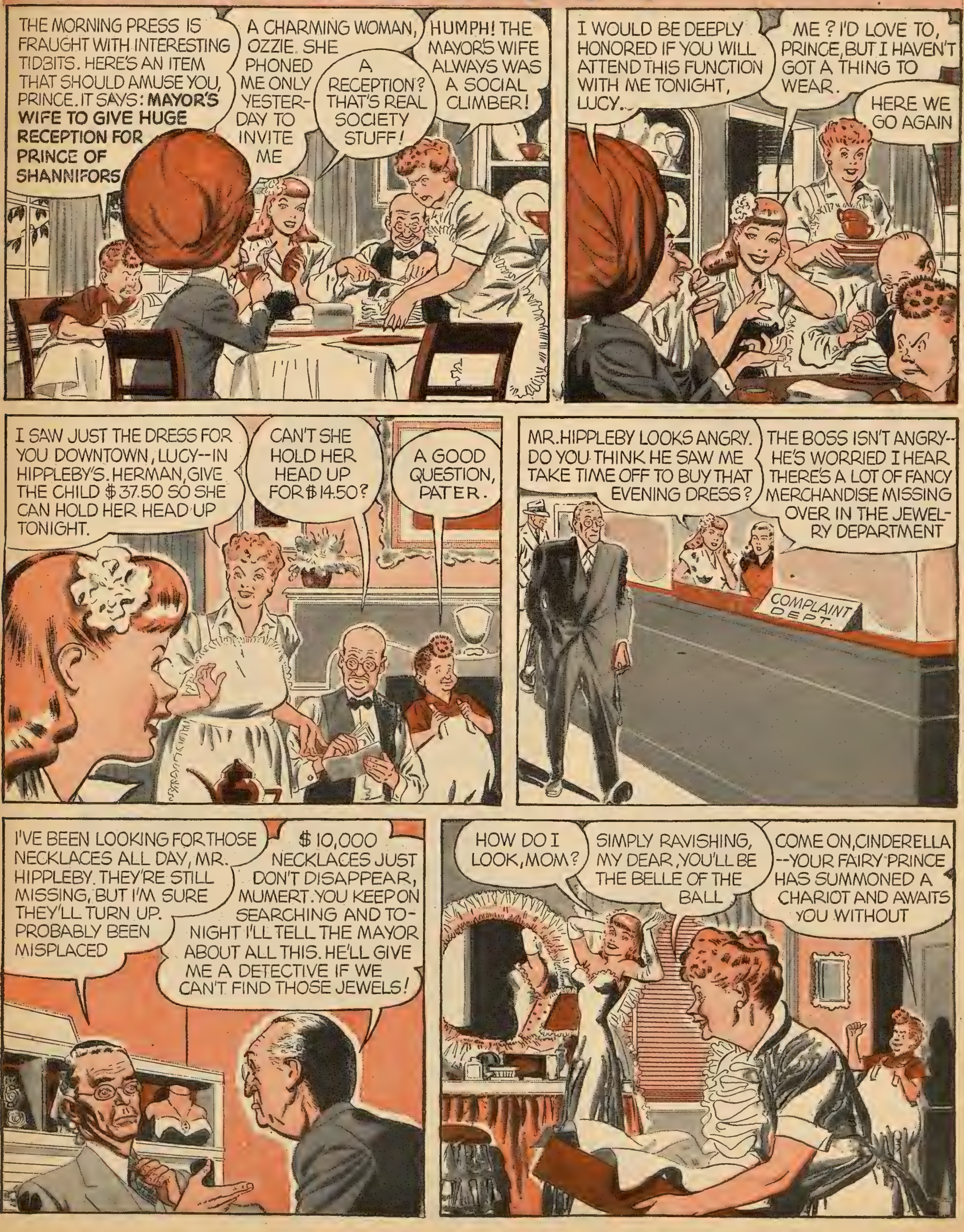
UTILITY and comfort are features of many hair-do ornaments. This multi-colored sequin rope is on a spring that holds the back roll safely in place. A modest bit of brightness to wear for an informal evening.

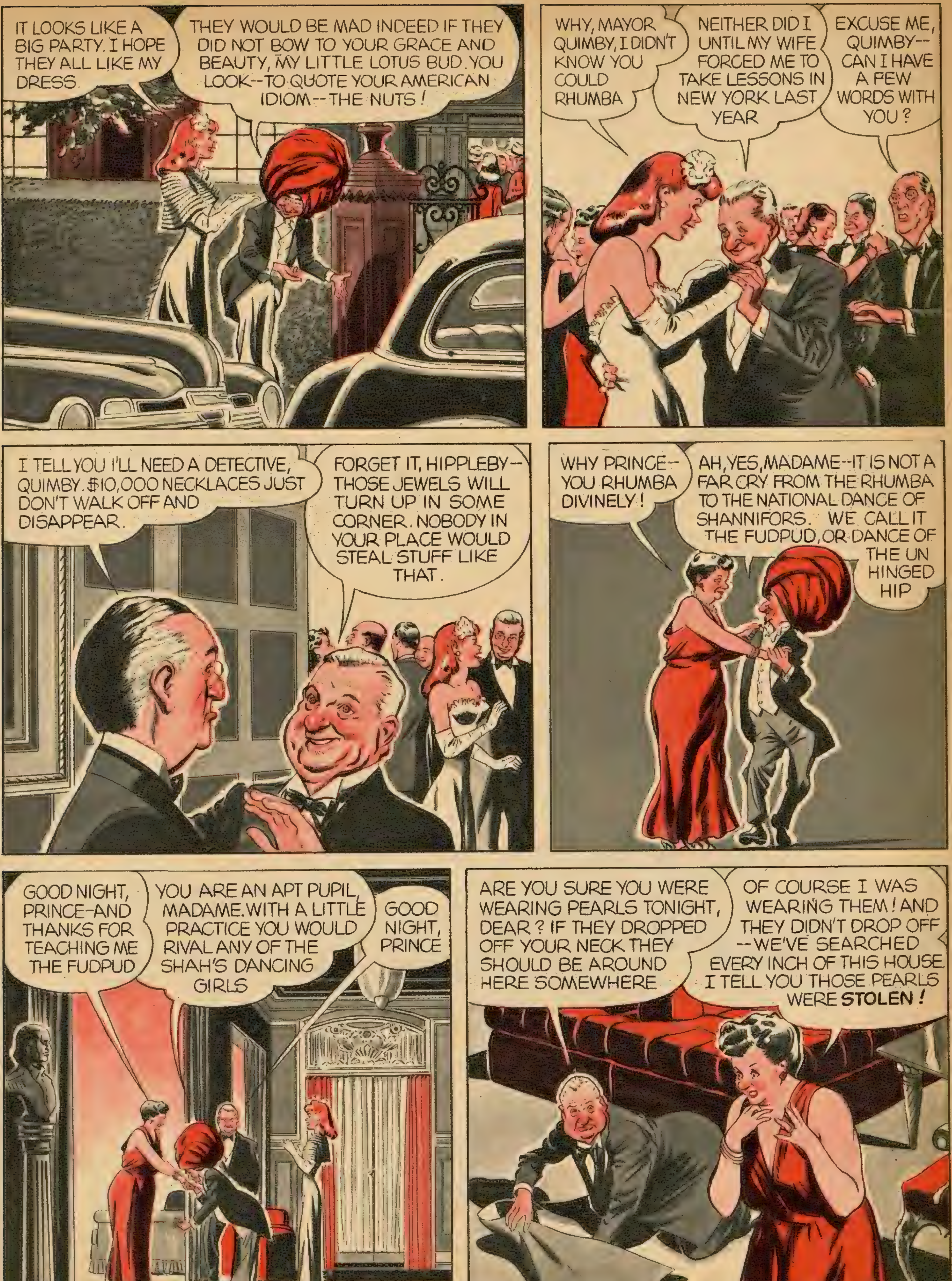


EXOTIC and daring, this one-sided hair-do is styled to blend with the Chinese cut of the fur coat. From black velvet ribbon the pearl clusters dangle and soften the severity of the big sleek bun.

THE THROPP FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**

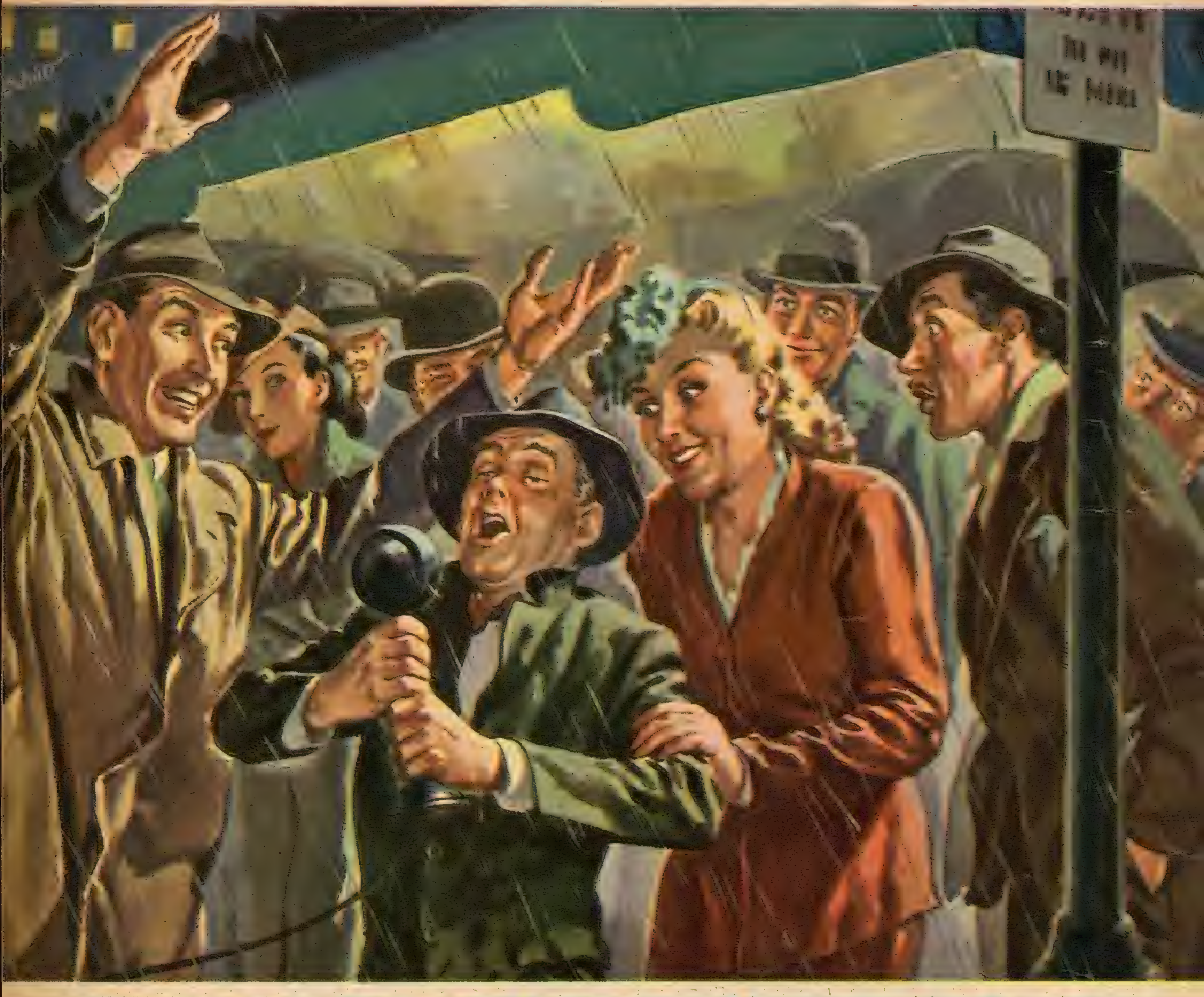

THE MORNING PRESS IS FRAUGHT WITH INTERESTING TIDBITS. HERE'S AN ITEM THAT SHOULD AMUSE YOU, PRINCE. IT SAYS: MAYOR'S WIFE TO GIVE HUGE RECEPTION FOR PRINCE OF SHANNIFORS
A CHARMING WOMAN, OZZIE. SHE PHONED ME ONLY YESTERDAY TO INVITE ME
A RECEPTION? THAT'S REAL SOCIETY STUFF!
HUMPH! THE MAYOR'S WIFE ALWAYS WAS A SOCIAL CLIMBER!
I WOULD BE DEEPLY HONORED IF YOU WILL ATTEND THIS FUNCTION WITH ME TONIGHT, LUCY...
ME? I'D LOVE TO, PRINCE, BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A THING TO WEAR.
HERE WE GO AGAIN
I SAW JUST THE DRESS FOR YOU DOWNTOWN, LUCY--IN HIPPLEBY'S. HERMAN, GIVE THE CHILD $37.50 SO SHE CAN HOLD HER HEAD UP TONIGHT.
CAN'T SHE HOLD HER HEAD UP FOR $14.50?
A GOOD QUESTION, PATER.
MR. HIPPLEBY LOOKS ANGRY. DO YOU THINK HE SAW ME TAKE TIME OFF TO BUY THAT EVENING DRESS?
THE BOSS ISN'T ANGRY--HE'S WORRIED I HEAR THERE'S A LOT OF FANCY MERCHANDISE MISSING OVER IN THE JEWELRY DEPARTMENT
COMPLAINT DEPT.
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THOSE NECKLACES ALL DAY, MR. HIPPLEBY. THEY'RE STILL MISSING, BUT I'M SURE THEY'LL TURN UP. PROBABLY BEEN MISPLACED
$10,000 NECKLACES JUST DON'T DISAPPEAR, MUMERT. YOU KEEP ON SEARCHING AND TONIGHT I'LL TELL THE MAYOR ABOUT ALL THIS. HE'LL GIVE ME A DETECTIVE IF WE CAN'T FIND THOSE JEWELS!
HOW DO I LOOK, MOM?
SIMPLY RAVISHING, MY DEAR, YOU'LL BE THE BELLE OF THE BALL
COME ON, CINDERELLA --YOUR FAIRY PRINCE HAS SUMMONED A CHARIOT AND AWAITS YOU WITHOUT


IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG PARTY. I HOPE THEY ALL LIKE MY DRESS.
THEY WOULD BE MAD INDEED IF THEY DID NOT BOW TO YOUR GRACE AND BEAUTY, MY LITTLE LOTUS BUD. YOU LOOK--TO QUOTE YOUR AMERICAN IDIOM--THE NUTS!
WHY, MAYOR QUIMBY, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD RHUMBA
NEITHER DID I UNTIL MY WIFE FORCED ME TO TAKE LESSONS IN NEW YORK LAST YEAR
EXCUSE ME, QUIMBY-- CAN I HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU?
I TELL YOU I'LL NEED A DETECTIVE, QUIMBY. $10,000 NECKLACES JUST DON'T WALK OFF AND DISAPPEAR.
FORGET IT, HIPPLEBY-- THOSE JEWELS WILL TURN UP IN SOME CORNER. NOBODY IN YOUR PLACE WOULD STEAL STUFF LIKE THAT.
WHY PRINCE-- YOU RHUMBA DIVINELY!
AH, YES, MADAME--IT IS NOT A FAR CRY FROM THE RHUMBA TO THE NATIONAL DANCE OF SHANNIFORS. WE CALL IT THE FUDPUD, OR DANCE OF THE UNHINGED HIP
GOOD NIGHT, PRINCE-AND THANKS FOR TEACHING ME THE FUDPUD
YOU ARE AN APT PUPIL, MADAME. WITH A LITTLE PRACTICE YOU WOULD RIVAL ANY OF THE SHAH'S DANCING GIRLS
GOOD NIGHT, PRINCE
ARE YOU SURE YOU WERE WEARING PEARLS TONIGHT, DEAR? IF THEY DROPPED OFF YOUR NECK THEY SHOULD BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE
OF COURSE I WAS WEARING THEM! AND THEY DIDN'T DROP OFF --WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF THIS HOUSE. I TELL YOU THOSE PEARLS WERE **STOLEN**!

Continued next week

The

Public opinion never bothered Albert — until he became The Voice of the People. Then, like many a better man before him, he discovered the power of woman to mold the life of



"Spoken like a true American!" the young man cried, beaming upon Albert with an excessive display of teeth. The crowd cheered.

ALBERT reached for the newspaper a capitalist had abandoned on the adjoining table, frowned disdainfully at the coffee stains on the comic page, and turned morosely to the racing entries. Finding no inspiration therein, Albert worked backward through the paper and brooded over the affairs of nations with beetled brows. Daisy and Willie waited impassively for Albert, a man given to extensive indignation, to say something. It was warm in the cafeteria and they had no place to go anyway.

"Public opinion!" Albert exclaimed presently. "Fah!"

Daisy and Willie batted their eyes to denote quickened attention.

"Every place you look it's public opinion this and public opinion that," Albert said. "A swindle. Does anybody ask me what I think? I'm the public, ain't I? But no," he added bitterly. "I don't count. I don't live in a penthouse. I don't own a yacht or a country estate. I am dirt under the feet, a schtoonk. My opinion is worthless."

"A lousy outrage," Daisy said dutifully. Daisy, no longer a dewy-eyed maiden, had been treasuring Albert in her heart so long that he practically had set up light housekeeping there, although he steadfastly refrained from making it the residence of his body and soul.

"I don't get it. What's the beef?" Willie inquired.

Man in the Street

BY STANLEY FRANK

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

Albert clenched his fists and appealed aloft to a higher authority to witness Willie's infinite ignorance. "I'm entitled to free speech!" he cried. "Wouldn't I gladly pay income taxes, if I had an income? Did I complain and write to my congressman when they closed the tracks and deprived me of my livelihood? I am the common, little man everybody talks about, but does anybody respect my opinion? Nobody even calls me on the phone to find out what radio program I'm listening to."

"When did you have a phone or a radio?" Willie demanded.

Albert drew himself up to his inconsiderable height. "For clods like you I knock my brains out. I should of known better than to expect gratitude."

Daisy and Willie followed him into the rain-swept street. Albert reflected sourly on this latest manifestation of harsh fate. His feedbox tip on the morrow was an animal with a notorious aversion for mud. He hunched his inadequate shoulders against the downpour and climbed back upon his soapbox.

"For the rich it grows flowers in their gardens. For the poor, rain makes holes in the shoes."

NOTING that his audience was dispersing for shelter, Albert dismounted from the soapbox and hastened down the sidewalk after it. A hotel canopy held the promise of protection, but as Albert approached he saw that the crowd gathered under it made a frontal assault inadvisable. He lumbered into the street for a flanking movement. An expensive purposeful car chose that precise moment to plunge through a puddle Albert was trying to avoid. Albert leaped for the sidewalk, too late. The injury to his dignity and only suit was the ripple that broke the dam containing Albert's anguish.

"You can't do this to me!" he screamed after the car. "Pedestrians got a right to walk in the streets like free men in a democracy."

This outburst provoked a response highly astonishing to Albert. The people huddled under the canopy made loud noises of approval, alternately encouraged and intimidated by a frenetic young man who waved his hands over his head after the antic fashion of a seal trying to create a breeze with its flippers.

"Spoken like a true American!" the young man cried heartily, beaming upon Albert with an excessive display of teeth. He again flapped his hands. The crowd cheered. "May we have your name, sir?"

ALBERT was aware vaguely of a microphone in front of his face. He threw back his shoulders. He grasped the microphone firmly.

"Albert Fleishkopf," he said.

"And what is your address, Mr. Flashcup?"

Albert raced wildly through the corridors of his brain for an answer. His chagrin was acute; he was without funds or a legal residence. He heard Daisy reciting her house number, but he was concentrating on the microphone too intently to give Daisy's chicanery a thought.

"And you are Mrs. Flushcap?" the announcer simpered.

Daisy blushed, a prodigious feat of memory. "We're going steady. We—we're intendeds," she said coyly.

"A charming sentiment charmingly expressed," the youth said gallantly. "And now, Mr. Fleshcon, we are happy to welcome you to Dr. Swift's Street Forum of the Air. As you undoubtedly know, Dr. Swift, the famed analyst of public opinion, the man with an acute ear to the ground and a sensitive touch on the pulse of the public, Dr. Swift conducts these nightly impromptu meetings on the streets of our city, even as in the days of ancient Greece, to give expression to the aspirations and hopes, the doubts and confusions of the common citizen, the backbone of our country. Please follow me carefully. What are you thinking of at this very moment?"

Albert inhaled deeply. "I am thinking," he enunciated slowly, "of the happiness of all the people in the world."

A reverent hush fell over the assemblage. "Since you obviously have given a great deal of thought to this problem which concerns us all," the announcer said solemnly, "what, in your opinion, is the key to this happiness all men seek?"

"All the common, little man wants is jobs, security, a home, kiddies. Of course, you understand," Albert elaborated, enchanted by his own eloquence, "it ain't as simple as it sounds. There are deferments. Unemployment is caused by not enough jobs to go around. We owe it to the brave heroes who fought for us to see that they should be reconverted. There is the League of United Nations, and all. What's with Russia? What about Germany and Japan?"

"Thank you, Mr. Alfred Flushcan, for your extremely enlightening discussion of the international situation," the announcer cut in. "And now, for further enlightenment, we bring a message from our sponsor—"

The crowd, preferring the rain to the commercial, elbowed Daisy and Willie to the wall in its haste to flee into the night. They saw a man leading Albert to a car parked near the sound truck.

"It's the F.B.I.!" Daisy wailed. "They're putting the arm on him because he knows too much."

"That's what he gets for shooting off his big mouth," Willie said.

ALBERT was suffering a stylish-stout gentleman sitting in the car to pump his hand. He wondered what the guy's racket was. The man introduced himself as Dr. Swift, Albert tried to retrieve his hand and tip his hat.

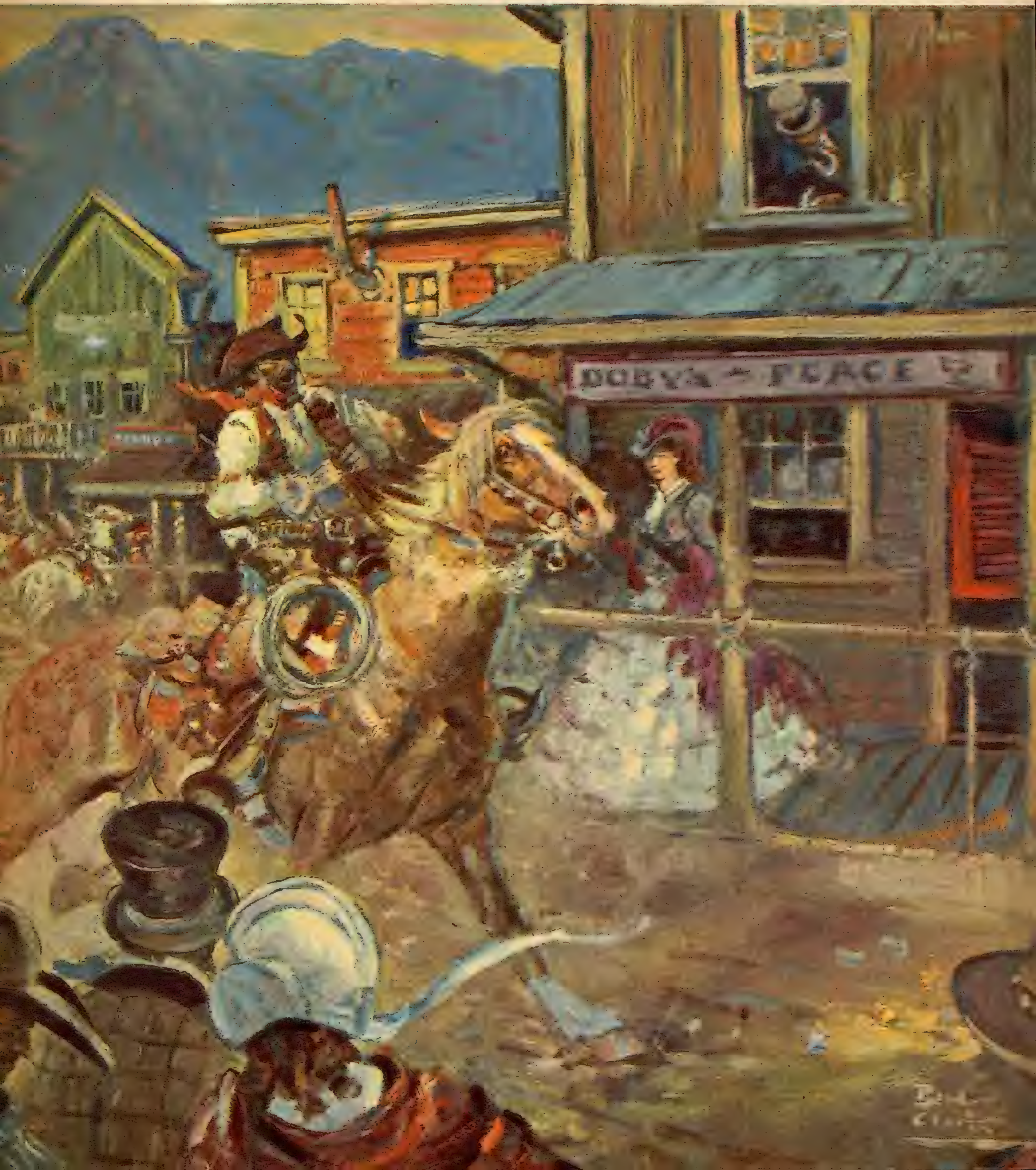
"Come in, come in!" Dr. Swift boomed heartily. "I trust, ha-ha, you have enough brains to come in out of the rain."

Dr. Swift's entourage laughed loudly. Albert laughed loudly. Dr. Swift nodded his head in approval and heaved his hulk to make room beside him for Albert.

"A sense of humor too," Dr. Swift

(*Continued on page 68*)

School at Job's Flats


DOBY'S PEACE

"All you need to know in Arizona," said Tom, "is how to keep yourself alive." But Jonathel started her school all the same. And it wasn't until the night the Apaches rode that the settlement found out which was right

BY RAY NAFZIGER

ILLUSTRATED BY BENTON CLARK

OUR cousin Jonathel was only eighteen and pretty and filled with a shining lighthearted happiness. Yet she could root herself as firmly as a huge organ cactus. Once she had decided to start a school for us children at Job's Flats, she couldn't have been stopped by all the troops stationed in Arizona Territory to watch the Apaches.

We called our settlement on the river bottoms Job's Flats because of the calamities that afflicted us. The Lord didn't send them, however; they came from our own thickheadedness. The first year the wheat and corn and beans planted in the clearings among the giant mesquite trees withered from drouth. The men had planned to irrigate directly from the river, although our neighbor, the young cattle rancher, Tom Mowbray, had warned that the stream dropped too low to send water through the ditches.

That summer the men had to admit Tom Mowbray was right. A dam was needed, and in the fall and winter the men built one. Again young Mowbray shook his head. "Too small, I'm afraid," he said. "The spring floods will wash it out." Spring saw the dam melt, and had it not been for the beef Mowbray supplied us and the money the men earned by freighting to the mines on the Hassayampa, we would have abandoned the Flats instead of commencing a larger and stronger dam.

It was during this second year that Cousin Jonathel arrived from Illinois to live with us. From the first, Tom Mowbray, who ranched with his fourteen-year-old brother Dan on the mountains above us, had the inside track. He and Cousin Jonathel looked at each other in a manner which even we children realized would lead surely to marriage. That was, however, before the meeting Cousin Jonathel called in early summer to plan for a school.

"We're too all-fired miserable poor to support a school," said Luther Baggs, who had trouble buying flour for his eight children.

"A school is even more necessary for poor people," argued Cousin Jonathel. "Through schools, ambitious children learn to raise themselves from poverty. I'll teach without pay if you provide a building."

"No time to build one," said old Gabe Payson; "not with this big dam to work on."

"No time!" Cousin Jonathel exclaimed tartly. "I say these children have already lost too much time from books."

The men spoke in turn, all opposing a school.

"How about Tom Mowbray?" asked Gabe Payson. "He's advised us well before. What does he say to a school?"

Cousin Jonathel looked at Tom appealingly, but he avoided her eyes. "I didn't intend to say anything," he declared; "but, since you ask, it's my opinion you folks shouldn't even think of a school until you've made yourselves secure both from starvation and from the Apaches. Especially from the Apaches."

"Tom and his Apaches!" someone said jokingly, and all of us laughed. No one considered Tom Mowbray a coward, but he had such an uneasiness about Apaches that when they were mentioned, he always glanced about as if to spy out a dust cloud of raiding warriors.

"DON'T laugh about Apaches," Tom told us soberly. "This settlement lies in the valley just below the pass Apaches generally use when running for their hide-outs in Mexico. There's been trouble lately up on San Carlos reservation. Sooner or later a bunch of renegades will break out. You folks need a strong adobe fort; your children should help work on one."

"You'd have them all grow up as ignorant as the reservation savages?" Jonathel demanded.

"I'd have them grow up able to protect themselves against Apaches," Tom Mowbray returned. "In Arizona, to be ignorant means you can't take care of yourself and those dependent on you. At fourteen my brother Dan can't read a word, but he knows enough to dodge bronco Indians. What you read in books can't help you in Arizona." He was silent a moment, then added with bitterness, "It will only hurt you."

That closed the debate. There was no time, the men decided, to build either school or fort; the dam came first. Which ended the matter for everyone except Jonathel.

SHE persuaded the original settler at the Flats, an indolent Spanish gentleman known as T. Frisco—short for Tio or Uncle Francisco—an expert worker in adobe, to agree to erect a schoolhouse if the bricks were made for him. T. Frisco thought himself safe; the men were too busy on the dam to fashion several thousand mud bricks, even if they knew how. Giving Jonathel his promise blithely, he rode away on his spotted mule to spend the summer in Nogales.

Cousin Jonathel calmly gathered all of the older girls and the smaller boys and dug a shallow hole on a little bench where T. Frisco had declared the clay soil *muy bueno* for brickmaking. We sifted some of the dirt back into the hole and added straw for binder, and then poured in barrels of water dragged from the river by a burro.

"I won't dirty my feet tromping around in that nasty mess," declared my sister Linnie, who was so squeamish that she even hated to go barefoot in summer.

"It's fun, really," Cousin Jonathel said gaily, and taking off her shoes and stockings, and pinning up her skirt and petticoats, she began tromping about, mixing the clay and water and straw. She made so much fun of it that the hole was soon crowded with bare-legged youngsters. When the clay was well mixed, Jonathel scooped it out to fill the board forms which shaped the mudlike adobe into big rectangular blocks. Laid out on the ground to dry, the bricks cured in the hot sun and were stacked slantingly in tiers about the schoolhouse site.

(*Continued on page 83*)

At dusk a cowboy raced in. The Apaches were raiding, he shouted. "You folks better pull out of here 'fore daylight."

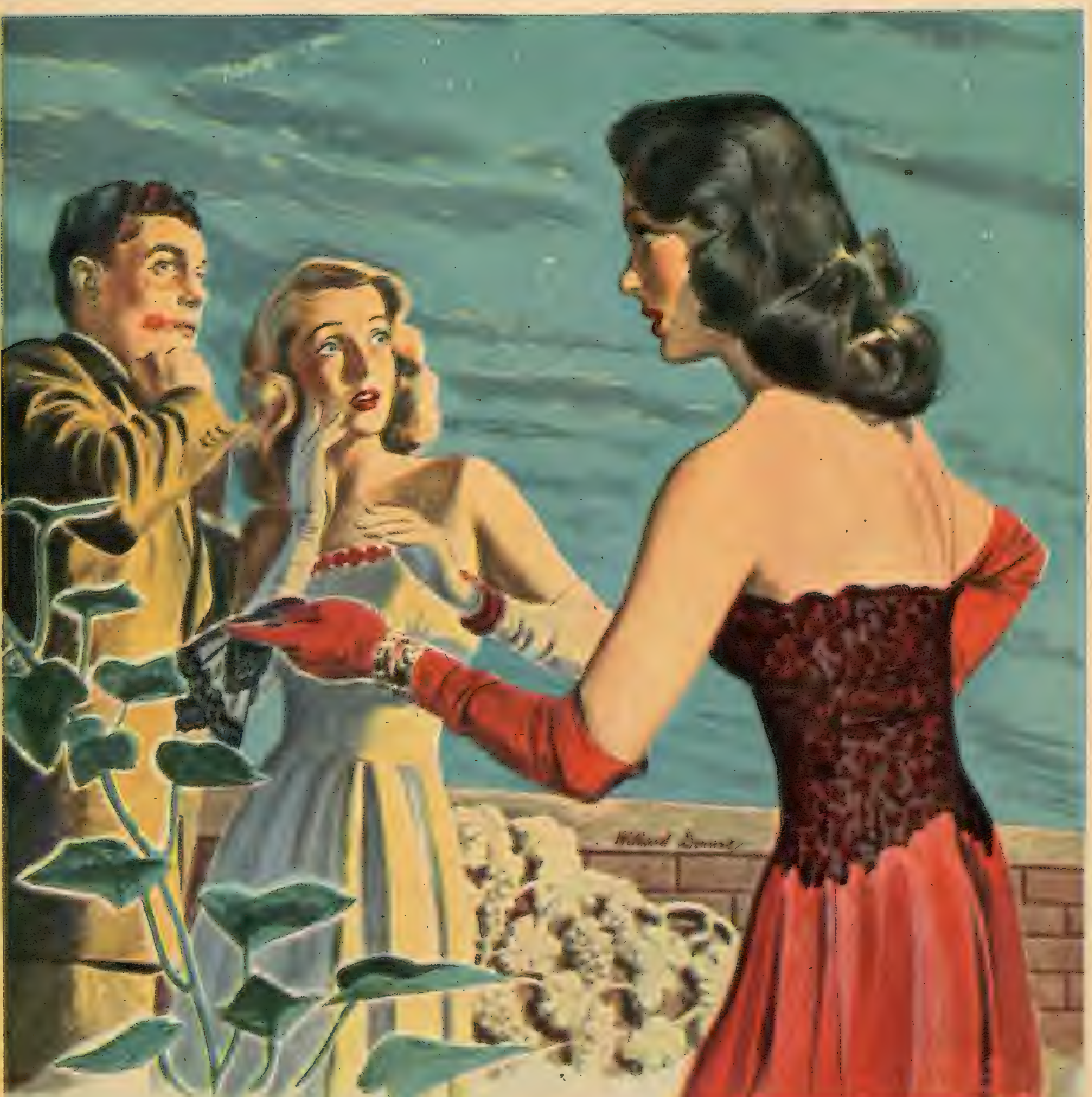
Liberty's
SHORT SHORT STORY

Counter-Clockwise

When two people agree to love, honor, and ask no questions, they ought to bear in mind that some day there may be answers they want to get

BY ANNE HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD DOWNS



Connie's eyes were blazing but she said, "Be quiet, Caro, and nobody'll know. Joe, wipe that lipstick off. It isn't my color."

JOE CRANDALL tried to hold his attention on the article he was reading, tried to hold it away from the pair of cute ankles across the aisle from him. Not that he was interested in either. The article was a bunch of hooey, and no matter how charming the little red sandals were, he was on his way home to his wife. And after eighteen months overseas—writing, not fighting—it behooved a guy to curb his habitually roving eye and think about something else.

The Problem Facing the Returned Soldier, for instance. He tossed the magazine into the lap of the very young G.I. across from him.

"There y'are, soldier. All the answers. If you want to know anything about life, love, or the birds and bees, just ask a writer. He knows all—tells all."

The young G.I. looked at him with wide puzzled eyes. "But I thought you were a correspondent yourself."

"Oh, I am—I am! One of the best! Bring your problems to Uncle Joe and he feex. But good."

He leaned back and closed his eyes. It was easier to think about getting home to Connie that way, and it helped to keep the red sandals out of sight.

According to that article, war, with its bombs and blockbusters, was just a creamery picnic compared to the terrifying adjustment facing the serviceman when he gets back to his girl and the old routine. All of which struck correspondent Joe Crandall as veddy, veddy nuts. Maybe he'd write a treatise on the subject himself. His theory was simple and sure-fire.

He'd say flatly, "You're the one who has to get in step, soldier. Shorten your stride, get back in the old groove. Sure, you've done a big job; you've been lonely and hungry and scared; but remember, buddy, you're the only one who knows about that. Your wife, your sweetheart, your girl friend draws a blank on that picture. You've thought about her all the time but you've lived a life she can never understand. You wouldn't even want her to—now, would you? How could she? So get yourself back into her life as fast as you can. You've lived that life before, you can take your place in it as easy as pie. All you gotta do is start remembering it. Turn back the clock and relive those normal days before you went into the muck of war. Before you know it you will have shortened your stride to match your girl's and you can walk into the sunset together."

H'm. Not bad. In fact, good. Joe opened his eyes a fraction to look at the very young G.I. Probably could use a little advice from a seasoned war correspondent. But the soldier's eyes were trained across the aisle on the owner of the red sandals. Say! Look, chum, you can't do that to Joe Crandall. That's his terrain, buddy, and you mess out.

Joe started to sit up and go into action. Then he stopped. Nope. He was almost home now. He had to follow his own advice and start reliving the old life.

His life with Connie had been a short one but merry! They'd been married two years when the paper sent him out, but they had really swung that two years by the tail. He was able to remember many details of those days. Connie's fun and laughter, her tenderness, her patience, her loyalty—all the things he'd found in her in those two years. Found and not valued. He knew that now.

And she'd been one grand sport about it, too.

Any picture he had of Connie had to be in Technicolor because of her cloud of black hair and her gray-green eyes. Eyes that blazed green in anger or faded to a soft dove gray in heartache. He'd seen them both ways. That night of their first wedding anniversary. There'd been a party for them, a wonderful party. Time for the guests of honor to cut the wedding cake, and Connie, in search of her bridegroom, had walked out on the terrace and found him embracing Caro Bevens. Caro squeaked and sputtered and sounded like a soda fountain blowing its top.

Connie's eyes were blazing green, but she said levelly, "Be quiet, Caro, and nobody'll know. Joe, wipe that lipstick off before we go in. It isn't my color, you know."

In the days that followed, her eyes had been that dull, hurt gray. But now, after all this time, the color that stood out in this mental movie was red—the red streamers of shame that had flooded Connie's throat and face.

There had been other times after that. Nothing serious. Crandall was never serious. But somehow he always landed himself in a spot—usually a moonlit spot—where the next thing to do was make love to the girl. Once or twice Connie had stumbled on the scene, once or twice somebody had reported it to her, and several times he'd broken down and told her himself.

THEN, one time, it had looked like the end for the Joe Crandalls. There'd been a new girl in town that summer, and new girls were like poison to Joe. Only he never called it that. Heady wine or haunting music. And it looked as if Connie had reached the end of her understanding. But suddenly, just as the next line indicated was certainly "Nice to have known you, Joe. 'By now," Connie had whirled on him and flared, "No, sir, by gum! I said 'for better or for worse' and I meant it. I'm sticking!"

Joe chuckled contentedly to himself now. What a gal! So after that he tried to make things for better and not for worse. Course he hadn't changed much himself, but at least he'd taken pains to save her the heartbreak of hearing about it or walking into it. Then came the assignment to go to the European theater. They had only a week before he left. They'd never been so happy together.

As these pictures flipped across the finder of his memory, Joe was grateful for this Technicolor effect. There was Connie, dressed in a soft green that made you feel as if you'd walked out of the blinding sun into a cool shaded glade. Connie, gorgeous in her summer tan and a white evening gown. And lastly, Connie saying good-by to him. She put her arms up around his neck, lifted one foot off the floor, the way she always did when she kissed him, and gave him her lips.

And then she said the darnedest thing. He'd bet no other woman on earth would have said it. He couldn't remember it exactly, but he had the gist. Something like "I know you aren't going to be true to me, but I just want you to know that I know it—see? And when you come back—no questions asked—no answers expected."

THAT wasn't word for word—there was more that he'd forgotten—but that was the general idea. And it had knocked him for a loop. She was one smart girl, that Connie. She had known that would stick with him all the way, had known that would keep him true to her as nothing else would. As witness his attitude about little Goody Red Shoes here.

Why, Joe Crandall could make that little unshaven G.I. look like a high school freshman. But no . . . it had been just like his mother telling him he could swipe all the cookies he wanted . . .

He opened his eyes now and saw that the young soldier was really making time across the way. Joe was about to crack wise about homecoming neurosis when his station was announced. He grabbed his bag, hurried to the door and shouted back, "Hope you work out your problem, soldier."

Then he was on the platform and something fragrant and dear was in his arms. He wished he might never have to let go. He glanced up at the window, saw that the red shoe number wasn't much for looks and drew Connie closer.

Finally they were home in their bright living room and Joe stood before Connie, lifted her face to his and looked into her gray-green eyes. Then he said swiftly, "Look, honey, I want to tell you I've been true to you every minute. You gotta believe that."

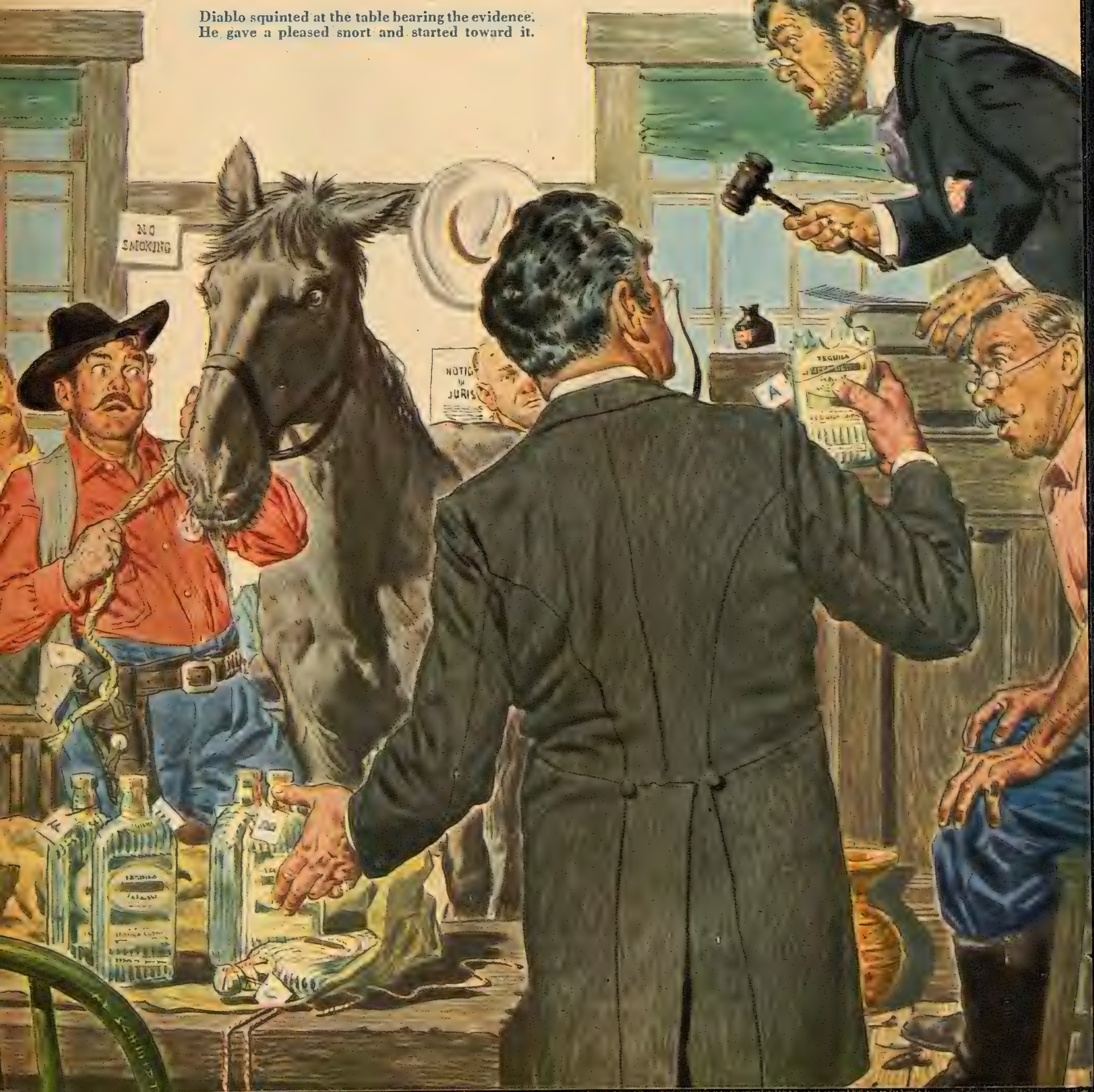
Then Connie said almost what she had before. Only now her words filled in the places he'd forgotten, with phrases that were to haunt him always, because he would never know.

She said, "Now, darling. Remember, no questions asked, no answers expected. That works both ways."

"That works both ways." Those were the words he had forgotten.

THE END

The Horse Before


NO SMOKING
NOTIC
JURIS
A
TEQUILA

Diablo squinted at the table bearing the evidence. He gave a pleased snort and started toward it.

the Court

BY BILL GULICK

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

Diablo was a horse who liked a sociable drink now and then, but who would ever have expected him to go on a solitary binge—and get his master in jail? A new adventure in the disorderly life of Juan, the gay caballero

DURING his somewhat checkered career, Juan Ibáñez had been incarcerated in the Tres Rios jail many times. But never for so innocent a cause as now. That was why, confronted by his indignant sweetheart, Rosita, he was able to put on such a credible expression of wounded dignity.

"Why, *Juanito mio,*" Rosita asked reproachfully, as she looked at him through the cell door, "did you do this terrible thing?"

"Name of a name!" he protested. "I have done nothing."

"Do not lie to me. Everywhere I hear tales of how you got drunk in the How Many Saloon last night, stole the money from the safe, broke up the furniture, shot three men, and then attacked Señor Pete Riley with a knife."

"That is not so," Juan said indignantly. "Listen, and I will tell you the truth of the matter."

While Rosita listened skeptically, he told her of the events leading up to his arrest that morning by Sheriff Hoss Perkins. He had left Tres Rios the evening before at five o'clock and ridden straight home, not even stopping at Pete Riley's saloon for his usual evening pick-you-up. This omission irritated his horse Diablo, for the animal had of late years found it increasingly difficult to get through the day without a tequila highball or two, but Juan had sternly forced the horse past the saloon. At home, he fed and watered Diablo, ate his own supper, and then went to bed shortly after dark.

Just before daylight this morning he had been roused by a noise in the stable. Getting up, he discovered Diablo leaning against the stable door, bleary-eyed from a night of carousal.

"Por Dios!" Juan exclaimed, "never have I seen a horse with such a hangover! But I made him feel better by mixing him a bucket of my own special remedy. You put in one small red pepper, half a box of baking soda, two spoonfuls of lard—"

"Get on with your story," Rosita interrupted impatiently.

Juan sighed and continued. Half an hour after Diablo appeared, three men rode into the yard. One was Sheriff Hoss Perkins, another Pete Riley, owner of the How Many Saloon, and the third a fat pompous-looking individual whom Juan had never seen before but who was, he discovered, a lawyer named J. Wellington Frogg. Without preliminaries, Sheriff Perkins told Juan he was under arrest for disturbing the peace, drunkenness in a public place, destruction of property, and assault to commit mayhem. He had committed these crimes, he was informed, in Pete Riley's saloon the night before.

"But," Rosita broke in, "you said you were home in bed."

"Si, I was. It was Diablo who did all these things. You see, he ran away and got drunk. Yet this lawyer person says I am responsible. That is why Señor Riley is suing me."

"How can he do that when it was Diablo who committed the mayhem?"

Juan shrugged. "This I cannot answer. But I am in jail—and so is Diablo."

Rosita frowned thoughtfully for a moment, then said, "You swear you are telling the truth?"

"Rosita, my little potato, could I lie to you?"

"No," she admitted, "not and get away with it. I believe you, and I will help you. We will get a lawyer too. Now I am going to look for this lawyer. Do not go away. I will be back."

"Si," Juan said, sitting down on the bunk. "I will stay here until you return."

THE lawyer Rosita brought back with her looked like a capable person. He was very thin and tall, with solemn round eyes blinking behind a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. In his hand he carried a leather briefcase which impressed Juan with its bulk. *Por Dios,* a man with so many papers must be very important.

"Juan," Rosita said triumphantly, "this gentleman has agreed to take your case. He is Señor Terwilliger."

"Festus G. Terwilliger," the lawyer added impressively.

"I cannot pay you," Juan said.

"No matter. I'm new in Tres Rios and will be glad to defend you merely to establish myself in the eyes of the citizenry. Now, suppose we get down to facts. You are being sued by one Pete Riley for damages inflicted upon his person and place of business by your horse while in an intoxicated condition—is that right?"

"Si."

"WHERE were you when this occurred?"

"Home in bed."

"Good! Excellent! Your horse—Diablo, I believe you call him—engaged in his alleged activities entirely without your knowledge?"

"But of course! If I had known where he was going I never would have permitted it—or would have gone with him."

"He is in the habit of doing such things?"

Juan shrugged. "He enjoys a sociable drink now and then, even as you and I do. But he does not make trouble if he is let alone."

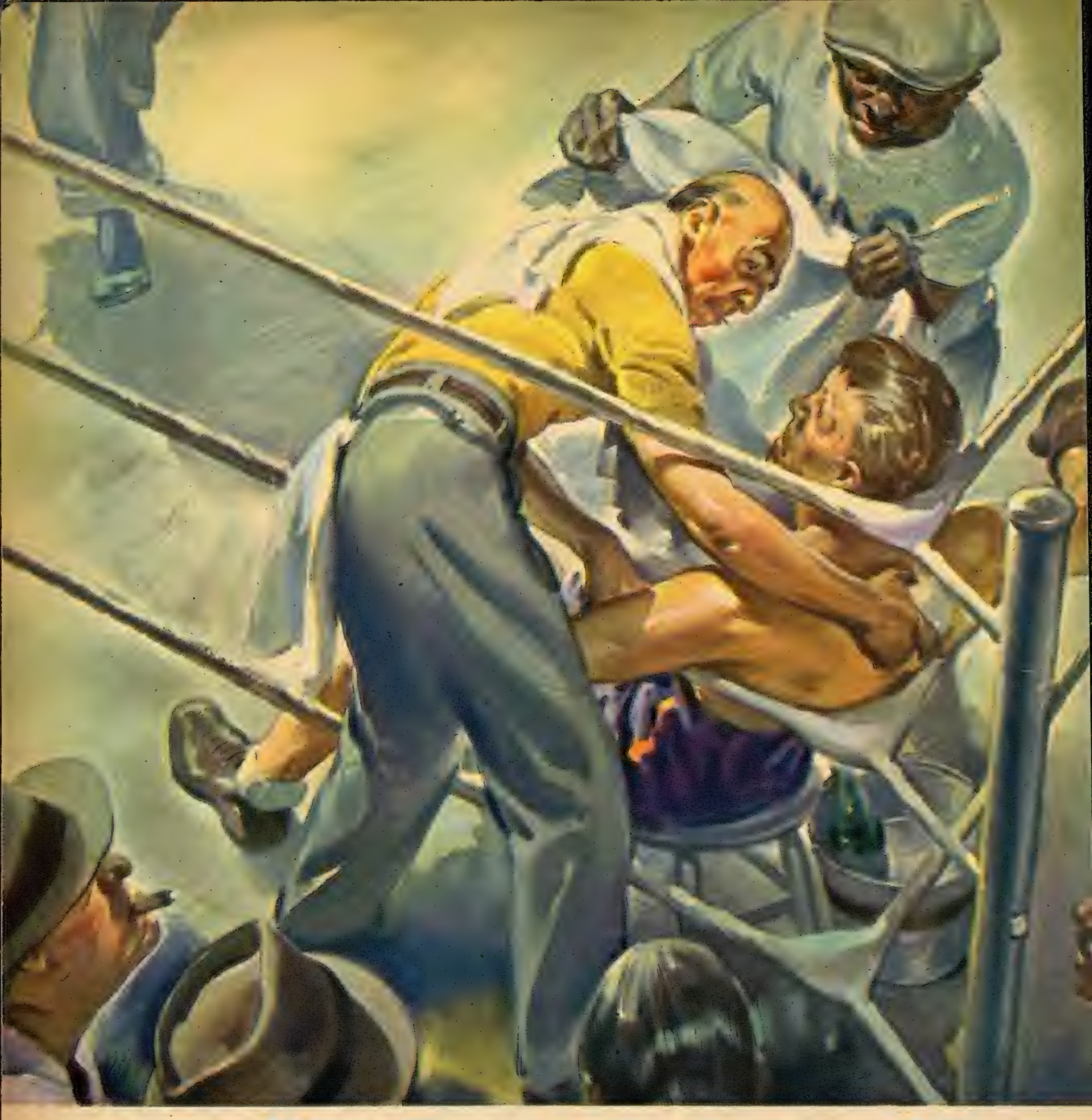
Señor Terwilliger nodded thoughtfully. "It seems to me," he said, "that Mr. Riley has no legal grounds to sue you for acts committed without your knowledge by your horse. Tell me, is Mr. Riley in the habit of serving drinks to Diablo in his saloon?"

"Si, when I have the money to pay for them."

"Aha! Then we can establish the fact that Diablo has, in the eyes of the law, acquired the status of a person. An important point. I shall call on Mr. Riley. Where can he be found?"

Juan told Señor Terwilliger that Riley would probably be in the How Many Saloon across the street, and the lawyer picked up his briefcase

(Continued on page 60)



In the corner, Willy Belford said, "This guy should pay you. He is gettin' lessons. Can you take him, Mick?"

Not Tough Enough

Mickey came back from the war all through with fighting. There was Marge and there was the business he planned. But, to save both, he had to undertake his toughest fight ever

BY JOHN WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

MICKEY leaned upon the bar, toyed with his glass. It was good to be home again, good to be in Pete's. Some of the regulars had been around, had slapped him on the back, kidded him about his civilian clothes, bought him drinks. Behind the bar, Pete dealt delicately with glasses. He said, "How long were you in, Mickey?"

"Three and a half years," Mickey told him. "A little more. Forty-seven months."

The g-shaped man behind the bar shook his head. "It's a great world. Sergeant Mickey Moore, former welterweight champ of the world, now out of the Army on pernts. A vetrin."

Pete spoke the words in a happy, pleased fashion, but they bounced back and forth in Mickey's head and they were pointed and unflattering. *Former champ—former sergeant.* How many chances did a man get?

"You gonna fight again?" Pete wanted to know. "You gonna take another crack at the Sonnyboy?"

Mickey thought, Lord, no! He told Pete, "No more fighting. I've got something good lined up, something solid." He explained it briefly. He and a pal of his, a guy from his outfit, were going into the light-plane business. The other fellow, Shorty Blane, knew all about it. Even had an instructor's license. They were going to open an agency, a showroom, in Shorty's home city. Buy some land for a field outside the town. Sell the planes, maintain them, teach people how to fly them. Mickey was a good mechanic. "Small planes," he said. "The coming thing. You'd buy them just like you bought a car."

It was the future, planned and carefully patterned. Solid and dependable. Mickey had never thought of the future in the old days. He liked to think of it now.

"You told Marge?" Pete asked him.

"She doesn't know I'm in town. Doesn't even know I'm out of the Army. Thinks I'm on the other side. This is a surprise."

Pete stared at him. "Surprise? Hell, she'll drop dead! She'll fall on her face."

Mickey grinned. "I hope not."

It was a very pretty face. It had been in his mind's eye for three and a half long and bitterly lonely years. It would be wonderful to see her. It would be good, too, to see the expression on her face when he told her about the planes. The small planes were her future, too. The future they had never done anything about. But now Mickey was building it. Marge would like that.

He looked at his watch. He had a half hour to kill. Pete said, "You know she's working at the Goodnight Club?"

Mickey nodded. He would get there just in time to catch the ten-o'clock floor show. He wanted to see her tonight just as he had seen her the first time. It would be just like starting all over again. But not so many mistakes this time.

SOMEONE said, "Mickey!" in a loud voice that was familiar, and he looked in the bar mirror and saw Burke coming in the door. Mickey didn't turn until the hand was on his shoulder, patting him. Burke was all smiles. "It's good to see you, boy! Why didn't you let me know?"

Mickey said, "Hello, Burke."

Burke said, "Pete! A couple of drinks! What's the kid drinkin', Pete?" He turned to Mickey. "It's good to see you, kid. Good to see you."

Mickey told Pete, "Nothing for me." He didn't know just what to say. Burke had been his manager for a long time. Up until his last fight, when he had lost the title to the Sonnyboy. He had thought bitterly and at length about Burke, but now there was nothing to say.

Burke said, "Nothing to drink, Mickey?"

"I've had enough."

Burke laughed. "That was something I never heard you say in the old days. Things have changed, eh, kid?"

Mickey thought, Things have really changed, Burke. He said nothing.

Burke slapped him on the shoulder again. "You couldn't have come to town at a better time, kid. The place is lousy with money. They'd pay anything to see a good fight. A wonderful spot for you and the Sonnyboy."

Mickey shook his head. "I'm through, Burke."

Burke laughed. "Sure! Sure! I know how it is, kid. Fresh out of the Army, want to rest, see the town. I know how it is. But in a month, Mickey, you and Sloan can fill the ball park. I can fix things—"

"The way you fixed things last time?" Mickey asked. "That kind of an arrangement?"

Burke wasn't laughing now. "What do you mean, kid?" His eyes had a pinched look.

"I mean, you're positive I'll beat the guy? You'll have a little talk with Curtin, his manager, just to make sure nothing will go wrong? You think it'll be all right for me to sink a wad on myself — about twenty-five thousand? Just like last time?"

Burke said, "Now, kid. I—"

"And then you'll take the twenty-five thousand I give you to bet on me and just put it in your pocket?" That was what Burke had done last time, Mickey had learned later from Jimmy Summers.

Burke was not smiling. His eyes were flat, cold. He said, "So what?"

"So I want to finish this drink in peace. So tail on out of here, and in the future stay away from me." Anger was beginning to soak through the wall of detachment Mickey had built against Burke. Burke became aware of this. He turned and walked out.

Pete poured Mickey a fresh drink. "That was fast. I never liked Burke."

"He's all right," Mickey said, "but he's sharp. Very sharp."

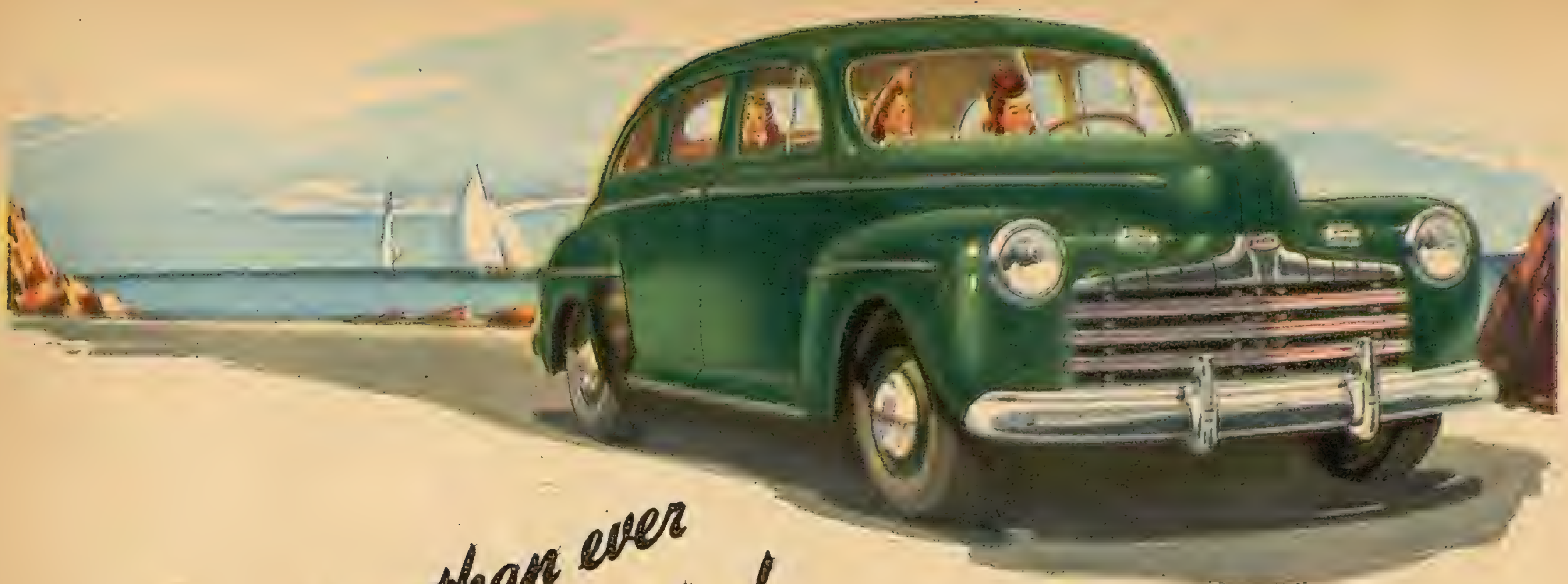
BURKE had been sharp about the Sonnyboy Sloan fight. Sloan was from the Coast and Mickey had never seen him work. Burke had. Burke said, "You'll take him. It won't be a fight. A nice piece of change, but no fight." And Mickey had decided to make it the big one, the fine prime killing that would put him beyond worry, pay off all his debts. His end had been sixty thousand. He had owed twenty thousand and had paid it. He'd bet twenty-five thousand and had lost that. It had been quite a night. "No fight," Burke had told him. Well, the louse had been right. Sloan, young and tough and very good, had almost killed him.

He asked Pete, "Jimmy Summers been around lately?" Pete looked at him in surprise. Something funny began to happen in Mickey's chest.

"I thought everyone knew," Pete said. "It was in all the colyums. Jimmy won't be around for another five years. He forges a couple of checks and they catch him. He's up the river."

Mickey swallowed his drink slowly

(*Continued on page 76*)



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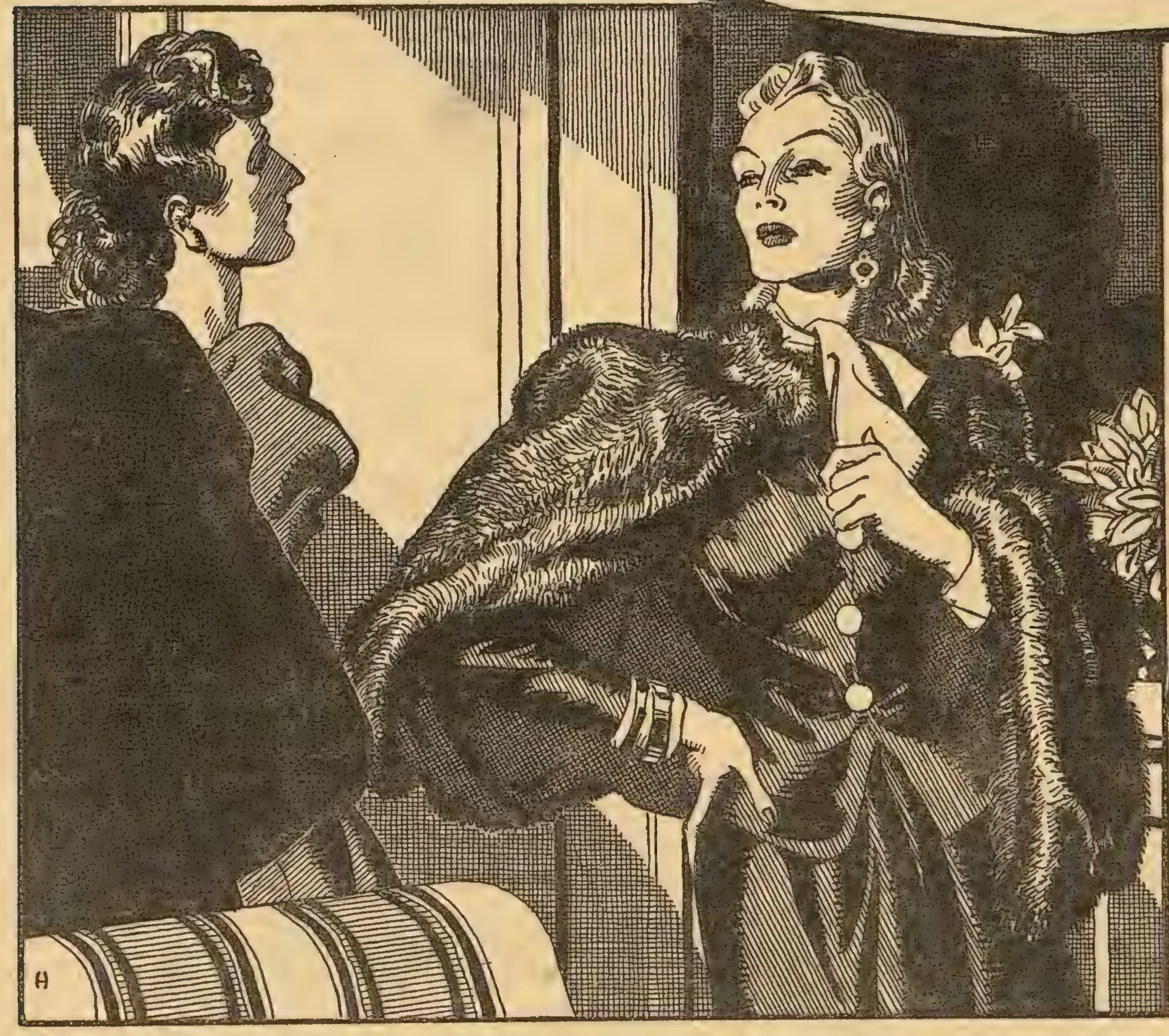
When Victoria Jason, a Hollywood writer, married a producer, they planned happily to raise lots of little movies. Then Albert died—by the poison used by the homicidal heroine of Victoria's last novel. From now on she was playing for keeps at the murder-mystery game.

The BIRTHDAY MURDER



by

LANGE LEWIS

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. EMERTON HEITLAND

WHEN Victoria Jason married Albert Hime, her fifty most intimate acquaintances gasped. Some wondered how she got him. The majority wondered how he got her.

For when the image of Victoria was called to their minds, it was Victoria in the throes of explaining a story she was writing. At such times she paced. If she happened (as was frequent) to be wearing slacks and a shirt, the shirttails always worked themselves out and ballooned behind her small solid body. Her short, crisp, graying hair was described by one dazed observer as having been stirred by an egg beater.

By the time Victoria came to consider her idea adequately explained, everyone present was limp with exhaustion. And Albert was a quiet man.

Before she agreed to the marriage Victoria refused him flatly and took an unnecessary trip to New York, where she allowed herself the lachrymose indulgence of revisiting the scenes where her first marriage had spun to its ugly close. When she returned to her little house in Beverly Hills, she found it full of Albert's flowers, and an invitation to dinner with Albert was relayed by Victoria's devoted maid, Hazel, who remarked, "He certainly seems to care for you, dear."

Victoria retired to her room, wept briefly (she did not know why), and that night at dinner reversed her decision.

Albert Hime was a pleasant man. People liked him, although never intensely. Smallish, neat, well-dressed, he chose only the most conservative checks and plaids, so that while his appearance suggested Southern California—Albert was a producer of Class B films—it did not suggest Hollywood at all. He had a smooth face which wore a moderate tan when he was not too busy at the studio for an hour's sun each day. His eyes were almost dreamy, and were of a pale, melted-greenish color edged by dark lashes, topped by black brows.

They dined at Chasen's; Albert was at home with its elegance. "A few years ago," he said, "I might have wanted to marry a quite different person. Now I want

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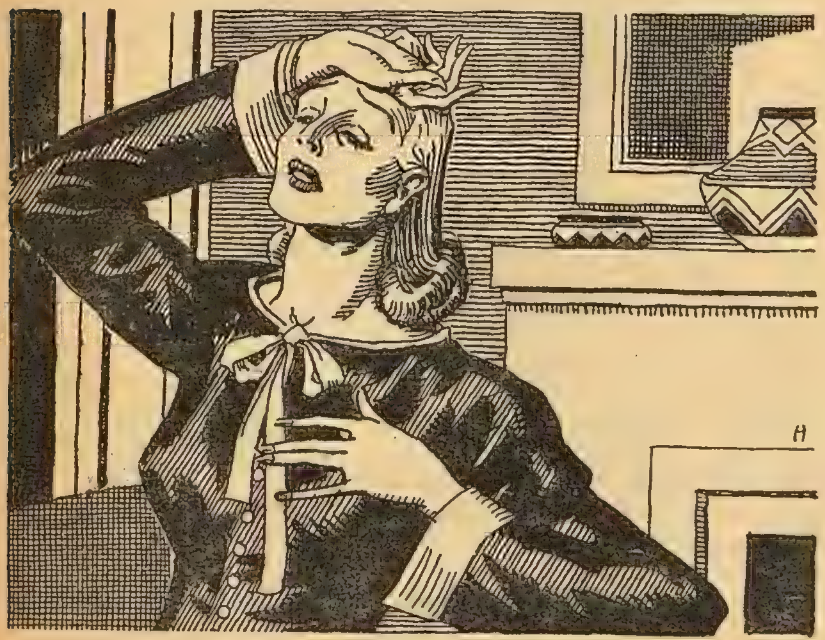
more than a pretty face with nothing behind it. I want an intelligent woman with whom I can talk and work and plan."

But the first few months of their marriage were trying ones. Albert felt it somehow slighting to him that they should live in Victoria's house. It was a low adobe structure, the rooms sprawling around a small center patio, the tiled roof almost hidden by thick bougainvillea vine whose vivid cerise was all that could be seen through the low, close-packed trees of the deep front yard. For no known reason, the front door opened directly into the dining room. The living room, with its floor of big terra-cotta octagonal tiles, lay long and dim beyond it.

Victoria pointed out that a larger house could not possibly be cared for by Hazel alone, while the employment problem would make the hiring of another servant impossible. And anyhow, she didn't want another servant. Hazel knew all her little ways, and she did not want to change.

So Albert moved from his apartment in the Garden of Allah into Victoria's guest room. This was separated from her bedroom by the bathroom and her den. In the closet Albert's many expensive suits hung from polished hangers. A big English clothesbrush reposed on the highboy.



On Hazel's day off, Thursday, Albert wanted to dine out, but Victoria did not like waiting for an hour in a crowded café for her dinner. This problem, too, was solved according to Victoria's preference. Before Hazel left on Wednesday night she prepared a casserole dish, and left a large undressed salad reposing beside it in the icebox. On Thursday, Victoria became domestic; toward evening she set the table, made coffee, heated rolls, put dressing on the salad and put the casserole in the oven.

But the Thursday night casseroles and the loss of the Brentwood mansion were more than made up for in another way. Five months after their marriage Albert came home one night with the news that the studio was almost certainly going to let him produce his first Class A picture, the screen version of a book of Victoria's called *Ina Hart*. He kissed her warmly on the lips and handed her a box of chocolates and a bunch of salmon pink gladioli. His eyes were once more full of the admiration they had worn in the days of his courtship.

"YES," said the young woman in gray who was standing beside the fireless hearth. "Yes," she repeated in a flat, tired voice, "I killed him." She moved slowly, hesitantly away from the fireplace. Her aquamarine eyes were wide, and about her small lovely face her tawny hair was disarrayed.

"Darling, it stinks," said Victoria, with no malice.

"Why?" asked Moira Hastings.

Decisively, Victoria slapped shut the script which had lain open across her knees. She tossed it to the other end of the sofa. "Not enough underneath. You're awfully good for your age, or rather for your youth. But Ina isn't a part for a young actress. Give up the notion of doing Ina. Have your agent get you another part like Clarissa. You were charming as Clarissa—no one could have done it better."

"That ingenue Clarissa will type me," said Moira. "I want to prove my capabilities as a dramatic actress."

"Not on my story," said Victoria.

Moira tilted her head to one side and smiled very sweetly. "But what if Mr. Hime gets to do the picture and decides not to accept your opinion, Mrs. Hime?"

"Albert always accepts my opinion," said Victoria.

"What if Mr. Leighman likes me?" asked Moira. "After all, he'll be the executive producer."

"Mr. Leighman," said Victoria inexorably, "has been a very good friend of mine for six years. He insists on believing that his success is partly due to some writing I did for him."

"You seem to hold the cards, Mrs. Hime."

"You are sitting there hating my guts," said Victoria, "and yet I've given you darned good advice. A few more parts like Clarissa to build you at the box office, and then try for something big. When that time comes Albert and I will go to bat for you in any way we can. How old are you?"

"The publicity department says I'm twenty-two. I'm really twenty-four, almost twenty-five."

"Tsk, tsk—so old you are," said Victoria.

"For an actress it's different! You're a writer, and you—" the younger woman's eyes assessed Victoria's fluff of graying hair, her dark blue slacks, her red play shoes with the bow missing from one of them—"you can look as old as you please."

"Tea?" asked Victoria, reaching out toward the urn which stood between them on the coffee table, flanked by the silver sugar bowl and a plate of pastries.

"Thanks. Two cups is plenty, though."

The telephone rang.

"Excuse me," Victoria said. The telephone was in the narrow hall opening off the dining room, at right angles to the front door. Her business manager demanded in an outraged voice, "What is this check, five hundred dollars to Russian War Relief?"

While they talked Victoria heard the water running in the kitchen, whose door was across the dining room from the hall. People were apt to make themselves at home in her house.

When Victoria returned to the living room, Moira was slumped in the big chair again, her long and lovely legs stretched out comfortably, her hands with their long nails clasped over her stomach. "What were you doing in the kitchen?" asked Victoria.

"I had to take my pill," Moira said. "Vitamins." She regarded Victoria steadily for a moment. Then she jumped up with a nervous little laugh. "I must go now. Thanks for the tea—thanks so much!"

"Good-by," said Victoria, and put out her hand, which Moira Hastings, after a moment's hesitation, took in her own. But she drew away quickly and turned toward the door, the lower half of which Victoria swung open.

She turned smartly on her high heels and went down the steps to the driveway where her green topless car was parked. She seemed to Victoria a figure standing for something minted by the hundred in this strange town, the young actresses, all so much alike in the cool drive of their ambition, differing only in the varying ways which served them to achieve what they wanted.

As Victoria turned back into her empty house she realized that the next day was her thirty-fifth birthday. Perhaps the vivid youth of Moira Hastings had brought the thought to the surface of her mind. She realized that this was the first birthday in many years for which she had not planned a party. She had been busy on a story, and there had been Albert, and his gnawing anxiety as to whether or not he would get the chance to do *Ina Hart*.

THE minute she saw Bernice Saxe standing there in the doorway, she knew something was wrong, terribly wrong. Bernice Saxe was her oldest friend. She was a tall, pretty woman with a little-girl voice that contrasted oddly with her size. Her large face was beginning to show a tendency to sag around the jaw line; she used a pink net strap at night. She had very beautiful small feet and her shoes cost as much as many women spend on an entire outfit. Today she was wearing no hat, and this was odd, for Bernice loved hats.

"I don't know what to do! Walter's found out everything!" Bernice shrilled in her tiny voice. "There was a letter months ago that I lost, and Stan's letters were always so affectionate and Walter found it, but I didn't know that. And then he began to notice things, and he had us followed by a private detective, and today he made a scene and he is going to divorce me."

VICTORIA led her into the living room. Bernice sat down on the sofa and stared at the silver tea things, still on the low table.

"I imagine that the fact it was Stan annoyed him as much as anything else," said Victoria. "Stan's so obviously a bounder, to use the term Walter probably used in speaking of him."

"Vicky! How did you know?"

"Well, try to figure it as the world well lost for love."

"But I can't! What would I live on!"

She buried her head in the sofa cushion and began to cry with rich self-pity. Victoria went to the bar in the hall and mixed them both a drink. When she came back, Bernice was drying her eyes.

"We'll get along, Stan and I," she said. She reached for the glass Victoria held out. "I know you don't think much of him, but he's very sweet, and he'll stand by."

"You mean you're going to let Walter go through with the divorce and then marry Stan?"

"Obviously."

Victoria hesitated, decided where the greatest friendship lay, and plunged. "He won't marry you. He'll tell you he can't support a wife, and he'll be right."

Bernice's frightened face stared at Victoria, and the telephone rang thinly in the hall.

It was a telegram from Victoria's New York agent:

SCHUMAN HAS BOUGHT "TIME TO DO" AND PLANS IMMEDIATE PRODUCTION. COME EAST AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. HALLELUJAH SISTER YOU DID IT AT LAST.

JOHN MYRON

Victoria threw her arms wide in a gesture which embraced the world. "Now I have everything!" she cried.

She plunged down the three steps between the living room and the dining room. "My play has sold," she said, trying to make her voice casual.

"Oh," said Bernice. And then, "How wonderful for you, Vicky." The two women looked into each other's faces and found for a moment no other word to say. The sense of the contrast between their lives lay heavy on the air.

Then Bernice began to cry again. Tears ran out of her eyes and down her cheeks.

Victoria went to the sofa and put an arm around her shoulders. "You've got a problem on your hands. I think I see the way out."

Bernice's face lighted up. "Do you, Vicky? Do you?"

"It's this. Walter is taking this stand in order to defend his manhood. But he's very fond of you, and I don't think he really wants to lose you. What he wants is his pride soothed. You can do that. Don't press matters now—he's still too upset."

"Anyway he's gone to his lodge near Arrowhead," put in Bernice practically.

"Fine. Do nothing, don't try to get in touch with him. Stay at home; don't move out. When he comes back, tell him that you want his forgiveness, that it's him you want, not Stan."

"And give up Stan?"

"Of course give up Stan!"

"Everything's so hard, so hard," moaned Bernice. "Nothing ever goes well for me."

"I think you've had a pretty pleasant life," said Victoria.

Suddenly Bernice flared up. Her brown eyes had almost a red color as she spat: "You haven't an ounce of sympathy in you. You're gloating, gloating over what's happened to me. You're glad it's happened!"

The other woman's venom shocked Victoria even while she understood its cause. "I'm not glad. I'm sorry, sorry mostly for Walter, but sorry. You asked my advice. You don't have to take it."

After several minutes of silence, Victoria noticed how dim it was growing in the room, and looked at her watch. A quarter before six. She snapped on a lamp.

"I ought to change and get things started. Do you want another drink?"

Bernice shook her head. Victoria stood up, looked at her friend irresolutely for a moment and then went into the dining room and down the hall that led to her den and her bedroom beyond.

She had planned to put on a red dress, but decided this would seem too heartless. She chose a short, dressy black one instead, and noticed with pleasure that it made her look quite slender. She brushed her crisp hair, sitting before the mirror of the vanity table. She snapped off the lights and returned to Bernice.

Bernice's mood had changed. She was in the bright kitchen, washing teacups. Bernice had always been a scrupulous housekeeper. The sugar bowl was back in its proper place on the dining room sideboard, the silver teapot beside it.

"Would you like to stay for supper?" Victoria asked. "Albert won't be home until late."

"Oh, no. I must see Stan. He's meeting me for dinner at six thirty." Bernice put on her gloves, looked at her watch. "Goodness! I must fly!" Her green purse was on the kitchen sideboard. She opened it, surveyed her ravaged face in the mirror of her large flat compact, dabbed powder on her nose.

"Have you decided what you're going to do?" blurted Victoria.

Bernice surveyed her casually around the rim of the open compact. "Oh, yes. I'm going to give up Stan."

Victoria watched her go down the steps to her large, substantial Packard parked in the driveway.

TWILIGHT was thickening into night. Victoria put the casseroles into the oven and was ready to make the coffee. The green coffee canister, one of a row of such canisters on the kitchen sideboard was nearly empty. Hazel was a jewel, but ran to myopia and occasional streaks of absentmindedness. Her nearsightedness could be forgiven her because she could not help it, but she knew how fond Albert was of his coffee and should not have allowed it to run so low. There was barely enough for three cups.

Victoria set the table. She used the pale blue doilies, the gaily painted china. The bowl of bougainvillea from her roof made a fine centerpiece, and she put two white candles at each side of it.

Just as she took the silver sugar bowl from the sideboard and placed it on the table, the doorbell rang. She went to the door expecting Albert, who had been forgetful lately and had probably gone off without his key.

She swung the upper half open, and a gush of cool night air struck her. Light from the door at her back fell brightly on the face looking in at her.

Her first husband, Sawn Harriss, was standing there.

On his head was an overseas cap with the two silver bars of a captain. He had grown a mustache, a heavy, dark, aggressively masculine one. His opaque brown eyes showed no emotion. He smiled.

"Hello, little friend," he said in his big, expansive voice. He had always called her that. His use of the old words now conveyed a subtle warning. For some reason of his own he was going to ignore the ten years between them.

She opened the lower half of the door. He was smiling as he folded her in a strong embrace and pressed his warm full mouth on hers. His mustache stabbed tiny points of pain into her upper lip. He smelled of whisky. She pushed him away.

He looked at her sharply, then lightly thumped her shoulder. "This is an occasion, old girl. Journey's end. Lover's meeting. I want a drink."

"You get the ice," said Victoria.

"You're damned tootin' I will. The sight of you coping with an ice tray is a sight I've never forgotten. Men have conquered nations with less effort."

He decided on Old Fashioneds to start with. When they were mixed, and as Sawn and Victoria started down to the living room, he noticed the French door to the left of the dining table. He went to it and opened it. It led to a small walled balcony. "I want to sit out here," he told her. "I like balconies."

Victoria said dryly, "They have their uses," and went to her bedroom for a short red jacket. When she returned, he had lighted the iron lantern and was stretched out on the long sunchair. Victoria took a deck chair facing it.

"I read your last book," said Sawn. "I can't say I agree with the critics' kind comments."

Victoria sat up straighter. She recalled what an observant friend had once told her of Sawn. He was starting in on a weak point—her writer's pride.

"Ina would have been a more interesting character without so much psychological analysis. But then psychological analysis was always your favorite pastime. How you used to love to boil a friend down to a shrewd case history!"

"How about you?" she demanded. "Did you ever finish the Great American Novel?"

"Who ever does?" He tossed off the last of his drink. "People and places are more fun than words," he said, and swung easily to his feet. Looking down at her he added, "You need another drink."

"Don't put any sugar in this one. I have to watch my weight."

While he was gone Victoria sat looking at the far lights of Los Angeles, thinking of the long years and what they did to people.

Sawn came back. He handed her a drink. "No sugar," he said. Then, standing in front of her and looking down: "It may interest you to know that I've thought of you often, Victoria. I've known a lot of women, some of them beautiful, but you stuck around in my mind."

"How do you like the Army?"

"Nothing can stop the Army Chair Corps," he said.

"How did you happen to look me up? How did you know I was living in Hollywood?"

"Your name was on the credit titles of a picture I saw when I was stationed near Washington. So when I was shifted out here I looked you up in the phone book. We'll be seeing a lot of each other. Looks as though I'll warm this swivel chair for quite a while." He grinned.

She turned to set her glass down on the metal table at her elbow. Sawn took the other wrist and drew her smoothly and effortlessly to her feet. He put his arms around her strongly and kissed her hard.

She said quietly, "You Don Juans are all alike. You're an empty show, put on for yourself."

With a world of anticlimax in the sound, the telephone rang. She turned and left him.

ALBERT was on the wire. He sounded very tired. "My battery's gone, I think. I've called a garage but I can't get a cab. Could you come after me?"

"Did Leighman sign you up?"

"Not yet."

He described his whereabouts. She hung up the receiver thoughtfully. There was nothing she wanted less than an encounter between Albert and Sawn.

Sawn was stretched out again on the long cushioned chair. He was smoking a cigarette. His posture and the slow movement of his eyes made her think of a sick man.

Buttoning her scarlet jacket she said, "I'm going to pick up my husband. Can I drop you off somewhere?"

Slowly he sat up, staring at her left hand. "I didn't see your wedding ring." He added, "You were listed as Victoria Jason."

"Yes, I've only been married six months."

Sawn stood up. "Who is he?"

"His name's Albert Hime."

"I think I should meet your husband." He took a deep puff of his cigarette.

"But I don't want you to."

"That's too bad."

His voice was flat and a little nasty. She knew that the more she might argue, the more obdurate he would become. "Suit yourself then. It really makes no difference to me."

As she left him standing there she knew that the elaborate structure which had sustained his ego for many years was lying in ruins at his feet.

AS THEY drove back home, Victoria told Albert of Sawn's return. He showed only mild interest. "It's the damnedest thing," she said, "to see a face that was your sun and sky ten years ago and feel nothing of the old emotion."

"I know what you mean," Albert said. "I saw Della a few years ago. To get to something relevant, Moira says you don't think much of her as Ina. Leighman and I dropped past her apartment tonight after we left the studio. She and her agent were just leaving for dinner. We had coffee with them." He added grumpily, "Why don't we eat out tonight? I don't want to meet any ex-husbands the way I feel right now."

"The casseroles are in the oven," said Victoria. She added, thinking of Sawn, "All right. I'll take them out and we'll go down to Chasen's."

"You're a darling."

The first thing Victoria saw when they entered the house was that Sawn's cap was gone from the chair by the door. She went swiftly to the balcony. The light shone down on empty chairs. She called Sawn's name. There was no answer. Albert was watching her.

"He's gone," she said. "So we don't have to go to Chasen's after all."

"All right," said Albert, and went into the bathroom to wash.

She went to the kitchen, and at once saw the cup and saucer on the drainboard by the sink. A little coffee was pooled in the bottom. "Damn," she said, aloud. That left only two cups in the Silex. She decided not to mention this to Albert. He might feel that it provided a good reason to go to Chasen's after all. "We can go tomorrow night," she thought, "to celebrate my birthday."

While they ate she told him about her play. He seemed delighted. They had finished their casseroles and she had poured their coffee from the silver pot when the telephone rang. "I'll get it," she said.

Bernice's small tear-stained voice said, "Vicky?"

"Yes, darling."

"Stan made a dreadful fuss, but he never once suggested that I should leave Walter and marry him." Her voice went on and on.

"You haven't lost much in Stan," Victoria said finally.

When Victoria returned to the table, Albert was looking down into his empty coffee cup. He was frowning.

"That was Bernice. Walter's found out about Stan."

He looked up, interested. "Oh?"

"He wants a divorce. I can't say I blame him."

The telephone rang again. Albert stood up. "My turn."

While his voice murmured in the hall, Victoria thought about the events of the afternoon. It had certainly been a full one. She took one sip of her coffee. It was only lukewarm. She carried it to the kitchen and heated it in the Silex. She thought of Sawn, walking about her house, completely at home; pouring coffee for himself, drinking it in her kitchen. It was typical of him. She wondered what had made him decide to leave. She returned to the dining room. Thinking of Sawn, she felt rich in having Albert. She looked down at her hand tilting the glass globe of the Silex above her empty cup. She went to Albert's place and gave the coffee to him. Returning to the kitchen, she set the empty Silex on the stove and then from the kitchen doorway she saw Albert return to his place at the end of the table. He was in profile to her, and his face seen that way looked closed to her and abstracted. For the first time she felt that perhaps she had not entered enough into Albert's problems. He laid his napkin across his knees. He put two spoonfuls of sugar in his coffee and stirred it thoughtfully.

"Who was it?" Victoria asked as she went to her place.

"Moira Hastings. It seems I left my script in the café where we all talked. She wanted to tell me she has it."

"Did she say any more about the part?"

"At length."

"What did you tell her?"

He looked up in some surprise. "I told her no, of course."

They rinsed all the dinner dishes, a Thursday-night custom since the summer influx of ants. They went to bed at eleven, in their separate rooms. Sleep did not come at once to Victoria. There was a party going on in the big house next door. The house was a little higher than hers because of the upward slope of the hill, and looking out the window at the foot of her bed she could see the lighted windows. Someone began to play the piano. It sounded like Sawn playing in the apartment they had shared for a year so long ago. The pianist played "Happy Birthday to You."

She took a sleeping pill. As she settled back against the pillow, she heard from the hall the faint sound of dialing. Propping herself up on one elbow she listened. Albert was speaking very softly, but she heard him ask the operator for Western Union. A burst of merriment from the house next door obscured what he said next. When the laughter had died down somewhat, she could hear him dictating a telegram. ". . .appreciate all speed possible. Birthday gift. Send to Mrs. Hime, above address." She dropped back against her pillow, smiling. Albert had forgotten her birthday; that song next door had reminded him of it. She wondered what gift he had ordered for her.

She awoke at seven. After she had showered she put on a housecoat on which yellow daffodils romped over a gray-blue background. She recalled dismally that there was no coffee in the house. She knew Albert would want to reach the studio early. He would have to eat breakfast at the commissary. She went down the hall that led to his room to wake him.

The door was shut. She opened it and it stopped with a bump against something hard. She squeezed through to see what had stopped it from opening. It was Albert's head.

He was lying in a curious, crouched position on the floor. His elbows were close to his body, his hands were under his stomach. He had on blue pajamas with a maroon stripe. His mouth was open, the side of his head was pressed against the floor. Before she screamed she knew she would never wake Albert. Albert was dead.

DR. MAHLER straightened slowly and stood looking down at Albert's body. Victoria watched him from the doorway, holding the edge of the door frame for support. "He's been poisoned," he said quietly. "I'll have to telephone the police, Victoria."

She heard her own voice, shrill and strained. "I don't understand this. I don't understand it at all."

He came toward her. His voice was soothing. "I'll give you a sedative, and then you'd better lie down for a while."

She went into the dining room and marched stiffly past the long table now bare and gleaming in the morning light, then lay down on the sofa in the living room.

Dr. Mahler came in, a glass of water in one hand. He sat down on the edge of the sofa and held it out to her. On the broad palm of the other hand was a small white capsule. Victoria propped herself up on one elbow, obediently took the pill from his one hand, the glass of water from the other. She lay down nervelessly and closed her eyes.

"Was it food poisoning?" she asked.

Dr. Mahler hesitated, and she opened her eyes just as his mouth moved in answer. "I don't know what poison." Then he moved abruptly.

He picked something up from the floor. It was the script of *Ina Hart*. He sat holding it in one hand, looking down at it curiously. Then he put it on the coffee table and stood up. His eyes were still on it as he rose.

She knew what he was thinking. That Ina Hart had poisoned her husband. She knew he was remembering the afternoon a year before when she had sat in his office, poring over a thick book about poisons—their availability, their deadliness.

He looked at his wrist watch with a stiff motion that seemed forced. "I have to go. I have a call to make at nine-thirty." He looked at her with professional concern. "Don't fight it. When you get drowsy, let yourself drop off to sleep. You'll feel a lot better, a lot clearer when you wake up."

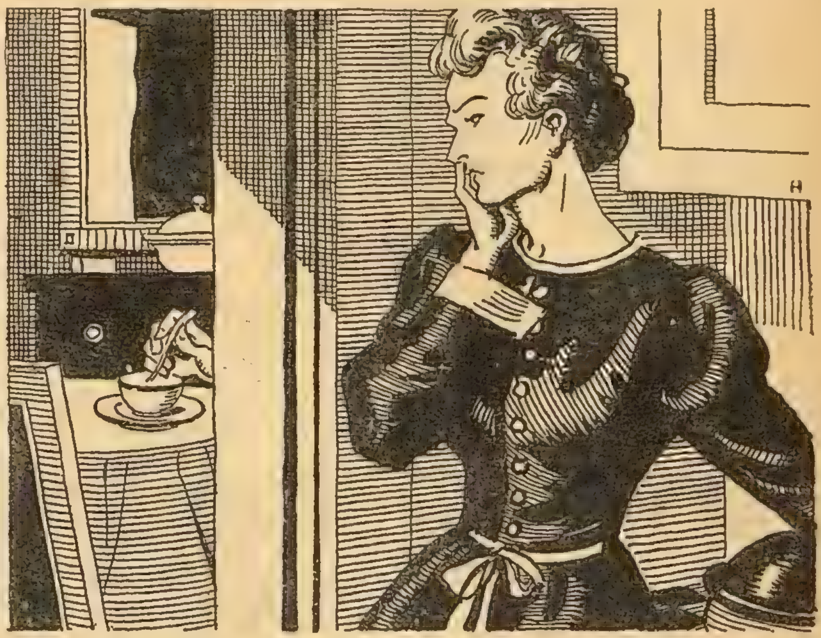
Watching his broad dark back go plodding down the narrow dining room, Victoria suddenly wondered if he had gone to the kitchen for the glass of water with which she had taken the pill. And if he had, whether he had seen that one of the row of green canisters near the sink had on its side a red-edged label on which Hazel had printed in large capitals the words "ANT POISON."

It was with ant poison that Ina Hart had killed her husband.

A LARGE, pretty woman opened the door of Victoria's house to Detective Richard Tuck of the Los Angeles homicide squad and his assistant, E. Byron Froody.

They entered and Tuck could see the form of a woman, covered by a blanket, lying on the sofa in the living room. "Is that Mrs. Hime?" he asked.

The large pretty woman nodded. "I'm Bernice Saxe," she said in a small voice. "Dr. Mahler called me after he phoned you. I'm Victoria's oldest friend, you see."



Tuck heard a subdued sound in the kitchen to the left of the front door. "That's Hazel, Mrs. Hime's maid," said Bernice Saxe. "She's been with her for three years. Dr. Mahler sent for her, too."

"First I want to see Mr. Hime," said Tuck.

Bernice Saxe pointed down the narrow dark hall leading off to the right, opposite the kitchen door.

Tuck noted at once the curious posture of the dead man. The two big policemen who had been talking quietly when he entered the bedroom snapped to something like attention, gave him their meager information. He excused them.

They had no sooner gone than the medical examiner arrived, accompanied by a photographer and a fingerprint expert. After a scrupulous examination of the room, which offered nothing, Tuck left them and went to the kitchen. The servant, a tiny woman with gray hair, a pink sweater and a blurred expression due to her excessively thick rimless eyeglasses, was pouring sudsy water out of an enamel dishpan.

Mrs. Saxe, smoking a cork-tipped cigarette, watched in a desultory way.

Tuck pointed a long finger at the dishwater. "What have you been washing?" he asked sternly.

"The dinner dishes," replied the servant. Her voice was soft and blurred too.

"Don't you know enough not to touch any possible evidence when a man has died of poison, may have been murdered?" asked Tuck.

"Murdered!" said Bernice Saxe sharply. The long ash tumbled unheeded from the tip of her cigarette.

"I'm not a detective," said the servant with meek tartness. "I always do the dishes when I come in mornings. And anyhow they were all rinsed. Mr. and Mrs. Hime always rinse them."

"Mrs. Saxe says you've worked for Mrs. Hime for three years. Do you know any reason why Mr. Hime could have taken his own life?"

Hazel shook her head rather dully. It was Bernice Saxe who elaborated. "I'd say no. Albert was—well, he was quiet. He was a matter-of-fact person. I can't imagine him killing himself over anything."

"That seems to leave accident or murder, then."

"It can't be murder!" she exclaimed, with what seemed to Tuck undue passion. "It just can't be. I mean, they were such a devoted couple."

Hazel's little gray head turned toward Mrs. Saxe, and at the same moment the friend of Mrs. Hime seemed to realize the implication of what she had said, and abruptly lowered her lids over her eyes.

As Tuck turned to leave the kitchen he told them, "You'd better wake Mrs. Hime now. I have to talk to her. You might give her some black coffee."

"There isn't any coffee," said Hazel. "I was just going to the store to get some."

"Go right ahead," said Tuck.

In the narrow hall leading back to the bedrooms Tuck came face to face with Froody. Froody, a white handkerchief around his hand, was holding out a cardboard box about six inches high. It had a fine coating of dust and bore the legend "Fuller's Ant Poison." It had been opened.

"I found it on the top shelf of the cupboard in the den," said Froody. "It was shoved way back."

The medical examiner turned into the hall from the dead man's room. Tuck held out the box which he had taken from Froody in order to read the fine print containing a list of the ingredients. "Would you say a dose of this could have killed Hime?"

"Yes. That could have done the trick. I'd say that—oh, about a teaspoonful would kill"—the examiner let his eyes rove up Tuck's height—"even you." With a grin and a gay salute, he left them.

VICTORIA opened her eyes and saw Bernice bending over her. Then she became aware of footsteps in the house. A giant in a brown suit came toward them. His long face had deep grooves at either side of the firm, full-lipped mouth. His eyes were narrow, of a clear brown, and they looked as though they would never be surprised at anything.

When he was standing beside Bernice, making the large woman seem diminutive, he looked down at Victoria and said, "I'm Lieutenant Tuck, of the Los Angeles Homicide Squad."

He turned to Bernice. "I prefer to have no one else present when I'm questioning a witness."

His head turned to watch her go. The front door closed softly after her. Then he seated himself in a chair facing the sofa. He drew a black notebook from an inner coat pocket.

"Do you know of any reason why your husband might have taken his life?" he asked.

Victoria gathered herself together. "No. He was not an emotional man. And he was too much of an egotist to take his life in any circumstances."

Mr. Tuck raised his eyebrows.

"Look," said Victoria. "I realize that there are certain conventional poses to be adopted by a bereaved wife. You want the truth. I'm a writer, and people are my business, and I probably know more about Albert than anyone alive. And his death does not canonize him."

Tuck said, "We're going to get on well, Mrs. Hime."

Although his long face remained impassive during most of the questioning, this impassivity broke three times. The first time was when he said, "I have been wondering why you did not hear some disturbance in the night. Although the symptoms preceding coma and death must have been brief, they must also have been very painful. He certainly would have called for you."

"I had taken a sleeping pill."

Mr. Tuck's brows rose and the forehead folded into creases.

"I often do," Victoria said. "And last night the people next door were having a loud party."

The second reaction came when she said she had in part prepared, and had served, the last meal Albert ate.

She explained about the Thursday night casserole. Once more Mr. Tuck's forehead creased.

"You also ate some of this casserole?"

"Yes."

It was some dozen questions later that he asked, "Didn't it occur to you to leave word to your servant not to wash those supper dishes? You knew from what Dr. Mahler had told you that your husband had been poisoned."

"No," said Victoria. "It didn't occur to me that he could have died from something he ate here. We both ate exactly the same food. Wait. I didn't have any coffee; there wasn't enough for both of us. And, yes, Albert used some sugar. I didn't."

"Do you know whether your husband had anything to eat or drink before he came home?"

"Yes. He happened to mention that he had a cup of coffee with some business associates."

It was then that Tuck's eyes fell on the script of *Ina Hart* on the table between them. Below the title were the words, "From the novel by Victoria Jason." "I'm Victoria Jason," she told him. She added, and heard the note of defiance in her own voice, "It's the story of a woman who poisons her husband."

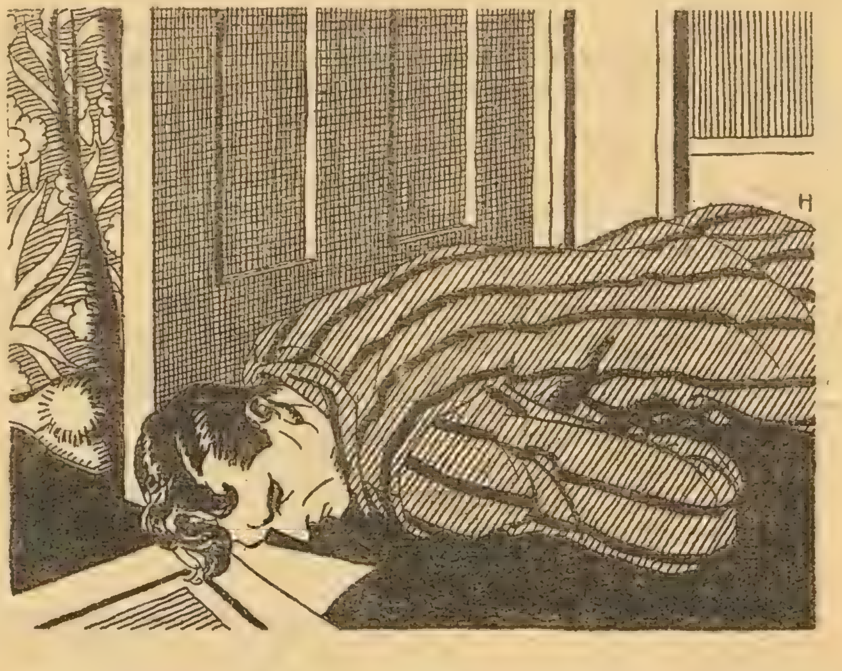
That was when Tuck's brow clouded for the third time.

"I'm going to ask you not to leave here for the present," he said. "After I get the results of the autopsy I'll want to talk to you again."

"I had no intention of going away," she replied stiffly.

"I'll be back as soon as possible," he said. "It all depends on how quickly the coroner comes to his conclusions. I'd like the addresses of those people your husband had the coffee with."

After he had gone, Victoria went to her bedroom and looked through the clothes in her closet for a black dress. There was one formal dinner gown, and the dress she had worn the night before. She was stepping into the leg of her navy-blue slack suit when Hazel came in. "I was wondering if I should go down to the store now, or if you'd rather have me stay here with you," she said.



"Go on to the store," Victoria told her.

Hazel hovered, her face soft with pity. "Don't you worry, dear," she said. "It's as plain as a pipestem. Mr. Hime got something that poisoned him in one of those restaurants he liked so much."

When Hazel had gone, Victoria thought for the first time of another alternative. She recalled that, a month before, Hazel had filled the sugar bowl with salt. She must have reached for the wrong green canister.

The compulsion came to go to Albert's room, as though seeing the place where Albert had died could provide her with some knowledge about his death. There, a feeling of loss overcame her. "Oh, Albert," she whispered.

The doorbell rang. It rang again before she realized that Hazel was not there to answer it. For the first time she could remember, she went to her own door with a sense of dread of what might be waiting there.

It was a messenger boy. He handed her a long green florist's box. She set it down on the dining table to open it. Inside were two dozen long-stemmed red roses, her favorite flower. A small white envelope held a white card:

"Happy Birthday, Victoria."

Sawn."

IT TOOK George Leighman some time to absorb Tuck's statement that Albert Hime was dead. "But, my God," he exclaimed, slapping his balding forehead, "he was going to produce *Ina Hart!*"

As to the matter of the possible poisoning of Mr. Hime from something he had eaten in the café, Mr. Leighman was most positive. "Ridiculous! All he had was a cup of black coffee. I saw him drink it."

"And you were with him the entire time?" Tuck asked.

"No. My car was at the garage here being checked; I'd ridden in from Culver City with him. Lester, Miss Hastings' agent, offered to drive me home."

"So Miss Hastings and Mr. Hime were alone after you left."

"There were about a hundred other diners packed all around them, if you call that alone."

"Is there any possibility, in your opinion, that there was something more between Mr. Hime and Miss Hastings than a business association?"

Leighman said, "Not the slightest hint of that has leaked out," he added. "Hime was lucky to have Victoria for a wife, and he knew it. She's a remarkable woman."

TUCK found Moira Hastings' apartment without trouble. It was one of those pretentious white stucco places that rear themselves proudly against the backdrop of the low hills above Hollywood. Repeated knocking at the white door bearing her name brought no response.

He went next to the café, whose name he had obtained from Mr. Leighman. An intelligent-looking elderly waiter with very flat feet remembered having served the table where Albert Hime had taken the black coffee.

No, the small dark man had taken nothing but one cup of black coffee, like the bald older man in the gray suit. How long did the actress and the handsome dark fellow talk together after the other left? Not over ten minutes. No, he had no idea what they had been discussing. The actress sat there tearing up the lace-paper doilies the restaurant had been using since the laundry trouble. The scraps had lain all over the table like confetti when he cleared away. No, after the others left the dark man didn't eat or drink anything. He left alone.

WHEN Tuck tried Moira Hastings' apartment again, an unusually pretty amber blonde answered the door and admitted she was Miss Hastings. He identified himself.

"I can't imagine what you want to see me for," she said, as he entered. He told her that Albert Hime was dead.

She looked at him as though she was about to accuse him of lying. Then she doubled at the knees and fell forward, still with that look of protest on her face. Her fall pushed over the coffee table before the sofa, and her forehead struck the corner of the little table sharply. He lifted her and carried her to the sofa.

When she came to she stared up at the ceiling, then looked at him. She said in a muffled voice, "Call my agent, Mr. Lester." Then she closed her eyes, put her hands over her face and began to sob.

"There were several questions I wanted to ask you," said Tuck, "but they can wait until tomorrow."

With her hands still covering her face, she nodded emphatically, and he left her lying so.

He then telephoned the studio and got Mr. Hime's secretary. Her reaction to the news of his death was the same unbelief Leighman had shown. Rather dazedly she gave the information that Mr. Hime had eaten a tray lunch sent to his office by the commissary. It had consisted of a combination salad and a cup of coffee. She had eaten the same lunch herself, without ill effects.

ON THE second morning after Albert's death, Lieutenant Tuck rang Victoria's doorbell again. As he stepped into her house, he looked down at her in a puzzled way, as a man looks at some strange animal of which he has heard but which he has never seen. They went to the living room and took the same places they had occupied the day before—she on the sofa, he in the chair facing it. The script of *Ina Hart* was gone from the coffee table now.

"I'm going to ask again a question you answered no to yesterday. Was there anyone who might have had a reason to murder your husband?" Tuck asked.

"No."

"You mentioned that you had had certain visitors in the afternoon and early evening. Who were they?"

"Moira Hastings came for tea at about four. She stayed perhaps an hour and a half. Then my friend Mrs. Saxe dropped in at six; she was upset over a private problem and wanted to discuss it with me. At about seven a Captain Harriss arrived unexpectedly. He stayed for perhaps three quarters of an hour. I had to leave to pick up Albert, and when I returned Captain Harriss had gone."

"Who is this Captain Harriss?"

"He was my first husband. We were divorced in 1934."

"Then he didn't know Mr. Hime at all?"

"He'd never seen him."

Tuck was silent for a minute. Then he said, "The autopsy has been made. Your husband died of a lethal dose of sodium fluoride. The poison was found in the stomach and large intestines along with the remnants of the last meal he ate. This means that the poison was ingested not more than half an hour before or after that meal. It was not taken before; witnesses have testified to that."

Victoria had the first sharp sense of a trap closing about her. "You mean that he was poisoned in this house, at dinner?"

"He must have been." He looked at her with that puzzled, curious look. "My assistant, Mr. Froody, in searching your den, found a box of ant powder pushed far back on the shelf of the closet. This had been at some time opened. Some of the poison had been removed."

AS HE spoke, recollection smote Victoria like the lash of a whip. She said: "My explanation of that poison is going to sound thin. It happens to be true. A year ago I began work on *Ina Hart*. It involves murder by poison. I asked Dr. Mahler for the name and properties of a poison which would not act for about six hours. He let me read a book on poisons he has in his office. I picked sodium fluoride. The book said it was the chief basis of most commercial ant powders. I had to know whether it was necessary to sign the poison register when you bought it. To find that out, I bought a box. I also had to know whether it was soluble in water. I used a small amount of the powder to find this out. Why I didn't throw the rest away I really can't tell you."

"And your servant didn't come across this box of poison and ask if you wanted it? In a year's time?"

"Hazel has strict orders against tidying my den."

Tuck's next remark puzzled Victoria. "I seem to have the notion from something you said yesterday that you are on a diet and are using no sugar."

"That's right."

"Your husband used two spoonfuls of sugar in his coffee?"

"Yes, he did. Albert is terrifically fond of sweets."

"That's what killed him. I took the sugar bowl downtown with me yesterday," said Tuck. "I thought I noticed something wrong about the sugar when I looked into the bowl. I took it to the police chemist. He recovered about six teaspoonfuls of sodium fluoride. This had been mixed casually in with the top sugar, so that anyone using sugar from that bowl would pick up about fifty percent poison."

Victoria took a step toward him, as though physical nearness would emphasize what she was going to say. "My servant Hazel keeps a large quantity of ant powder in a can in the kitchen. It is between the one containing salt and the one containing sugar. A month ago she reached for the wrong can and filled the sugar bowl with salt. When she filled that sugar bowl this time, she must have made the same mistake, but in the other direction. She filled the bowl with the poison, Mr. Tuck."

Tuck rose. "I'd like to have a look at that can of poison." There was something guarded in his voice.

They crossed the black and white squares of the kitchen linoleum together. Tuck's big hand closed on the can between the one labeled sugar and the one labeled salt. He pulled up the lid and tilted the can toward Victoria. Its bright interior was empty.

She took it from him and turned it around. The red-edged label reading "ANT POISON" which Hazel had pasted to its side was also gone. "TEA" said the black letters now.

The moment of silence was broken by the sound of the service door opening at the far end of the room. Hazel entered, carrying a brown bag of groceries against her flat little chest.

"Hazel," said Victoria. "What happened to the poison that was in this can?"

"It just ran out, dear. I used the last of it a week back. I noticed it was gone last Saturday."

Victoria could feel Tuck looking down at her. She felt her throat constrict as she swallowed. She put her hand to her throat.

DETECTIVE TUCK recognized this stage of the case as the hardest of all; the stumbling-in-the-dark period which would be terminated by some sudden new fact or some twist of the old ones. He decided to begin by finding whether anything revealing or unusual had occurred during that ten minutes Hime and Moira Hastings had spent together in the glass booth of the busy, glittering café.

This time Moira Hastings was very pale. He decided that she had dressed her face out of respect to the dead man, choosing a paler powder than the ripe, golden tone she had worn the day before.

In her unlived-in living room, Tuck found a slim, well-dressed, and exceedingly self-possessed man seated on the sofa. He laid a magazine aside and stood up as Miss Hastings and Tuck entered from the hall. "This is Mr. Lester, my agent. Louis, this is Mr. Tuck. He's from the Homicide Squad."

Mr. Lester came forward to shake Tuck's hand with a small, tense hand full of energy. They all sat down, facing one another.

"Terrible thing," said Mr. Lester. "For Hime, of course. But for Moira here too."

Moira's head with its aureole of amber hair tilted back on the long throat. "I know that Mr. Hime's death did me out of the biggest chance I've had yet in this damnable town. But I liked Mr. Hime. So now his death concerns me more than its effect on me."

Tuck said, "First tell me a little about yourself. I always like to know something about the background of a witness."

Moira Hastings' eyes widened. "But I'm not a witness to anything," she said.

Tuck nodded. "Correct. I used the word loosely. During that ten minutes or so you spent talking to Mr. Hime on the evening of his death, did you notice anything unusual about him?"

"No. Albert was a little edgy; I knew that was because he was not yet absolutely certain that Mr. Leighman would give him the opportunity he wanted. To do *Ina Hart,* I mean."

"Albert," put in Mr. Lester quickly, "was the only producer for the job."

It did not escape Tuck that he had sought to cover Miss Hastings' use of the dead man's first name with the same familiarity on his own part.

"What exactly did you talk about at the café?"

"The picture. That's all we ever talked about, ever since he first learned he might do it and started to consider me for the part."

Tuck leaned forward. "Why," he asked solemnly, "did you tear up all those paper doilies?"

Moira Hastings stared for a moment at Tuck as though she disliked him very much. Then she smiled. "I always tear things up. It's one of my little habits, isn't it, Louis?"

"One of her little habits," repeated Lester, looking full at Tuck and nodding his head emphatically.

"And now about Mrs. Hime," Tuck said. "Did you notice anything unusual in her behavior when you had tea with her on Thursday afternoon?"

"I had never met Mrs. Hime before, so I couldn't really say," said Moira Hastings carefully. "The first thing she said when she met me at the door was 'But you're terribly pretty, my dear.' " There was calm authority in her tone when she added, after a brief pause, "It didn't take me long to realize that Mrs. Hime was hideously jealous of me."

Louis Lester said, quickly and brightly, "Oh, come now, Moira. Those are very hard words. I am sure Mr. Tuck won't. . ."

"She was jealous of me," said Moira Hastings, implacably. Her voice became more casual. "I don't think Mrs. Hime actually realized this. She thought that what she called my inexperience was her real reason for being against me." She brooded on this for a moment. "I've read several of Mrs. Hime's stories, in addition to *Ina Hart,* and I've noticed a funny thing. A very funny thing." She lowered her voice so that it was only a whisper. "She hates beautiful women. In all her stories it is the pretty women who have the black hearts."

Louis Lester's voice was loud, bright and angry. "Moira took some freshman psychology once, and she never got over it," he said.

Moira Hastings' head turned toward her agent in a snakelike movement, smooth and deadly. Her lips closed thin over what she wanted to say to him.

Tuck stood up. Lester stood up. Slowly, Moira Hastings stood up.

"Oh, what the hell?" she said, easily. "I don't hold it against her. I've had it before, and I'll have it again, jealousy from women."

After the white door had closed after him, Tuck stood listening. He could just hear Lester say, "For God's sake, Moira! Keep out of this! It'll ruin you! I've already told you that!"

There was a silence. Then Moira Hastings spoke in a choked voice. "She killed him, Louis. I know it."

VICTORIA'S dog Haggis was a small energetic Sealyham, whose earnest brown eyes peered up through a fringe of grayish-white hair. Victoria was aware of a certain similarity between herself and Haggis. "We're just a couple of elderly girls," she sometimes said to her.

Haggis had been hospitalized for a few days, and the veterinary telephoned shortly after Tuck left on Saturday afternoon that she might be called for whenever convenient.

Driving back from the vet's, with Haggis' cold moist nose against her bare ankle, Victoria's spirits rose. Haggis burst from the car as soon as he opened the door, espied the neighbor's sultry gray Persian cat, and with a spine-chilling series of barks sped after her.

Smiling, Victoria entered the house. Hazel was bustling about the sunny kitchen. But the smile left Victoria's face when Hazel said, "Bernice called, dear. She wanted me to remind you that you had better see the undertaker and make arrangements about Mr. Hime's funeral."

So Victoria reluctantly prepared to leave the house again. Hazel asked if she might have the rest of the afternoon off, and Victoria nodded. "I'll be back in time to serve your dinner at six," Hazel promised.

When Victoria returned she let herself in with her key. In the den she stopped and looked down at the yellow page still spilling from the roller of her typewriter. She wondered if she would ever finish that page, if the pressure of the strangely unreal reality of the last two days would ever ebb.

She went to Albert's room and selected his best dark suit. She decided to send his other clothing to Russian War Relief. She telephoned, and they said they would send up a truck on Monday. She forced herself to go through all the pockets. She found the stubs of two theater tickets for a show they had seen a month before; half a package of cigarettes, a fountain pen. On the lapel of one suit was a dark red smudge of lipstick. She went out of the room and closed the door tightly after her.

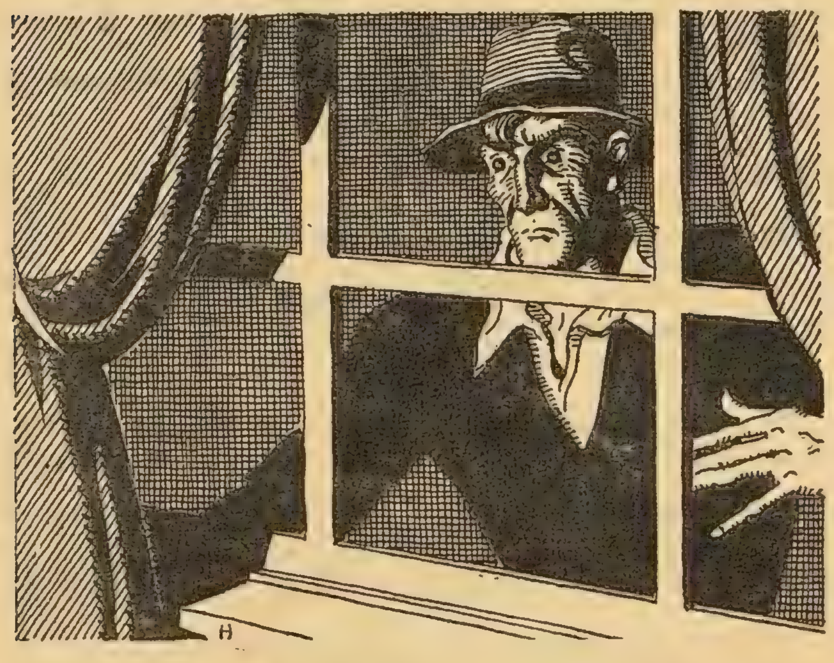
Hazel called at five-thirty and said she had been delayed. Victoria told her there was no hurry, that she wasn't very hungry. Then she decided that Haggis might be, and opened a can of dog food. She put some in Haggis' blue bowl just inside the service door of the kitchen. "O. K., Haggis!" Victoria shouted. "Food now!"

But the call which usually brought Haggis bouncing excitedly into the kitchen had no such result. Victoria went to the front door and called from there. No Haggis.

Ten minutes later she found the dog lying on the small walled balcony. Her eyes were closed and her little belly was rising and falling with her quick breathing. When Victoria stooped down beside her, Haggis opened brown eyes to look once at Victoria, and then closed them again. She touched the dog's nose with one forefinger. Dry and hot.

The veterinary who responded to Victoria's frantic telephone call squatted down beside Haggis, his big clean hands going swiftly over the dog's body with professional gentleness. Under the pressure of his fingers the dog gave a sudden choked cough, ducking her head as a human being does. The big hand went almost tenderly up to Haggis' throat and pressed. Haggis gave another cough, and a thin watery substance spurted from her mouth.

The veterinary looked up over his white-clad shoulder at Victoria. "This dog has been poisoned," he said.



He took Haggis with him. He believed he could save her. Victoria paced up and down the living room, full of the fear which had filled her on the morning of Albert's death. Once more, poison without reason. Who would poison Haggis? But who would poison Albert? Her husband and then her dog. . .

A complete circuit of the yard surrounding the house revealed no trace of any poisoned meat, although that did not mean much, because Haggis might have eaten all of it.

Victoria went up the wooden side steps leading from the driveway to the service door.

At her feet a strip of chalky white powder extended along the weathered gray boards of the porch, just below the doorsill. She bent over it. The tiny dead black bodies of several ants were imprisoned in the powder. Just below the corner where the door opened, and against which she had so often found Haggis pressing her little black nose while she barked to be let in, there was a three-inch gap in the strip of poison where Haggis had licked.

There had been no poison along this doorsill when she had taken Haggis to the vet, a week before. She had left the house by this door, and there had been no poison. Hazel had said that the poison in the kitchen canister had run out the day Haggis left for the vet.

Hazel had lied.

A car entered the driveway below the porch and then stopped. In a moment the door slammed. A footstep sounded hollowly on the bottom step. Victoria looked down at the strip of white, looked at Hazel. Hazel was staring at the poison as though mesmerized. When her eyes behind the thick glasses met Victoria's they wore the furtive look of guilt.

"The poison in the green can didn't run out last Saturday," Victoria stated rather than asked.

The furtive look drained from Hazel's eyes. She shook her head in a lengthy negative, as a child does. "No."

"When did you put that poison out on the porch?"

"The day before Mr. Hime died. Wednesday morning."

"What really happened to the rest of the poison?"

"I emptied it into the sink and washed it down the drain with hot water. I took the label off the can, too."

"When?"

"Friday morning. While you were asleep on the sofa."

"Why?"

Hazel's eyes widened a little as though she thought this already known. "Why, because the police were coming! Because Mr. Hime died from poison! The police would have jumped to conclusions, maybe taken you down to jail."

"Where did you get such an idea?"

"Mrs. Saxe told me. After she covered you with a blanket she came in and we talked about Mr. Hime dying from poison. Dr. Mahler told us on the phone. She looked over and saw the label on the can and said, 'Oh, dear, I wish that stuff weren't here!' I said, 'You mean this poison being here might make them think there had been something funny going on?' She said yes. She said you were her best friend and she knew you wouldn't hurt a fly, but the police didn't know that. I said, 'We could throw it out,' and she got quite excited and said, 'Let's do that. It can't do any harm.' So I did. She said not to say anything about it to you, that you were a bad liar."

Victoria was thinking; is Bernice quite so stupid as that? She had to find out.

BERNICE'S room was the dream-room of an eighteen-year-old schoolgirl. Bernice was the only woman Victoria had ever known who actually possessed a white satin chaise longue.

Bernice curled herself into the chaise longue, Victoria took the softly floral slipper chair. She was aware for the first time of a strangeness between them. A direct approach to the matter of the destruction of the poison was for some reason impossible to her.

She asked Bernice if there had been any word from Walter.

"I called him at the lodge this afternoon," said Bernice. "I explained to him that I'd done a lot of thinking about the matter of Stan. I explained that I didn't admire the man at all, and so I couldn't really account for what had happened. Women are so strange. We do such strange things. I don't understand us at all. I don't understand myself. I. . ."

Victoria seized the lead this comment gave her. "I've been thinking much the same thing," she said. "Why in heaven's name did you talk Hazel into throwing out that ant powder?"

The stillness that came over Bernice was startling.

"I felt I had to, for your sake, Vicky. I thought you'd used some of that poison to kill Albert."

The words shocked Victoria to the bone. She found herself on her feet. "This is incredible!" she said loudly.

"Is it? Remember I knew, Vicky, that you and Albert had eaten alone there the night before. Think of Sawn. You remember how you behaved over that silly little blonde thing he brought home once. I thought of that actress. And there was Albert dead, and there was all that poison."

Victoria sat down and fumbled in her purse for a cigarette. Bernice waited until she'd taken a first puff, and then went on: "I mean, I don't think so now, Vicky. I've had time to cool down and think it over. But then, and for just a few minutes, I was certain that you'd learned something about Albert and this young actress, and that you just went berserk. I don't mean anything cold and calculated; that wouldn't be you, Vicky."

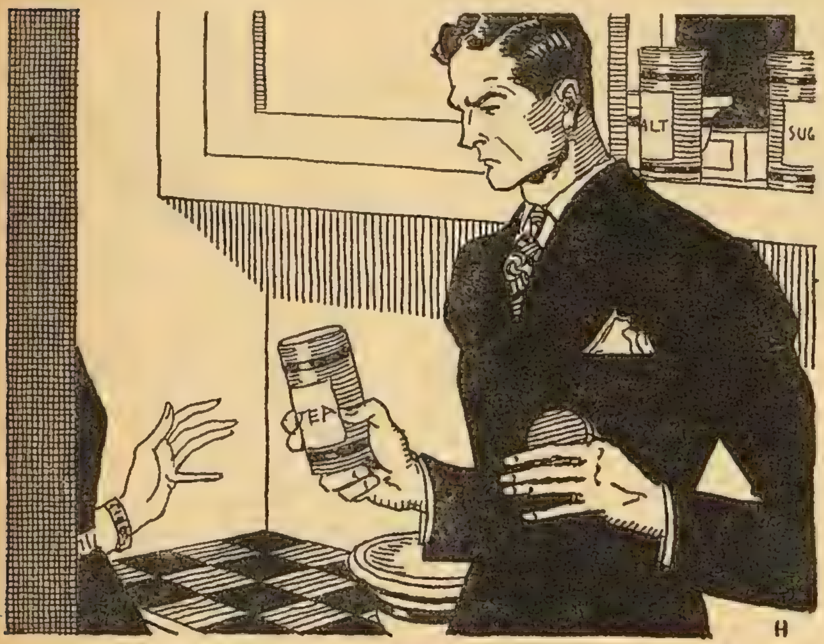
She came over to Victoria's chair and dropped her arm over Victoria's shoulders. "You're not angry with me, are you?" she asked, imploringly.

"No," said Victoria slowly, not looking at her. "I'm just thinking how little we know each other, Bernice." She got up. "I want to use your phone."

TUCK hung up the receiver thoughtfully. What Mrs. Hime had just told him changed everything. That was his first thought. Then he paused to question its validity. How? Well, first and foremost, since the poison had been in the green kitchen canister after all, Hazel could have made the mistake which Mrs. Hime had advanced as explanation of Albert Hime's death.

Hazel Bennett lived in a small and scrupulously neat furnished apartment. She seemed almost eager to tell Tuck of the part she had played in the destruction of the poison. When he said gravely, "You must realize that the destruction of evidence is a crime, punishable by law," she answered, in a crumpled voice, "But I didn't think of it as a crime when I did it, Mr. Tuck!" She added, "And, anyway, it wasn't my idea!"

"But you were thinking of the mistake you made with the salt a month ago, weren't you? When Mrs. Saxe convinced you that the police always wanted a quick arrest, you remembered that mistake you'd made before, and you were afraid for yourself."



"I never even thought of it!"

"It was you who filled the silver sugar bowl that was used on the dinner table," said Tuck.

"Yes. I filled it just before I left on Wednesday night."

"And you realized that since you'd made one mistake, with the salt, you might be accused of having made another, with the ant powder."

Hazel sat up straighter. "But I couldn't have! I'd reached for the wrong can just a little while ago. You don't make the same mistake twice, so close together. The first mistake keeps you on your toes! Like there's a place out front on the pavement where the roots of a tree make the sidewalk stick up in a crack. I fell over that place a couple of months ago. Now I watch for it! I walk around it!"

He stood up. At the door he turned to look down at her. "Didn't you realize that if you destroyed the ant poison in the kitchen there was still the ant poison in Mrs. Hime's cupboard?"

"In her cupboard?"

"In that shallow closet in her den."

"But I didn't know about that! I never laid eyes on it!"

He opened the door, and turned to ask, "Could Mrs. Saxe have seen it?"

"Mrs. Saxe? I suppose she could have. She was in and out a lot, and Victoria always leaves doors and drawers open." Then Hazel's face brightened. "No! She couldn't have! Because if she'd known about the poison in the den, she'd have wanted to get rid of that too!"

TUCK, having located Captain Harriss at the Hollywood Roosevelt, arranged to see him next morning. Harriss opened the door abruptly after Tuck's knock. He nodded toward the room's one upholstered chair, himself straddled a straight chair. "Care for a drink?"

"No, thanks," Tuck said.

The opaque eyes looked into Tuck's. "What did you want to see me about?"

"On last Thursday evening you visited your ex-wife, Victoria Hime. Her husband died that same night in rather unusual circumstances. I came to see if you could throw any light on a few little matters."

Harriss' brows raised by the fraction of an inch. "I never saw the guy," he said flatly.

Tuck nodded. "I know that."

"What did he die of?"

"Poison. According to what we've been able to learn, it was either administered accidentally by the servant who prepared the dinner which he ate shortly after returning home, or else he was murdered."

Harriss reflected. "There was no servant around when I was there," he said.

"No. The meal was prepared by her the evening before. Mrs. Hime then heated and served it."

"I see." Harriss rose and took a cigarette from the pack lying on the dresser. "What does this have to do with me?" he asked.

"What was your reason for visiting Mrs. Hime last Thursday evening? I understand it had been ten years since you last saw each other."

"I was given a short leave before starting on my new assignment. I decided to spend it in Hollywood. I decided to look Victoria up while I was here."

"Nothing unusual occurred during your visit to her?"

"Nothing."

"You remained alone in the house while she went to fetch her husband whose car had broken down."

"That's right."

"Why?"

"I wanted to meet her husband."

"But you left before they returned."

"I changed my mind about wanting to meet him."

"You left the house at about what time?"

"At about a quarter to eight."

"While you were there, did you enter the kitchen?"

"Yes."

"Did you happen to notice that one of the green canisters on the sideboard at right angles to the sink contained ant poison?"

"I did not."

"You saw the canisters?"

"I saw them, yes. They face you as you come in the door."

"Was there anything out of the ordinary about Mrs. Hime's attitude when you saw her?"

"No, there was nothing out of the ordinary about Victoria," said Captain Harriss. He seemed almost to be smiling under the heavy mustache.

"Did she say anything to you about a young actress named Moira Hastings?"

Harriss cocked his head. "Nothing. Let me ask you one or two questions. When did Hime eat whatever contained the poison that killed him?"

"A short time before, or during, or after dinner."

"Ah," said Harriss. "What poison killed him?"

"Sodium fluoride."

"So?" Harriss said, softly. His eyes were alert now. "The ant powder."

"Not many people know that most ant poisons contain sodium fluoride as the basic ingredient, Captain Harriss."

Captain Harriss said, "Did you happen to read Victoria's book *Ina Hart?*"

Tuck nodded.

"So did I." After a pause, Harriss asked: "Who is this Moira Hastings you mentioned?"

"A young actress. Mr. Hime was a film producer. There seems to be no possible motive on anyone's part for murdering him. There is, however, the annoying matter of opportunity. Besides the servant, four people had the opportunity to use that poison in the kitchen. The actress, Miss Hastings, who had tea with Mrs. Hime. Her friend, Bernice Saxe. . ."

"Bernice," said Harriss. "Is she around? Good old Bernice."

"Yourself. . ."

Harriss laughed, his white teeth showing suddenly and ferociously under his mustache. "Hell's bells, man!"

"And Mrs. Hime."

AT NOON on Sunday Victoria was lying on the brilliant blue mat of the sunchair on the balcony, wearing a brief sunsuit of the same vivid blue. She scarcely heard the doorbell ring, nor Hazel answer it. The sound that made her lower her arms and open her eyes was the heavy sound of masculine footsteps on the floor of the dining room, and then Sawn's voice speaking. "Hello, little friend."

He was standing in the doorway, looking down at her. As she struggled to a sitting posture he went to one of the canvas-seated white metal chairs huddled around the white table and sat down.

"The detective who questioned me this morning gave me some notion of what happened," he said. "I believe he came to find out whether, in my opinion, you could have poisoned your husband." He paused. "Is she pretty?"

"Who?"

"The actress. Moira Hastings."

"Very."

"The last time we talked together you told me some interesting things about myself. Now I'm going to do the same for you. If you had been born pretty, your life would have been a very different one. I believe that you learned early that things that come easily to the pretty ones would not come to you. You drove yourself forward with what you did have, brains and talent. Your face has been your fortune, Victoria.

"I have always believed that if that blonde had not been so pretty—so damnably, pink and white, pretty—you wouldn't have gone up in flames that memorable night. You wouldn't, perhaps, have left me," Sawn continued. "I find myself thinking of your husband and this actress. I find myself wondering what ten years may have done to you; what such a betrayal would make you do now."

His eyes dropped to her two hands, holding tightly to the arms of her chair. "What was it that killed your husband? I mean, how was the poison administered?"

"It was in the sugar bowl," said Victoria, "which my servant filled the night before."

Hazel came through the open French door, a tray containing a plate of sandwiches and two tall glasses of iced coffee held stiffly level. She sat the tray down on the table with a metallic sound. She looked at Victoria and said, "But I'm sure I didn't make any mistake and put ant poison instead of sugar into the bowl. I've told Mr. Tuck that. I've sworn to it."

Then she turned and went away, her black kid slippers with their pompons making a sibilant sound.

"Well," said Sawn. He added, "Well, well, well."

Victoria knew that she would never forget his face, looking down at her.

THE coroner's inquest into the death of Albert Hime took place at one o'clock on the Tuesday following his death.

Victoria, wearing a gray striped suit and a wide, tilted black felt hat which clung to her short graying hair by means of a black bandanna, looked hard, capable and determined. Tuck noted the strength and purity of the line of her jaw, the coolness of her clear gray eyes, the sternness of her wide mouth.

"The gist of it, then, Mrs. Hime, is that you used no sugar from the bowl, whereas your husband did?" the coroner asked her.

"Yes."

"You yourself placed this bowl on the table?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"About an hour before we ate."

"Did you fill this bowl?"

"No."

"Who did?"

"My servant, Hazel Bennett."

Hazel Bennett was called to the stand next. She looked terribly frightened. Her testimony regarding the destruction of the poison came out reluctantly. After that matter had been made clear, the coroner asked crisply: "You filled the sugar bowl that was on the table on the night Mr. Hime died?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

Pause. "Well, it was the night before, I guess."

Sharply. "You guess?"

"It was the night before. After I'd washed the dinner things."

"Kindly describe for the jury the arrangement of the cans in which you kept the sugar and so forth."

Hazel described them.

The coroner held up a card. It was green and on it was printed in letters about an inch high "SUGAR."

"What does that say?"

Hazel hesitated. She squinted. She leaned a little forward, peering intently through the thick lenses of the rimless glasses which sharpened her world to visibility. "Sugar!" she announced, triumphantly.

"Now, Mrs. Bennett, was it possible that in your hurry to get home on Wednesday evening you might have—*might* have, I say—reached for the can which contained the ant poison rather than the can which contained the sugar?"

"No, sir! No such thing happened."

Fear was on Hazel's face as she stepped down.

Then Bernice took the stand. Although dressed entirely in severe black, she had allowed herself one flourish. The hat which topped her sleek coiffure was made entirely of pink feathers, overlapping as do the feathers of a bird. The hat dipped crazily down over one wide brown eye, and what held it to her head no man could guess. From the exact center of the round forward-tilted pink-feathered crown, which was about the circumference of a pancake, a startled-looking fluff of black leaped toward the beholder.

Bernice's breathless, tiny voice went with the hat. ". . .so I just thought, why not throw it away, then everything will be all right?" (Shiny, girlish brown eyes raised to the impassive face of the coroner.) "I mean, it was a dreadful thing to do, I realize that, but I was *so* upset!"

The look on the face of the coroner was echoed on the faces of the five men in the jury box. It was a look of conscious masculine superiority. The women were looking at the hat.

Moira Hastings provided the highlight of the day, and the only surprise for Tuck. She was also in black, with a little white jeweled collar. Her eyes were jewels too, and looked too heavily made up in the revealing light. Her voice was soft and clear—the voice of a lady. She did not cross her legs.

"During a conversation with the detective investigating this case, you made the statement that Mrs. Hime was jealous of you. You stated as your reason the fact that she did not want you to have the leading role in her husband's forthcoming picture. Will you please reiterate this opinion for the jury." The coroner turned to the jury. "Opinions are not evidence, of course."

And then Tuck got his jolt. "I may have somehow given Mr. Tuck that impression," she said. "I don't remember what I said. But if I did give such an impression, I am terribly, terribly sorry for it, because it would be terribly, terribly wrong. I had just learned of Mr. Hime's death. It was a terrible shock to me. He had been most kind to me during our business discussions. I was so upset over his death that I wouldn't be surprised at anything I may have said. But I have only the greatest respect and admiration for Mrs. Hime. I consider her to be a brilliant and unusual woman."

The coroner's jury was out for an hour. They returned with a verdict of murder at the hands of a person or persons unknown. As the courtroom was cleared, Tuck watched the jurymen depart. Six pairs of eyes strayed to the face of Hazel Bennett, six to that of Victoria Jason Hime. Victoria left the courtroom between George Leighman's hovering bulk and Bernice Saxe's pink hat. Tuck found himself just behind them as they all waited for the elevator.

Moira Hastings, waiting a little apart from the others, met his gaze coolly.

George Leighman nodded and smiled perfunctorily at her. The reason why she had changed her testimony was now apparent to Tuck.

The small hard knot of fear which had been inside her chest for three hours was still there when Victoria stepped into the elevator.

THE next afternoon when Victoria went out to the mailbox on the left of the adobe gateposts flanking the mouth of the driveway there was only one letter for her.

The name and address had been printed in capitals. The two lines on the heavy gray paper inside were also printed: IT IS NOT OVER YET. YOU ARE GOING TO SUFFER NOW.

She stared down at the page in her hands, then put it carefully back into its envelope. She saw from the postmark that it had been mailed late the evening before. Her mind admitted what she had not before admitted to herself. That she had never quite believed in the accident on Hazel's part.

It was while she was waiting for Tuck to arrive that Albert's birthday gift came. She had half-forgotten that he had ordered something for her that last night of his life, and the small, much-stamped airmail package was at first a surprise, although she realized almost immediately what it must be. Inside was a box containing the most beautiful ring she had ever seen. A sapphire, her birthstone, a square-cut and of a deep, deep blue. It was set in platinum, and on either side glittered a clump of small perfect diamonds. A tiny card was bent into the rounded lid of the box. It said, not in his handwriting, "Love, Albert." The ring had come from Tiffany's, from New York.

She slipped the slim band on the finger where her wedding ring shone. It fitted perfectly.

She heard Albert's dead voice speaking in the hall. "Send to Mrs. Hime, above address." The ring gleamed and glittered. "He always said I had beautiful hands," Victoria said in a tight voice.

Just then Mr. Tuck arrived.

Victoria held out her hand to him. He took the tips of her cold slim fingers in his long warm ones, bent his long head to peer at the ring. "Albert wired for this, for me, for my birthday. It just came. Isn't it lovely?"

Tuck nodded his head. "It's very beautiful," he said.

Then she showed him the anonymous note.

He looked down at the square envelope and stuffed it carefully into the inner pocket of his coat. "I think this was written by a woman," he said.

Victoria heard, yet did not hear. She said, "I'm afraid, Mr. Tuck. For the first time in my life, I'm afraid."

Under his probing grave eyes she turned sharply away. "I sound like a fool." Then she faced him, holding out the hand with the ring. "Whatever anyone says to you, does it look as though Albert and I hated each other? Does it look as though we quarreled?"

Hazel's voice called, "Mr. Tuck!" She was standing in the kitchen doorway, a white dish towel in her hands. With her head high, she said, "I could have made that mistake with the poison, Mr. Tuck. If it's that or Victoria killing him, then I did!"

Tuck looked at her long and curiously, and at the ring, and at Victoria's tense face. Then he smiled almost sadly. "You two women do me an injustice," he said, slowly and carefully. "I make guesses. I have intuitions. I am not a strictly logical man."

His long and tired brown eyes were on Victoria's when he added: "Logic tells me nothing; a guess tells me that Hazel didn't accidentally poison the sugar; an intuition, a feeling which is very bothersome tells me that you are right in being afraid, Mrs. Hime."

AN HOUR later a mechanic returned Albert's car from the garage which had picked it up. Only after he had gone did she realize she had allowed him to leave it in the driveway where it would prevent her driving her own car to the street. So she backed Albert's car out to the street, parked it, drove hers out and parked it, and then drove Albert's back into the depths of the deep but narrow garage.

She opened the glove compartment to see whether he might have left in it anything of importance, but found only a map, a pair of shabby pigskin gloves and a magazine. After she had returned her car to the garage she went up the steps of the house looking at the magazine. It was opened halfway through; the first thing her eyes fell on was a Tiffany ad. With a start, she recognized her ring.

She saw now the pattern that had underlain that late telegram. Albert had seen this ad she was looking at, he had thought of the ring on her hand. Later, reminded of her almost-forgotten birthday, he had ordered it, although it had cost a great deal, more than another man might have felt he could afford for a wife who would have been well content with much less.

Grief for Albert took charge of her heart.

MOIRA HASTINGS was not at home, so Tuck waited for her in his shabby black sedan which looked even shabbier than usual in comparison to the suave opalescent convertible coupé parked just ahead of him. In half an hour she drove past without seeing him, and parked two spaces ahead up the sloping street. He was waiting for her at the door when she came up the steps, her key in her hand. Above a tailored beige jacket her amber hair shone brightly. Her hard light eyes flashed a hint of fear, and then she half-dropped her lashes and looked very noncommittal.

"I want to talk to you," he said. He took her elbow, turned her around, led her to his car. She balked. Then she relaxed and got in.

"What do you want to talk about?" she asked, when he had tucked his bulk in under the steering wheel.

"The anonymous note you sent to Mrs. Hime."

She held her breath for a moment. "I don't know what you mean."

Tuck sighed, and turned on the ignition. He pressed his foot on the starter and the motor whirred.

Her voice was thin. "Where are you taking me?"

"To the city jail."

Her body went rigid, and the brown purse on her lap slid to the floor with a muffled thud. Tuck retrieved it, but instead of returning it he opened it and felt among the contents. She tried to snatch it from him, but he fended off her hands with one elbow. He took out her fountain pen and put it into his inner pocket. Politely, he laid the purse on Moira Hastings' lap.

"The paper has been traced to you through the stationer where you ordered it. Printing from this pen, enlarged, will match the printing of that note. I don't think it wise of you to continue to deny that you wrote and sent that note, but that's your business."

The car moved forward.

"Wait!" Her fingers clamped tight on his forearm.

He had been so sure of what she would do that he had really taken his foot from the gas before she spoke.

"You couldn't have me jailed." Her voice was unsteady.

"Oh, yes. On suspicion of murder. It's an excellent way of holding a witness."

She tried to read his face. "What do you want me to say?"

In sepulchral tones Tuck quoted: " 'It is not over yet. You are going to suffer now.' "

"Well, all right! I sent it! What more do you want me to say?"

"For the moment, nothing. I want you to listen. To begin with, what does that note mean? It means this: 'You killed your husband, Mrs. Hime. So far you've got away wtih it, but you're not going to escape entirely. If nothing else, there's your own knowledge of what you've done, and you will live with that for the rest of your life."

"Now, before you insult me by telling me that you were terribly, terribly shocked at the inquest into the death of a man who had always been terribly, terribly kind to you, I'm going to tell you why you were able to believe that Mrs. Hime killed her husband.

"At first you said she was jealous of you. She had refused you a part you felt you could handle. You also threw in gratis the suggestion of a psychotic jealousy of all beautiful women. You are, by the way, beautiful, Miss Hastings. And the curious notion occurred to me that you are extremely jealous of Mrs. Hime. That shows a lot of greed when you have both youth and beauty, but you want success. She has it.

"At the inquest you went back to your previous statement as to Mrs. Hime's jealousy. You felt that to speak against her in front of Mr. Leighman would make him dislike you, and so make him refuse to give you the part of Ina Hart. So, I told myself, you had come to realize the untruth of that previous emotional statement as to Mrs. Hime's jealousy of you.

"And then came that anonymous note. I saw I had been wrong. I saw another pattern behind those three actions—the first statement of Mrs. Hime's jealousy of you, the second act of retracting it at the inquest, the third act of writing the note.

"Here's where your agent comes in. He made it plain to you that involvement in a scandal would end your career. Your agent knew or guessed what your first insistence on Mrs. Hime's jealousy should have suggested to me—that you and Albert Hime had for some months been lovers."

"That . . . is . . . not . . . true!" stated Moira Hastings, slowly and emphatically.

Tuck went on: "So you changed your tune at the inquest to clear yourself. Your agent showed you what such a statement as you made to me would suggest; you took his advice. But after the inquest you were boiling with rage against Mrs. Hime. It maddened you that she was going to escape punishment. It was additionally maddening to realize that you had been forced, you felt, to remain silent. You wrote the note."

"There was never anything like that between us!" cried Moira Hastings.

"You wrote the note and in doing so told me what I now know, that you had a very good reason to believe that Mrs. Hime killed her husband. You believed that she discovered the relationship between the two of you, went off mental balance with the knowledge, and poisoned him."

Moira Hastings' eyes had an oddly blank look. Under the painted face he saw the real one show through, a small, hard face. A nerve at the corner of her right eye twitched. The eye continued to look forward at the windshield while the nerve twitched a second time, and relaxed.

SHE turned suddenly toward him. "You've been right and wrong." It was the voice of a mathematician stating an irrefutable equation. "It was only emotion that made me say she was jealous of me. I thought so because she was against my getting that part. My agent talked me out of that feeling. At the inquest I was thinking mostly of my chances with Leighman. I never had any intention of repeating all that stuff I said to you at first. When I saw Leighman there I laid it on with a trowel and said what a swell gal she was.

"I had my career to think of. It might have swung the balance.

"And then, after I went home, I wrote the note because I was sure she'd killed him. I wrote it hating her. He had been kind to me. I suddenly realized the servant couldn't have poisoned the sugar.

"On Thursday afternoon, while Mrs. Hime was on the telephone, I drank a last cup of tea. Because I really like it best that way, I put sugar in it. Two spoonfuls. From the silver sugar bowl that was on the coffee table. The silver sugar bowl the servant filled." She pressed down on the latch of the car door. It swung out into the bright sunlight. "There was no poison in that sugar at five o'clock. Play around with that for a while."

His voice stopped her. "Wouldn't it have been simpler to come to me with that information?"

The expression on Moira Hastings' face altered. Her eyes were wide as she said, "I thought I'd wait a while. I mean, I couldn't see any reason why she would have killed him, and you feel squeamish about putting someone's neck into a noose. I decided the note might make her tell, if she really did it. I'm sorry if that seems childish. I have always believed that a person who kills suffers pangs of remorse."

After she had gone, Tuck drew from his coat pocket a small notebook. He studied the close scrawl it contained. Then he returned it to his pocket and drove to the nearest drugstore and got Captain Harriss on the telephone.

"You drank a cup of coffee while Mrs. Hime was out of the house on Thursday night," Tuck stated.

There was a short pause. "Yes."

"Do you use sugar in your coffee, Captain Harriss?"

"Yes."

"And you did so then?"

"Yes."

"And the sugar you used came from the silver bowl on the dinner table?"

There was a longer pause.

"Yes," said Captain Harriss.

"I'll want a deposition to that effect."

"Make it snappy. I'm due at Camp Roberts by midnight."

There was a short silence. Then Harriss hung up so quietly that only the changed hum on the receiver told Tuck he had broken the connection.

VICTORIA had just brought Haggis home from the vet's when Tuck stopped in to tell her something. It was dusk. Haggis barked loudly at him, working herself into a frenzy at his feet, but he did not seem to notice her. "Tonight," he said to Victoria, "you are going to have visitors. I'll be one of them. I may be a little late in arriving, but I'll get here."

She said, "What visitors?"

"Miss Hastings. Mrs. Saxe. Captain Harriss." She noticed that his voice was crisper than usual. "I will also have a warrant of arrest in my pocket."

Victoria's heart pounded once, hard. "Isn't this all a little dramatic?" she asked.

"It's a short cut," he told her.

Moira Hastings was the first to arrive. She came at a quarter to eight. Her manner was puzzling to Victoria. At first she wore a dignified hauteur which lapsed into little placating comments, and finally fell away into what seemed like simple nervousness. They sat at either end of the sofa in the living room. "Do you know what this is all about?" Moira asked.

"No. Tuck said he might be late."

"He told me to be here at eight," said Moira Hastings.

There was a silence. Neither of them, Victoria realized, could think of anything to say.

At eight-fifteen Victoria asked Moira if she'd like a drink. Moira said a little sherry would be nice. Victoria went to the bar and poured two glasses of wine. As she walked down the dining room she noticed that one of the French doors to the balcony was slightly ajar.

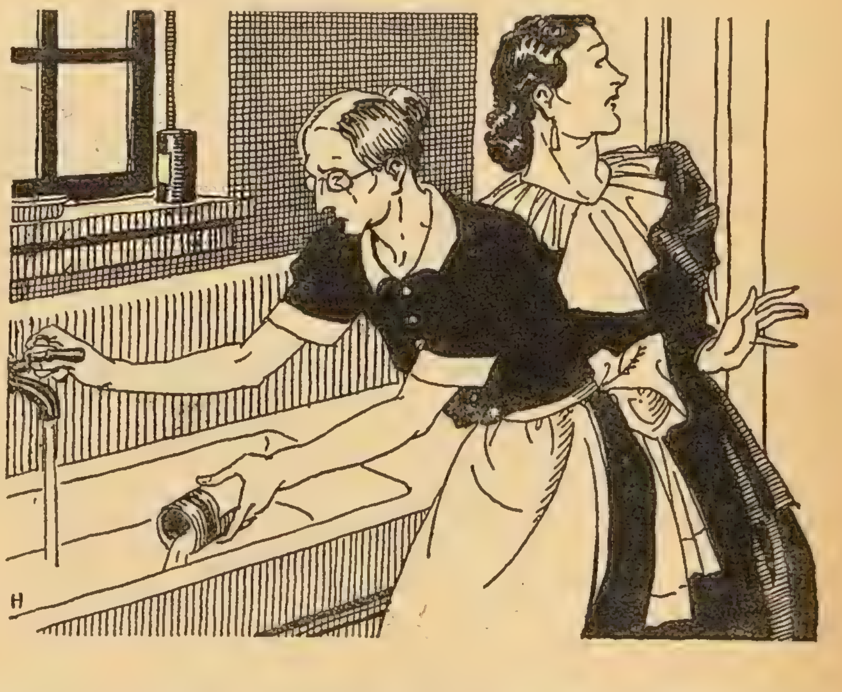
"Is this your maid's night off again, or did you fire her?" asked Moira as she took the sherry.

"Why would I fire her?"

Moira gave her a quick, sidewise glance and then looked into her glass. "If she put the poison in the sugar bowl . . ." she said.

Victoria said, "I don't think Mr. Tuck likes that idea."

Moira's cold blue eyes looked at her. As she set her wineglass down on the coffee table, Moira said, "I didn't notice your ring when I saw you before. It's lovely. I've always liked sapphires."



"Albert bought it for my birthday."

Moira's eyes rose and searched Victoria's face, and then dropped to the ring again. "He did?" Her voice was scarcely audible.

She stood up abruptly. She jerked her slim wrist up and looked at her watch. "I don't like this. I wish it were over." She took a step toward Victoria and said, "It was an accident, after all. The old woman with the glasses made a mistake. It has to be that way. Because if you didn't kill him, and she didn't, how did he come to die?"

The doorbell rang violently.

Victoria walked down the dining room, opened the top half of the door. Sawn was standing outside. He had on an officer's short overcoat. When she opened the lower half of the door to admit him, she saw the tan satchel in his right hand. He pulled off his cap, stuffed it into his pocket, looked around curiously.

"He's not here yet," she said tersely. "We're waiting in the living room." They walked the length of the dining room, on either side of the long table. His shoes made heavy sounds on the floor. He dropped his bag beside the sofa. "Miss Hastings, Captain Harriss," said Victoria. They inclined their heads and spoke the usual words.

Sawn turned to Victoria. "I haven't much time," he said, "but I'll sweat it out awhile. How about a drink?"

Victoria turned to Moira. "Sherry?"

"No, thanks."

Victoria mixed Sawn a Scotch and soda. When she returned to the living room, he and Moira Hastings were talking about the Hollywood Canteen. He took the drink, and Victoria sat in the chair facing the two of them, half listening to their voices rise and fall, but making no effort to take part in the talk.

The doorbell pealed again, and Victoria's heart pounded. But only a taxi driver was there, his peaked cap askew. "Cab for Captain Harriss," he said.

She turned and saw Sawn settling his cap on his dark head. He said, "Nice to have known you," to Moira. He picked up his satchel and walked toward Victoria, confidently. "Duty calls." His eyes were without expression.

"But Tuck isn't here yet!"

"Obviously." Sawn opened the lower half of the door. "Good-by, Victoria. I wish I could have been around for the end of the story."

He went out the door. He turned and said easily, "Thanks for the drink."

Desperation seized her, and the sense that something had gone wrong, completely wrong.

"I've told Tuck what I know," said Sawn. "I signed the deposition this afternoon. I swore to the fact that there was no poison in the lethal sugar bowl on the night your husband died."

She stared up at him.

"Sorry as hell, little friend. But it had to come out, you know."

Frozen, she watched him go. When she turned, Moira was coming toward her, like a statue walking. She looked a little frightened.

VICTORIA went to the bar in the hall, poured and drank some brandy. She went back to the dining table, pulled back Albert's chair, and sat down limply. She propped her hot forehead with cold hands. Moira's voice came from behind her. "There's one thing I'd like you to understand," Moira said. "There was nothing cheap about it—it wasn't the sort of thing you think it was. We were never lovers, really, the way most people use the word."

Victoria turned slowly in her chair.

"You're talking about yourself and Albert?"

"Oh, come now!" Moira Hastings said, in a cool and supercilious little voice. "Let's not play games. I just wanted you to know how it was, in justice to myself." She walked gracefully to the other end of the table, slid back the tall carved chair and sat down. The dark wood on the back of the chair threw her light and shining hair into bold relief.

Looking at Victoria down the dark length of the table, she continued: "I came here tonight feeling bad because of a lie I told the detective, a lie that went against you. I had to tell it. I got thinking that maybe you didn't kill him, that maybe it was an accident. It made me sick. And when I saw the ring, that upset me too. But now it's all right. There wasn't any poison in the sugar until you put it there. There wasn't any accident."

"You're saying," Victoria said, "that I poisoned Albert because he was in love with you."

"Yes. But it wasn't what you think! It was a crazy thing, the way it happened to us. I met him through my agent. Right away I knew I could work on Albert. I needed what he could do for me, and he needed what I did for him. It was wonderful. We saw each other whenever we could. He came past my place almost every afternoon. He told me from the first how fond he was of you.

"But after four months of this we knew it wasn't any good. That there would have to be a divorce. He said he didn't want to hurt you. The night he died I told him he'd have to tell you. In the café. I wanted to part, too. I told him things couldn't go on this way." She paused. "He refused to do anything then. Because Leighman liked you. Because if you were against Albert, he'd be too. And I told him that if he didn't finish it off with you, I was through."

Moira Hastings' face was screwing up into a distorted grimace. Tears started into her eyes, slid out onto her cheeks. "But he told you he loved me and you killed him for it!" She leaned suddenly forward, her hands clawed on the ends of the chair arms. "You killed him!"

Victoria stood up. She heard her own voice speak with slow clarity. "No. He tried to kill me."

THERE was a slight clatter. Tuck had entered the room through the French doors leading onto the little balcony. In a strange voice Victoria said to him, "It was the coffee, not the sugar. He put the poison into my coffee just after Bernice telephoned. When he was on the telephone I heated that same coffee. I gave it to him."

Moira shot to her feet. "I don't believe it! It's only your word! You had as good a chance!" She turned sharply to Tuck, who was still standing on the balcony doorway.

Tuck shook his head.

Moira turned slowly and looked at Victoria. Then a brightness blossomed on her face. Her eyes were suddenly stars. She moved gracefully to the chair by the door. She picked up her fur coat. With a sudden swirl, she swung it from her shoulders, like a cape. "I'll never get to do that part. You'll see to that. You'll have it your own way. But I had him." She was very pretty, standing there. There was a sweetness on her face. Her voice was a sliver of ice. "How does it feel to know that he tried to kill you, for me?" One hand pointed inward at her breast. "For me!"

"No," said Victoria. "For himself."

"He hated you!" said Moira.

Victoria walked toward her. There was something in that slow and quiet approach which made Moira draw back.

Victoria said, "You don't understand Albert. Albert had only the kindliest feelings for women he had used. When you cry into your pillow tonight, ask yourself how it would have gone if he had come to discover that you were the unnecessary one."

Moira's exit was not a stagy exit after all.

TUCK made coffee. They drank one cup in silence, and then he brought them each another. "Your plan worked," Victoria said. "You arranged it so Sawn would say what he did in front of Moira Hastings. You hoped she would tell what she told."

"Yes," said Tuck. "I needed her admission of that relationship with your husband. She gave me a little more than I'd counted on."

"What," asked Victoria, "did Albert see in her?"

"She told you that. He saw a face looking up, which made him taller. He saw eyes which said, 'You're wonderful.' He found relief from the sense of inadequacy you gave him. He'd begun to doubt himself."

"It makes him sound like a person with no sense, no sense at all!"

"He was mad with common sense," said Tuck. "A good many people are. I think he believed that to tell you about Moira would have only one result. After a harrowing scene, you would become angry and would at once try to ruin his chance with Leighman."

"He couldn't have!"

"And are you sure you wouldn't have done just that?"

Victoria stared at the long face opposite. She thought about herself. "I *might* have turned bitchy," she said.

She picked up her coffee cup and with the other hand reached for a cigarette from the box on the table. She saw the blue ring shining on her left hand. Tuck was looking at it, too.

"When you showed me that ring," he said, "and told me when he had ordered it, a thought flashed into my head, from nowhere. Not a very logical thought, just the uneasy feeling that a husband who had forgotten his wife's birthday until the last moment had behaved oddly in wiring for a ring which could not arrive until a week afterward. He could have bought just as handsome a ring the next day at a jeweler's in Los Angeles or Hollywood. Why get out of bed and order one from New York? A rather poetic notion occurred to me—that it was almost as though the man had somehow known he would be dead the next day. Or that he had known his wife would be dead."

"Of course," she said slowly. "An afterthought. He believed I had drunk poison. He had planted the poison in the sugar bowl. He intended that my death should pass as the result of Hazel's mistake. He was going to play the bereaved husband. And he had forgotten my birthday. So he decided to remember it."

Tuck nodded.

"But look!" she said loudly. "How will you ever prove that I didn't kill Albert? That I didn't put the poison into his coffee? His affair with Moira Hastings gives me a motive for killing him, if I were jealous! That leaves only the ring, and why he ordered it! Is that enough against him?"

Tuck sighed. "That," he said, "is the catch. The risk, I think, is too great. That's why this case is going to be one of my failures. The papers will say death by accident, which is quite true."

The doorbell rang. "That, I think, will be your friend Mrs. Saxe," said Tuck. "I told her I did not think you should be alone tonight. I'll be getting along now."

As Bernice came into the house, Tuck left. Victoria watched him go down the steps to the driveway. Suddenly she recalled something that had puzzled her. "How did you get out there on my balcony?" she called.

With his hand on his car door Tuck looked up at her. "I climbed a tree," he said.

He got into his black sedan.

Bernice wanted to know why Tuck had asked her to come. While they undressed for bed Victoria told her everything. Bernice was loud in her castigation of Albert, profuse in her sympathy. But her brown eyes shone brightly.

They lay side by side as they had so many times down the years. From the darkness Bernice suddenly spoke. "That hat," she said. "Do you suppose Hazel would like it?"

"What are you talking about?" asked Victoria.

"That pink hat. The one I bought for the inquest."

"You mean you went out and bought a hat especially for the inquest? *That* hat?"

"Certainly. It made me look like a fool, which is what I wanted. That made it quite believable to the coroner and the jury that I'd become hysterical and thrown the poison out for no reason at all. I didn't want anyone to know that I thought, for just a tiny while, that you could have killed Albert."

"Darling," said Victoria, "you are really just wonderful."

TWO months after Albert's death Victoria was working in her den when the doorbell rang. Hazel was at the market. She ran down the hall and opened the door. Sawn was on the porch.

"First leave I've had," he said. "So I thought I'd drop in to see how things were by you."

"I'm working," said Victoria, "on a new story. But you can stay for a little while."

After they had lighted cigarettes she said, "It's really a wonderful idea that I've got!" She stood up, and began to walk it out, Sawn watching from the sofa. She talked for twenty minutes, dropping ashes until her cigarette was too short to smoke, at which point she put it out in a small dish containing candy. The sapphire on her right hand flashed blue fire as she gestured. "What do you think?" she asked at last as she tucked in the tails of her shirt, which had somehow come out.

"Sounds all right," said Sawn. "But there's something that interests me more. That ring you're wearing. Didn't the departed Albert give you that?"

She looked at the gem on her hand. "Oh, yes."

He shook his head. "You puzzle me, little friend."

"This ring was given without sentiment. So I can wear it. It's the most beautiful thing I've ever owned."

"I will never understand you," said Sawn. A slightly malicious look came over his face. "I take comfort in the fact that you don't know me any better. All that dissertation about my Don Juanism. I outgrew that years ago. And the blonde—you were wrong about her, old girl." He grinned. "In fact, for such a psychologically alert lassie, you've shown yourself a little thick, you know. Your second husband was actually guilty of what you suspected of me. You never tumbled to it at all."

Victoria sat down, somewhat deflated. "You're right," she said. "I didn't." She brightened. "But I knew Albert, in a way. Because I knew what his daydream was." She stood up again, and began to walk the room rather slowly. "Albert's daydream went something like this: To a woman standing near a mirror in an elegant room, Albert would hand a black velvet box. The woman would open it and then gasp at a magnificent necklace. Albert would fasten the clasp while she stared with wonder at her reflection in the mirror. Albert would pour them each a large glass of champagne, and they would quaff it. Albert would light a dollar cigar with a ten-dollar bill and she would listen with adoration while he told her how he had been born poor on the streets of Chicago."

She paused. She looked down at the sapphire ring. "How sad," she said. "How very sad." She looked up at Sawn's watching face. "I think this ring is the only jewel he ever bought a woman."

Sawn asked softly, "And what is your daydream, Victoria?"

"That's something I never tell anyone."

His brown eyes went to the ring on her hand. She put that hand behind her. "Shall I tell you?" asked Sawn, softly.

Victoria looked at him and knew. "All right," she said. "To be the woman to whom the necklace is given."

Sawn bounded to his feet. "I was sure that you were a woman somewhere inside! Really female, wanting what most of them do!"

"And to think," said Victoria, "that it took you only eleven years to find out!"

"There's time ahead," said Sawn.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Joseph Anthony

CASS TIMBERLANE, the new novel by **Sinclair Lewis**, is a study of contemporary marriage, done for the most part with good-natured humor rather than the sharp-edged satire of his earlier books.

Cass, an honest, likable small-town judge, is the victim of an acute case of love at first sight when young Jinny Marshland invades the drab routine of his courtroom. The job of conquering the elusive Jinny is a tough one—and the most strenuous part of it, he learns, comes after the wedding bells. Jinny isn't wholeheartedly his wife until she has made him suffer for the unforgivable crime of having loved another woman in the pre-Jinny era of his life.

Sinclair Lewis

It's a favorite sport of some of the critics to shake their heads over each new Lewis novel and proclaim that it's not another Main Street or Babbitt. But if Cass Timberlane had appeared as the work of a comparatively new writer, as Main Street did in 1920, it would probably be getting excited praise for its subtle characterizations and its witty commentary on our times.

Possibly to rebuke those who look for a brand-new "message" in each Sinclair Lewis novel, the author tells the philosophy of his Judge Timberlane:

"If the world of the twentieth century, he vowed, cannot succeed in this one thing, married love, then it has committed suicide, all but the last moan, and whether Germany and France can live as neighbors is insignificant compared with whether Johan and Maria or Jean and Marie can live as lovers. He knew that with each decade such serenity was more difficult. . . .

"But whether women worked in the kitchen or in the machine shop, married love must be a shelter, or the world would freeze."

Published by Random House, New York. Price $2.75.

GEORGE SAND, the trouser-wearing, novel-writing lady who was the romantic interest in Chopin's life, has been portrayed as a rather poisonous character in a movie that delighted the public but made the historians gnash their teeth. **Frances Winwar**, in her biography, **The Life of the Heart**, proves that it's possible to tell Mme. Sand's story entertainingly without doing violence to the facts.

Aurore Dupin Dudevant, who used the pen name George Sand so that her husband's aristocratic name wouldn't be shamed by her novels, wasn't a particularly shocking character by the standards of her era. In an age when wildly theatrical emotionalism was the fashion, her own romanticism, which had a core of sincerity, seems conservative.

George Sand

Mme. Sand, whose novels were taken seriously by the literati of the day, had a better perspective on them herself. The biographer quotes her as saying frankly: "Knowing the passion of chambermaids for novels, I often bear them in mind when I write my own."

The famous George Sand costume, says the biographer, was adopted as a common-sense expedient; she wanted to explore the streets of Paris, and couldn't do so in "trailing skirts and thin shoes along frozen pavements."

Published by Harper & Bros., N. Y. Price $3.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 Pedestrian hazards (1890)
10 Intellectual hot-foot giver
13 What alarmists do the first day of a new job
14 Fire an old bore
16 Giddy biddies (slang)
17 Take an old-fashioned gander
18 Colloquial thing it shouldn't happen to
19 Kind of boots
20 Clink
21 It's rahshn around Rahsha at a trotsky of t'ree hosspower
22 Destroyers of destroyers
24 Flashy things on fleshy females
27 Colonial hair-splitter
30 Add a little something to the Constitution
31 Made with the big welcome
32 Patton Eats Lions (abbr.)
33 Complete this epitaph of Berlin: Here no longer —— Goebbels!
34 What things are as easy as for Poppopopolis
35 Elemental Stupidity (abbr.)
36 It has its ins and outs and supports a lot of lying people
37 Office of Reconverting Dictators (abbr.)
38 Things yelled in Italian by lonely sopranos
40 A few were throne for a loss during the war
41 Spirits are in the best of them
43 Overstuffs the shirt
44 A zebra's a horse with what service stripes? (two words)
46 Kind of sport, or maharajah
49 Butter makes an excellent substitute for this
50 8 for Poppopopolis
53 Ghastly, isn't it?
54 Up the crick without a rudder
55 What Senator Sorghum is most
56 Glamor boys and girls
57 Initial sack Sad Sack just can't seem to get to (two words)
59 Society of Whimsical Soupguzzlers (abbr.)
60 * (pl.)

VERTICAL

1 People make pigs of themselves eating these
2 Cackleberry shaped
3 Depend
4 Stalin Resents Spain (abbr.)
5 Very nautical point (abbr.)
6 What a good quarrel does to the emotional air
7 B.C. Walt Disney
8 Stuffed to the teeth
9 Super-snooper
10 What to say on meeting a ghost
11 Number of things on a dame's mind (figs.)
12 It makes things tick
14 What things do on a well-established back piazza (fem.)
15 Kind of task that's its own reward
20 Glamor tin
21 They speak volumes for themselves
22 Exes
23 Acts silly over the frau
24 These bargains are hard to drive
25 Men in Green Turbans
26 What gardeners get in their old age
28 Making carbon copies
29 Flying device used by football players
31 Swipe
34 These will be these, says Emily Post
36 Addresses of old-time English supermen
38 Wall Street pari-mutuel tickets
39 Wedding of two amoebae through adjoining walls
40 Double knockout
42 God's glee clubs
43 Fat stuff
45 What the early bird is more than the worm
47 "Nets to you!" cried the eel to the fisherman
48 Kind of bridge
50 Countless times
51 Kind of force the Japs learned to respect
52 Super-suds
54 Amalgamated Fussbudgets of Abyssinia (abbr.)
55 Yellow bellyband
58 Hero of famous charge account (abbr.)

P	E	A	R	■	W	A	I	T	■	D	O	R
O	T	T	O	■	I	L	K	A	■	I	N	A
S	C	H	W	E	L	L	E	N	B	A	C	H
E	■	L	E	A	D	■	■	S	I	N	E	S
I	C	E	■	T	R	A	P	■	G	A	■	■
D	A	T	E	■	O	M	E	G	A	■	E	S
O	P	E	R	A	S	■	N	I	M	B	L	E
N	E	■	R	E	E	D	S	■	Y	A	M	A
■	■	M	A	■	S	O	A	F	■	N	O	R
B	L	O	N	D	■	■	C	I	N	Q	■	C
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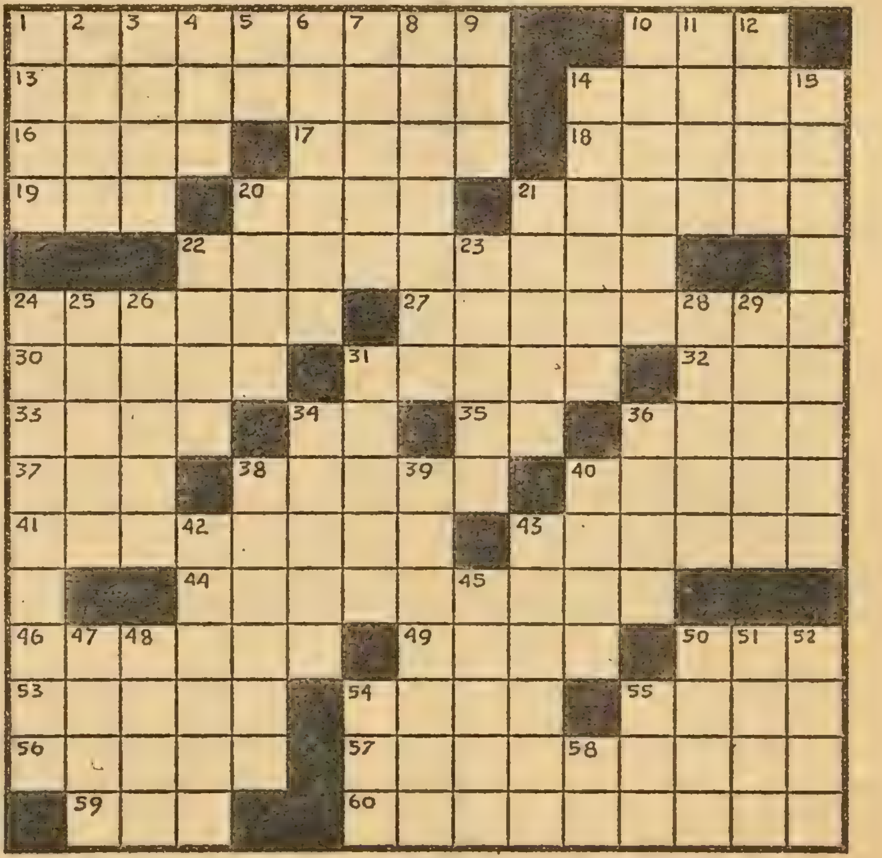
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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THE HORSE BEFORE THE COURT

Continued from Page 39

and left, promising to return as soon as he had talked with the saloon owner.

Señor Terwilliger looked very pleased when he returned a short while later. "I have good news," he said. "Mr. Riley has withdrawn his suit against you."

"Then I can get out of jail?"

"Please don't interrupt," Señor Terwilliger said with a frown. "As I was starting to explain, I convinced Mr. Riley and that fat shyster Frogg that they had no case against you, no case at all. How, I asked them, could they hold you responsible for what your horse did when Riley has admittedly given Diablo the status of a person by serving him drinks over the bar? They couldn't answer that, so there was nothing for them to do but withdraw the suit."

"Bueno! Tell Sheriff Perkins to come unlock the cell."

"But it naturally followed," Señor Terwilliger went on, "that once Diablo's status as a person was established, he himself became liable for suit. So Riley is now suing Diablo instead of you."

"Diablo has no money either."

"Be quiet, please. By the way, is Diablo over twenty-one?"

"Of course not! He is only seven."

"Too bad. Then, as he is a minor, you will have to assume guardianship and will be responsible for any misdemeanors he committed."

Juan frowned. "You say that Señor Riley is suing Diablo?"

"Exactly."

"And *I* have to stay in jail?"

"Naturally."

"I do not see that I am any better off than before."

"That is because you are not familiar with legal procedure. We have won a major point. Leave all the worry to me."

"Si," Juan said gloomily, "and you may have my place in this cell, too."

THE case came to court the following Friday. As Juan sat down at the defendant's table with Rosita and Señor Terwilliger, he looked nervously around. On the opposite side of the room, Pete Riley sat with his lawyer, J. Wellington Frogg. In the jury box were a dozen of the town's more upright citizens, and, studying them, Juan's estimate of his chances for acquittal dropped another degree. Why had such a respectable jury been picked?

Señor Terwilliger leaned over and whispered, "Here comes the judge."

Judge Flint was a large stern-looking man. He had a reputation for dispensing quick justice.

He scowled at Juan. "Well," he grunted, "so your hell-raisin' finally caught up with you. You must have really throwed a real good one this time."

"It is all a lie," Juan stuttered. "I was home in bed."

"I object!" J. Wellington Frogg cried, leaping to his feet.

Judge Flint peered at the lawyer. "What for?"

"The defendant's remarks are out of order," Frogg said pompously. "The trial hasn't started until your Honor has declared the court in session."

"You're right as rain. Shut up, Juan." The judge rapped for order. "This here court is now in session. Sheriff Perkins, if you will please collect all the spectators' firearms, open a window so's we can get some air and bring me a fly swatter, we can commence with the trial."

When these tasks had been accomplished, the judge ordered Frogg to state his client's case. Juan was amazed to learn the number of grievances for which he was allegedly responsible.

"This irresponsible person's last spree," Frogg concluded impressively, "was so debauched, so destructive, so utterly despicable and reprehensible, that my client, Mr. Pete Riley, patient man though he is, reached the limit of his forbearance; therefore he comes before this court seeking actual damages in the amount of one thousand dollars and punitive damages of nine thousand dollars against the defendant Juan Ibáñez—"

Señor Terwilliger jumped to his feet. "I object!"

"So do I," Juan muttered. "I do not have ten thousand dollars."

"Well?" Judge Flint said sourly.

"The plaintiff's suit is not against Juan Ibáñez," Terwilliger declared, "but against Diablo."

The judge looked at Frogg. "Is Terwilliger right?"

"Yes," Frogg answered impatiently, "but Mr. Ibáñez is the horse's guardian. You can't sue a minor."

"Miner? I thought Diablo was a horse."

"Actually he is," Terwilliger broke in. "But it is my contention that as he was served drinks over the bar in Mr. Riley's saloon, he thus acquired the status of a person. I also contend that it is his legal right to be present in this courtroom to face his accusers, and I demand that he be brought in before the trial proceeds any further."

Judge Flint nodded. "Sounds logical. Bring in this horse — er — defendant."

SHERIFF PERKINS left the courtroom and returned, leading Diablo.

"Is it wise to bring him in?" Juan whispered to Señor Terwilliger. "Perhaps the judge does not like horses who drink."

"Leave everything to me," Terwilliger answered.

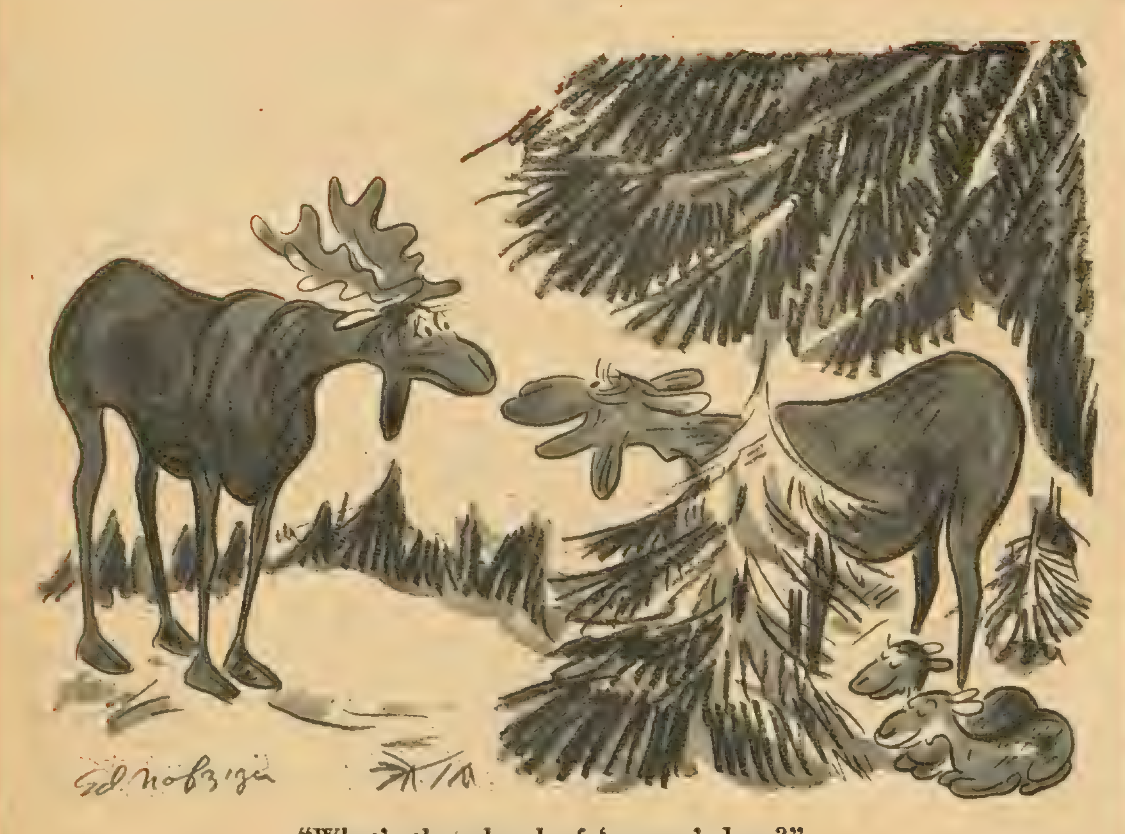
Judge Flint said curiously, "So this is the bag of bones that started all the trouble. He looks peaceable enough."

"He ain't," Pete Riley volunteered sullenly. "He's a ring-tailed devil when he gets a drink."

The judge rapped with his gavel and said, "Let's get on with the case."

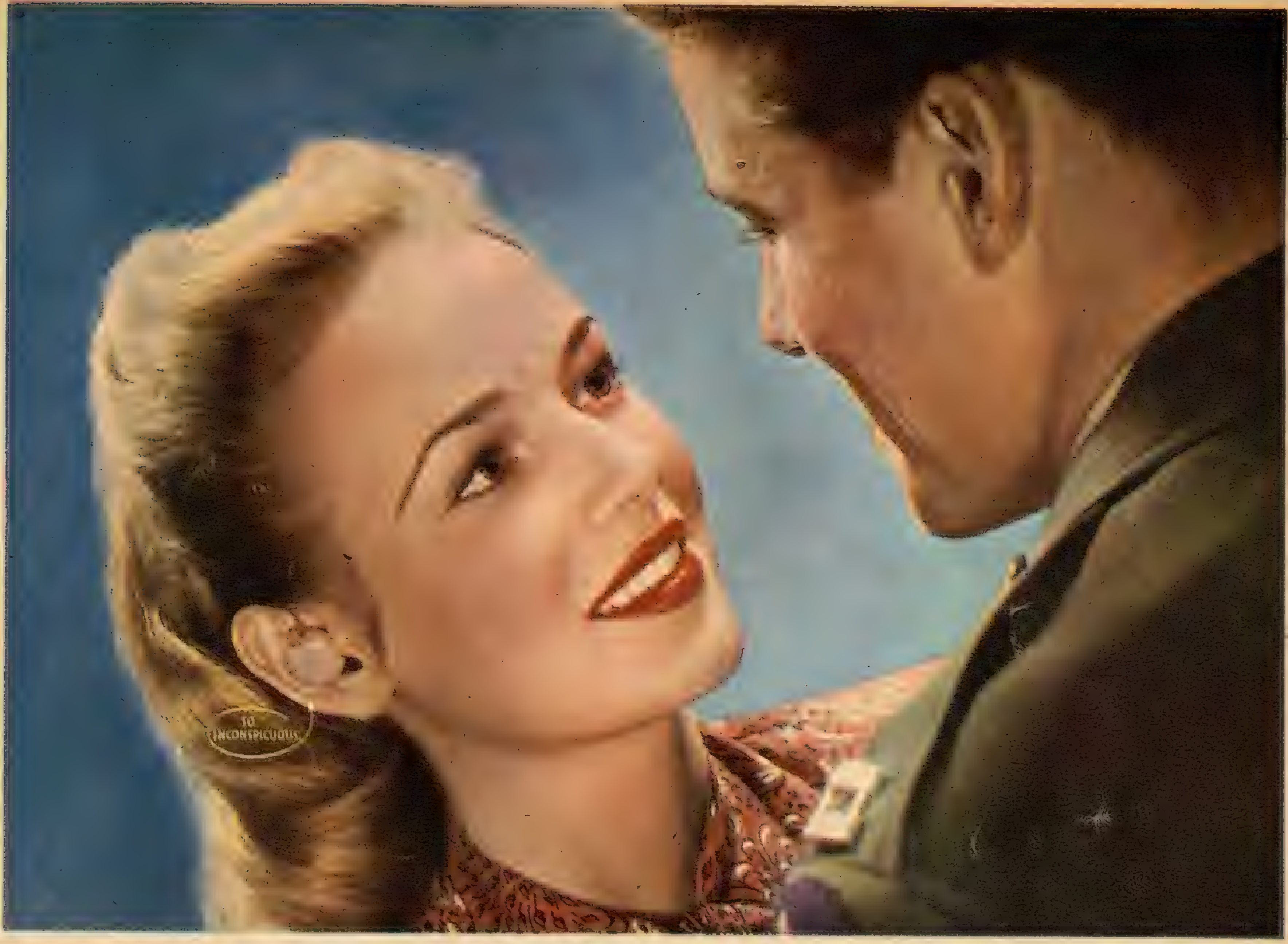
Pete Riley was the first witness to take the stand. Questioning him adroitly, Frogg brought out the more lurid details of Diablo's spree in the How Many Saloon, and Juan listened with interest. According to Riley, Diablo had entered the saloon about eight o'clock, shouldered aside two gentlemen standing at the bar, and neighed commandingly. Thinking that Juan was with the horse, Riley poured two fingers of tequila in a washbasin, added a pint of water as a chaser, and served the highball to Diablo. The horse drank it quietly enough, but when Riley learned he had no means of paying for the drink he refused to serve him further.

(Continued on page 62)



"What's the plural of 'moose,' dear?"

LIBERTY



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(*Continued from page 60*)

Diablo grew angry. Riley ordered two of his bartenders to eject him from the saloon; but when they tried it, he bit one of them on the arm and kicked the other through the swinging doors. More help was called, but Diablo successfully resisted all efforts to throw him out. Going behind the bar, he upset the cash register and then deliberately stepped on it, smashing it beyond repair. He kicked open three beer kegs. He smashed all the glassware, broke the backbar mirror, then stole sixteen quart bottles of tequila.

“JUST a minute,” Judge Flint interrupted, leaning forward. “You say he *stole* this tequila? How in tarnation did he do that?”

“Picked up the bottles in his mouth,” Riley answered, “carried ’em outside, and dropped ’em in the hoss trough. Then he stepped on ’em and busted ’em and drank out of the trough.”

“Amazing!” the judge declared.

Juan beamed with pride.

“Proceed,” the judge said to Riley.

“Well, they was a bunch of hosses tied to the hitch rail and naturally they drunk out of the trough too—”

“Well-bred, respectable horses,” Frogg pointed out, “led astray by this debauched, intoxicated animal.”

“Then,” Riley went on, “when Diablo had got all these other nags drunk, he brought ’em into my place—must have been at least a dozen of ’em, all plastered to their eyelashes. They wrecked the joint.”

Frogg unwrapped a bulky package and set its contents on the table. “I have here,” he said pompously, “evidence of this animal’s depravity and kleptomaniacal proclivities. I will prove beyond all shadow of doubt that this horse is a drunkard, a thief, and a ne’er-do-well!

“Exhibit A,” Frogg continued, lifting up the pieces of evidence one by one, “is this broken bottle taken from the horse trough. Exhibit B, a full bottle which the beast dropped into the trough but failed to break. Exhibits C, D, E, and F—five of the sixteen bottles stolen failed to break—are also full bottles, all showing Diablo’s teeth marks. Does the court need any further evidence?”

Diablo, who had dozed through the lawyer’s burst of oratory with phlegmatic indifference, opened his eyes and squinted at the table bearing the evidence. He gave a pleased snort and started across the room.

“Whoa!” Sheriff Perkins commanded, holding back on the halter.

“Order!” Judge Flint cried. “The defendant will sit—er—stand still, or be charged with contempt.”

Diablo halted, but he continued to look longingly at exhibits B, C, D, E, and F.

Pete Riley was permitted to leave the stand without cross-questioning by Terwilliger. Frogg brought up half a dozen more witnesses, all of whom were, according to him, eminently respectable gentlemen who happened to drop into the How Many Saloon for one glass of beer the night of Diablo’s spree. All solemnly corroborated Riley’s story.

WHEN the last witness had been dismissed, Judge Flint looked inquiringly at Terwilliger. “What’s the matter with you — cat got your tongue?”

Terwilliger rose, smiling. “Your Honor,” he said politely, “I have not cross-questioned any of the witnesses because I did not think it necessary. My client’s defense rests solely upon the results of a single experiment, which, with the court’s permission, I would like to perform now.”

Judge Flint frowned. “Experiment? On who?”

“On this kind-natured, gentle, mistreated horse,” Terwilliger answered, going over and putting a caressing hand on Diablo’s neck.

TOM HENDERSON

“Pop gets around pretty well for an old timer!”

LIBERTY

At the touch of the lawyer’s hand, Diablo turned his head and regarded Terwilliger mildly, but Juan knew from the contemplative look in his eyes that he was debating whether to kick him across the room now or wait a couple of minutes. “No, no, Diablo!” Juan whispered. “It is not polite for one to kick his own lawyer!”

“I propose to demonstrate,” Terwilliger continued, “that this animal was not drunk the night he wrecked Mr. Riley’s saloon. Rather, he was only righteously indignant at Mr. Riley’s attempt to force liquor upon him—”

“That ain’t so!” Riley exclaimed, leaping to his feet. “Everybody in town knows he’s nothing but a drunken sot!”

“Indeed?” Terwilliger said acidly. “*I* didn’t know it. And I’d be willing to wager that his Honor and the gentlemen of the jury, respectable citizens that they are, didn’t know it.”

To a man, the thirteen respectable citizens mentioned self-consciously shook their heads.

“I object!” Frogg broke in.

The judge rapped with his gavel and said, “Sit down, Pete. Go on with your experiment, Terwilliger.”

THE lawyer walked over to the table bearing the evidence and picked up the full bottle of tequila labeled Exhibit B. Holding it up for the courtroom to see, he said solemnly, “I contend that no horse would drink this vile liquid knowingly and deliberately. Naturally, he would take one taste, merely to ascertain the nature of the substance. This, I maintain, is what Diablo did. He came into the saloon looking for his master. To amuse himself and other degenerates like him, Mr. Riley fixed the poor horse a drink and enticed him to sip it. The taste of the foul stuff so enraged the animal that he attempted to destroy every bottle of it in sight. This explains his carrying the liquor to the trough and breaking it.”

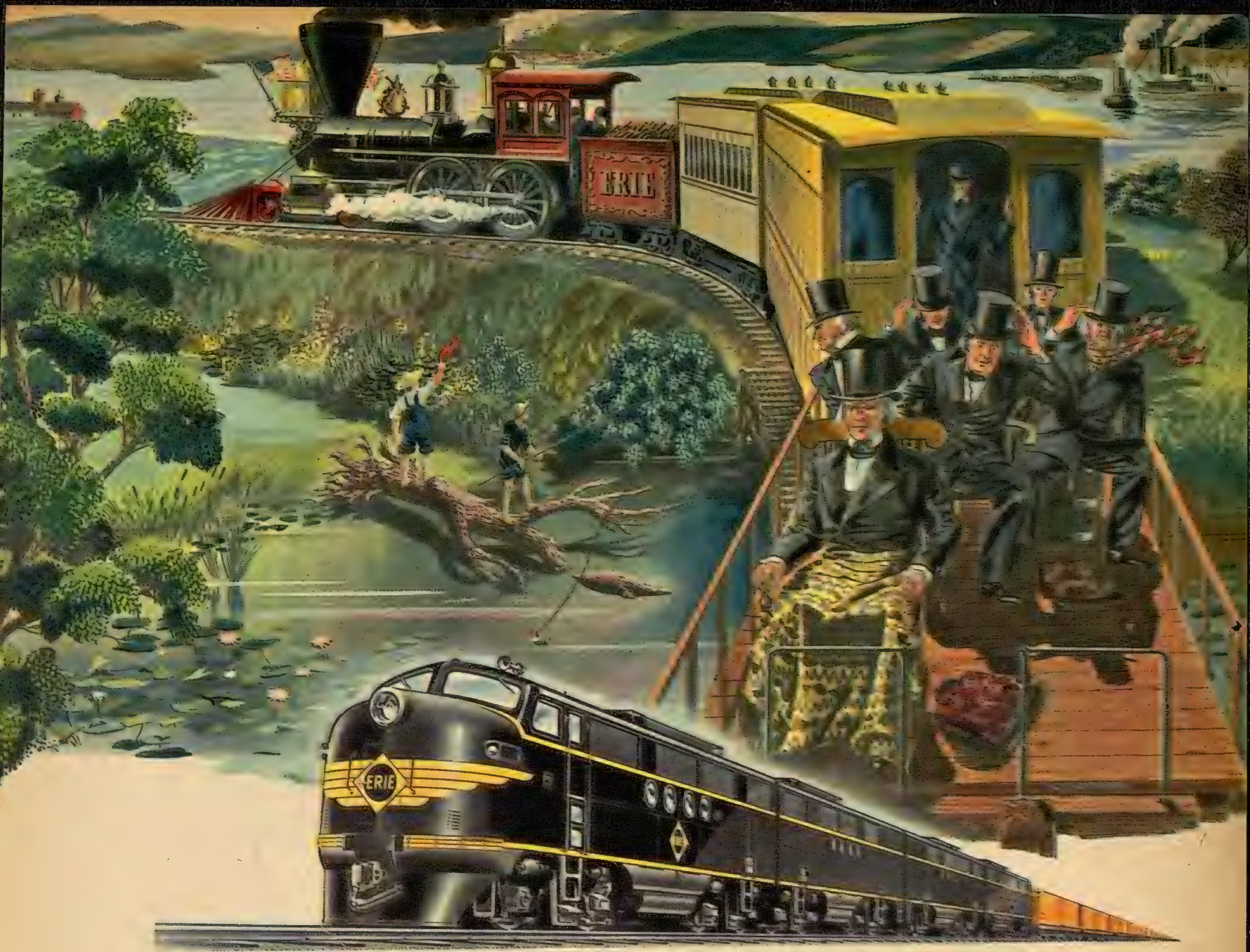
Frogg’s face was purple. “But he *drank* out of the trough!” he exploded.

“Naturally,” Terwilliger said coldly. “He wished to wash the taste of alcohol out of his mouth with a drink of good clean water. That the tequila he had dropped into the trough would pollute the water never entered his mind. After all, your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, can we expect a horse to reason things out as thoroughly as a human being would?”

Judge and jury shook their collective heads.

“So,” Terwilliger went on triumphantly, “I now propose to give Diablo a drink in the presence of this court. Thus you may all observe his reactions and will realize that his behavior in the How Many Sa-

(*Continued on page 64*)



To celebrate the opening of the then longest rail line in America, the Erie Railroad arranged a now famous junket for May 14, 1851. Included among the guests who made the 427-mile trip were President Millard Fillmore, several members of his cabinet and Daniel Webster, who is pictured here as he elected to travel.

SAMPLE OF THE NEW AND BETTER

In his hair was the snow of 69 active years—but in the heart and mind of Daniel Webster was ever-youthful eagerness to sample new and better things.

So when the Erie Railroad celebrated the opening of the first "long" rail line, he prescribed his own accommodations. Other distinguished guests could ride in coaches if they preferred—Mr. Webster would take a rocking chair on an open flatcar, so as not to miss anything new and exciting.

Were he with us today, Daniel would still find new and better things along the lines of the Erie. Heavy grades that "bottlenecked" freight movements for a long time, have bowed down before General Motors Diesel locomotives—and long strings of freight cars now move with dependable on-time regularity without split-up between Chicago and Jersey City.

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(Continued from page 62)

"Sorry, only one customer to a drink."

LIBERTY

loon was caused not by intoxication but by righteous anger." Terwilliger paused dramatically, then said to the judge, "Your Honor, do I have your permission to proceed?"

"I object!" Frogg screamed.

"Madre de Dios!" Juan muttered, blanching at the thought of Diablo taking a drink in the present surroundings, "so do I!"

"Order!" Judge Flint said, rapping with his gavel. He nodded to Terwilliger. "Go on with your experiment. It ought to be interesting. Can't say that I ever seen a horse take a drink before."

A WASHBASIN and a bucket of water were procured and brought into the courtroom. Juan managed to catch Terwilliger's eye. "Well?" the lawyer asked impatiently.

"I do not think it wise to give Diablo a drink."

"Nonsense. One little drink never hurt any horse."

"But you do not know Diablo. He will not stop at one."

"See here," Terwilliger snapped, "either you let me handle this case my way or else I shall drop it at once."

"Be quiet, Juan," Rosita said sharply. "Señor Terwilliger knows what he is doing."

Juan gave a fatalistic shrug. "*Bueno.* But I think he will be sorry."

The spectators in the courtroom, the judge, and the twelve gentlemen of the jury leaned forward in scientific curiosity as they watched Terwilliger pour a pint of water into the washbasin. Diablo's interest was no less intent.

"Note," Terwilliger said as he uncorked Exhibit B, "how closely the horse watches me. That is because he is thirsty for a drink of pure wholesome water. Now I will add the tequila, which, to this poor animal, looks just like water." Terwilliger added the tequila. "Now I will offer the vile mixture to the horse. Note with what innocence he approaches it, little realizing what poison it contains."

THE courtroom held its collective breath while Diablo lowered his muzzle into the washbasin. He drank. Then he lifted his head, kicked up his heels and nickered.

"See!" Terwilliger exclaimed in triumph. "He is showing his disgust for the drink."

"Disgust nothin'," Riley muttered. "He wants another one."

Diablo squinted at the bottle in Terwilliger's hand and then nudged the empty washbasin toward the lawyer.

"Whoa!" Sheriff Perkins grunted.

"Look!" Terwilliger cried. "He is getting angry. See how he pushes the basin away? Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, I maintain that any man who would mistreat a defenseless horse by serving him this vile poison, as Mr. Riley did, is without scruples. Furthermore—"

Diablo turned and tried to bite the sheriff. "Whoa!" Perkins commanded.

"I object!" Frogg blurted.

"Furthermore, I bring to the attention of this court the fact that Diablo is not yet twenty-one years of age—which makes Mr. Riley guilty of contributing to the delinquency of a minor. This horse—who, I must remind the court, has legally been given the status of a person—is only seven years old. How would you like—please restrain the animal, sheriff—for such a man as Mr. Riley to entice your seven-year-old son into his saloon and force him to take a drink?"

"That's a lie!" Riley shouted.

Diablo kicked at the sheriff. Perkins fell backward into the jury box. "Order!" Judge Flint cried.

Diablo made a lunge for Terwilliger, who prudently dropped the bottle and fled. Swerving around, Diablo struck the table and Exhibits C, D, E, and F fell to the floor.

"My tequila!" Riley moaned.

"Help!" Frogg squeaked as the table fell on him.

"See!" Terwilliger cried from his place of safety behind an overturned desk. "He hates the stuff so much that he is trying to destroy every bit of it!"

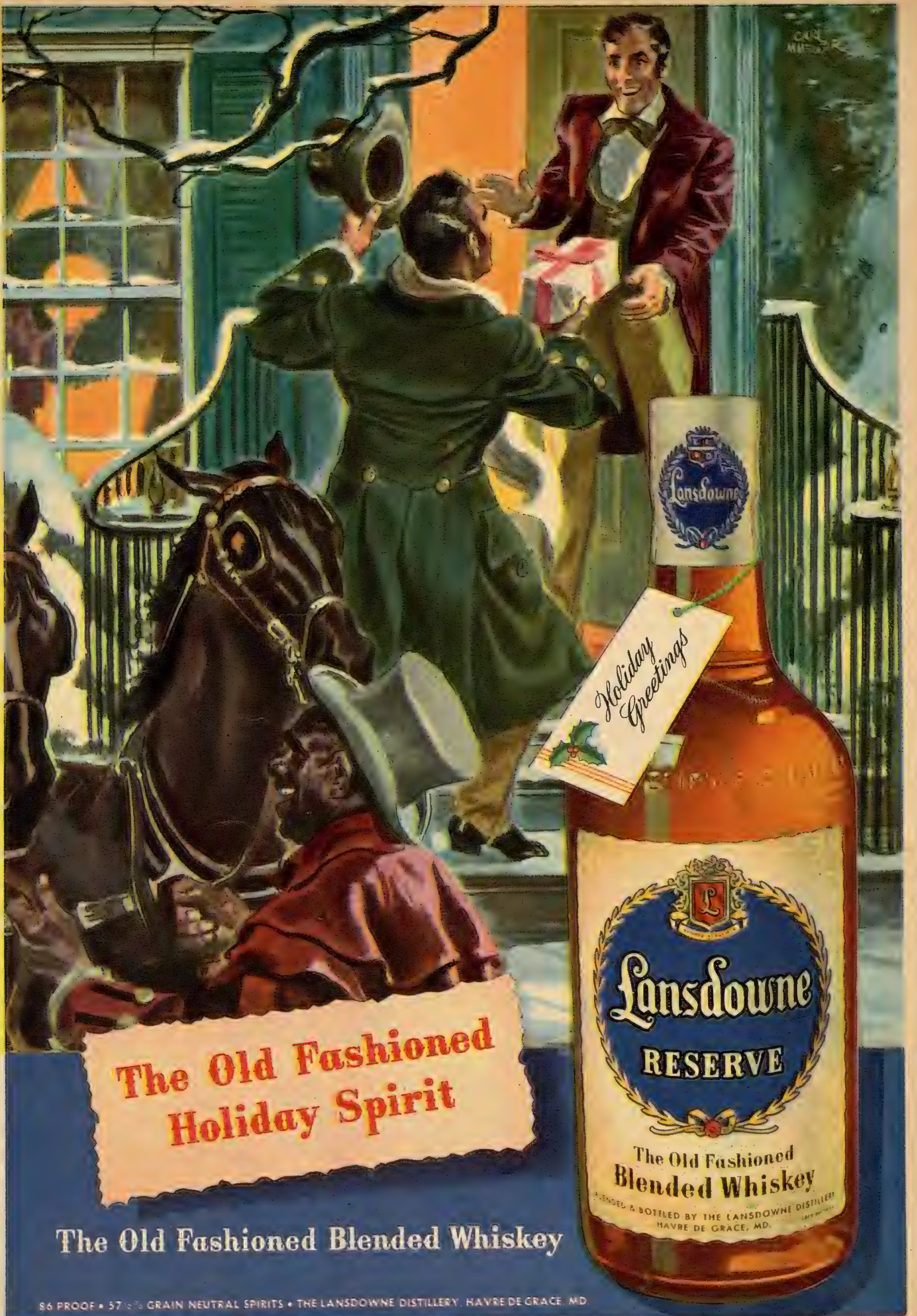
Diablo picked up a bottle in his mouth, dropped it into the washbasin and lunged down upon it with both forefeet. Miscalculating, he missed the basin and his feet went through the flimsy wooden floor.

"Order!" commanded the judge.

(Continued on page 66)

"Well, at least he's quit begging!"

LIBERTY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(*Continued from page 64*)

"Sheriff, arrest that horse for disorderly conduct."

"He's already under arrest for it," Sheriff Perkins observed.

"Then release him! He's wrecking my courtroom."

"How can I release him when I can't even catch him?"

Terwilliger shook a triumphant fist. "An excellent example of what happens when an inhumane person tries to poison an innocent horse. See how indignant he is!"

"He's drunk!" Frogg croaked.

"Indignant!"

"Shut up!" Judge Flint bellowed. 'Sheriff, get that animal out of this courtroom!"

"What animal?" Perkins stalled.

The judge looked pleadingly at Juan, who for the past several minutes had been cringing lower into his chair. "Juan," he begged, "can you get him out of here?"

Juan got to his feet with an uncertain shrug. "I can try."

He walked toward Diablo, who was nosing discontentedly among broken fragments of glass for something to wet his tongue. "Quiet, my little grasshopper," he murmured. "The judge does not want you to play any more."

Diablo turned and leered at him, then, apparently deciding that a noisy courtroom was no place for a respectable horse to enjoy a quiet drink, picked up Exhibit D and stalked with dignity down the aisle toward the door. No one raised a hand to stop him. When he had gone, a relieved, grateful silence fell on the courtroom, broken only by Señor Terwilliger's resonant voice:

"Gentlemen, I rest my case."

IT was a beautiful night, cool and pleasant, and as Juan sat with his arm around Rosita watching the moon rise, he felt at peace with the world. How good it was to be out of jail, free of the worry of damage suits by vindictive saloon owners. But one thing still puzzled him.

"Rosita," he asked, "why did they call it a 'hung' jury when nobody was hung?"

"Because, foolish one, that is the *Americano* name for it when people do not agree on a matter of justice. You see, it was this way . . ."

Then Rosita went on to explain how, from the evidence presented, half the jury was positive that Diablo was a wicked, vicious drunkard who should be jailed for life, while the other half was just as positive that he was an upright, morally pure horse led astray by an unscrupulous human. How people could get such different conclusions from the same evidence Juan could not understand, but Rosita said that this was what the *Americanos* called seeing two sides of the same question.

He pondered deeply upon it for some time, then lifted his shoulders in a tired shrug. He did not care if the jury did get hung.

THE END

SCRIPT TEASE

Continued from Page 19

millionaire to keep him from throwing himself away on a woman twice his age and weight.

On some occasions the pair have created unexpected reactions with their imaginary products. One—Dr. Quack's Slim Jim Reducing Pills—achieved wide publicity. For several mornings Joe and Ralph ballyhooed the pill with fantastic sketches about the fat woman trapped in a telephone booth for a month and who had to be fed through a straw; the white-suited gent who looked like a creamery truck and was arrested for not wearing a license—all this because they had never heard of the marvelous Slim Jim Pill.

As a corrective, they offered a trial package of Dr. Quack's reducer for a limited time only at a dollar a clip. Within the week so many dollar-bearing letters arrived at the studio, addressed to Dr. Quack, it was necessary to assign a special clerk to the job of returning the cash.

Mistakes, or "fluffs," as they are called on the airways, happen here, too. The one Joe recalls best cost them a client, temporarily.

The team was hard at work extolling the virtues of a new model electric range. All you did was drop a nickel in the slot for lovely music and so on. Then Joe says Ralph said, and Ralph says Joe said, "from then on, it's just like cooking with gas."

All of this sales-sense nonsense takes place in a tenth-floor studio in the Guaranty Trust Building in Windsor, over the river from Detroit. The studio door is always open while the act is on.

Gentile and Binge work from a four-by-four-foot dance platform which doubles as the chief prop for walking, running, stomping, and banging effects. Sometimes a portable radio is tuned in to other stations, so patrons can be assured "you will never miss a thing when you are tuned in on us."

The phone will ring in the middle of an act and the conversation will be immediately put into the routine. One morning the president of the University of Michigan—A. G. Ruthven, a long-time fan—called to see if they would say something about a horse that had wandered away from the stable. Before the morning was over, the horse was back in his stall.

A listener recognized the straying animal from the description and got in touch with the Ruthvens.

Zasu Pitts, Ralph Bellamy, Alec Templeton, and Constance Bennett have been on the program. Frank Sinatra not only came but sang. Bing Crosby couldn't keep a promised date, but he made up for it by playing golf with the pair.

Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson were intrigued by two of the Gentile-Binge "inventions"—the Tickleodeon device which has eccentrics with brushes under the armpits and is operated by a pocket battery so you will always laugh at the boss's jokes; and the Whipping Rather Than machine, for people who would rather take a whipping than do something else.

After the performance, Olsen paid Joe and Ralph what they feel is the greatest professional compliment they have ever received.

"You are amazing," Olsen said. "We rehearse a gag for weeks before we put it into a show. You start a skit and neither of you knows what the other may say, yet it comes out good."

Although they get frequent offers for outside appearances, Joe and Ralph do most of their extracurricular work "for free."

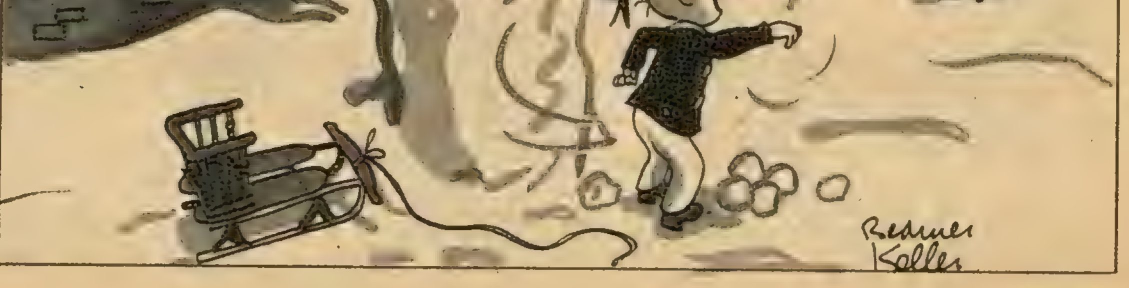
"It's hard work to be crazy, even if you are an *artiste*," says Ralph.

"Yes," adds Joe, "and we are really *artistes*. Spelled with an 'e.' Don't forget that. It says so right in our contract. Not announcers, but artistes, with an 'e.'"

And, they want it further understood, when you hear Happy Joe and Ralph "you are listening to CKLW—no other station can make that claim."

THE END

HARDTACK



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EXPERTS AT RAISING THE ROOF

Continued from Page 21

horns in the insistence by many union leaders that the rate of production be held to the level of the laziest and most incompetent workmen. In a recent strike, which left 10,000 painters idle in New York at the height of the moving season, Louis Weinstock, secretary-treasurer of the local, had this to say:

"Every painter in Manhattan and the Bronx is off the job, and that also goes for shipyard work. We demand the ejection of foremen and members who use speed-up tactics. If any man dares to do more than the standard of production, we want him thrown out of the union."

Being thrown out of the union is a serious thing to the building-trades man in any metropolitan center. Unless he has his card he can work on no job being done by a member of the Employers' Association.

All construction jobs in a big city are regularly patrolled by agents of the unions, who make certain that no nonunion men are working on them. Union men on the job also are provided with grievance blanks which are sent to the Trades Council. Dozens of these reports are received daily by a Council office such as New York's. If a nonunion man is the reason for the complaint, he is thrown off the job; otherwise every union man packs up and goes home.

Wages in the building trades are high. Bricklayers get $14, carpenters $13, for a seven-hour day, and work a five-day week, with double time for overtime and all holidays. Wages in the rest of the trades run about the same.

A building craftsman must serve two years' apprenticeship in some crafts and as much as five years in others before he is entitled to journeyman's wages. He must pay an initiation fee of as much as $100 and rarely less than $25 to join the union.

UNION dues are high, too, quite out of proportion to those in other unions. They range from $2 a month to $6, with the average about $3.50. Most other unions demand about $1 a month from members and very few ask more than $1.50. Under A.F.L. organization, the bulk of this money remains with the local chapter. For example, in the cement finishers' union, monthly dues are $4.50. Only $1 of this is sent to the International treasury, which in turn passes on a portion to the A.F.L. treasury.

Wages and traveling funds of the men who patrol scattered jobs comprise the chief expense of the local unions. A building-trades union usually employs one man, full time, at about $75 a week, plus expenses, for each 150 of its membership. The unions also provide death benefits for their members.

The Trades Council in New York certainly is not wealthy. The salaries of its three full-time officials total less than $15,000 a year.

The Employers' Association, fully aware of the need for a constant supply of skilled men, has contributed much money and equipment to the maintenance of the apprentice system, and has worked harder than any organization to build up vocational training courses in the public schools. In its dealings with the unions in late years, it has exercised sympathy and patience. The employers learned this lesson as long ago as 1903, when the fearful abuses practiced by the contractors of that period brought on a strike which lasted, in some crafts, for nearly two years.

At that time the building craftsman was exploited in the fashion of the day, which is to say, shamefully. The only way a bricklayer could find a job was to follow the wagons that hauled bricks from the North River docks to a building site. There a hiring manager could be found in the nearest corner saloon. Out of a dozen men who had been up before daybreak and had trudged for miles after the wagons, he would pick two or three. Payday, every two weeks, was also in the corner saloon, a privilege for which the proprietor had generously rewarded the contractor's man. The saloonkeeper did not lose by the deal, except on those not infrequent occasions when the

(*Continued on page 90*)

ADVERTISEMENT

Eric Ericson

"Why did I ever bet him a bottle of Pepsi-Cola!"

THE MAN IN THE STREET

Continued from Page 33

murmured appreciatively. "Your spontaneous, forthright manner indicates you are a man of direct action, so I won't waste your time. I have a proposition to offer you, Mr.—"

"Fleishkopf."

"Yes, of course. Now then. I'm changing the format of my program. Instead of permitting people to discuss any idea that pops into their damn-fool—into their heads, we intend to ask specific questions relating to emotional and world problems of the day. To show that we value serious thinking, we will pay ten dollars to everyone who answers our questions."

Dr. Swift pounded Albert's skinny knee. "Do you get the significance of it? We go to the legendary man in the street for the answers to questions that occupy all men of good will. We are a tremendous force for molding public opinion. By holding these forums on a different, unannounced street corner each night, we not only create enormous popular interest, but we tap an accurate cross section of public opinion."

"Revolutionary," Albert said.

"Precisely. Now here is how we envision your function to the program, Mr.—." Albert let it pass. "Your performance tonight demon-

(*Continued on page 70*)

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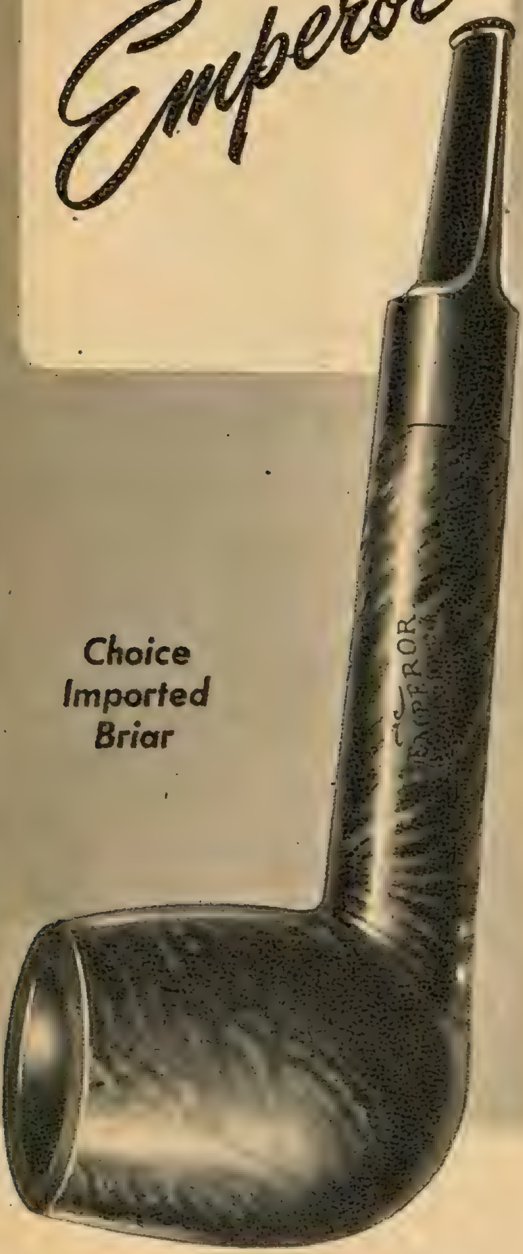

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(Continued from page 68)

strated that you are a man who has given profound thought to world affairs. You have social consciousness. You can be invaluable as a liaison between me and the man in the street. We want you as our consultant in helping us improvise the questions to be asked. We are, of course, prepared to pay you a retainer for your services." Dr. Swift pursed his lips. "Would a satisfactory figure be, let us say, thirty dollars a week?"

"Every week?" Albert asked incredulously.

"Every week," Dr. Swift said firmly. "Here is my card. See me tomorrow and we can complete the details."

Albert left the car, walking in cadence to celestial music. Daisy and Willie approached.

"Go away, you crumbs," Albert said dreamily. "I am the man in the street. I got social consciousness."

The lonely vigil Daisy and Willie were keeping the next evening was broken by Albert, partially obscured behind an impressively laden tray, waving gladsome welcome across the cafeteria. With wistful deference, Daisy and Willie moved their cups to make room at the table for Albert.

In respectful silence they watched him unload a concoction identifiable as stew, and a bottle of beer. Albert looked at the solitary cups in front of his comrades. He smiled benignly and tossed his check on the table.

"Get yourself a sandwich and a fresh cup of coffee. A sandwich apiece." They stared at him in disbelief.

When Daisy and Willie returned, Albert was putting a high polish on his plate with a piece of bread.

"Did you hit a winner?" Daisy blurted.

"Horses," Albert said with a deprecatory wave of the hand. "You think that's all I got on my mind? I got me a winner every day in the week now." He paused for effect. "I got a regular job with a salary."

"No!" Daisy squealed.

"Yes," Albert said.

"I knew it," Daisy said. "You look so prosperous already."

"I shaved today," Albert said modestly, fingering his snap-on bow tie.

"It's a very important job," Albert went on in response to a question nobody asked. "A job with great social significance. I impoverish the questions Dr. Swift, the famed analyzer of public opinion, asks on his radio program. I am his lesion with the man in the street."

"Is that good?" Daisy asked.

"Good? For fifty a week, every week?" Albert said, automatically awarding himself a raise.

"A nice dollar," Willie conceded, "but you ain't gonna make them open a new betting window at the tracks at those prices."

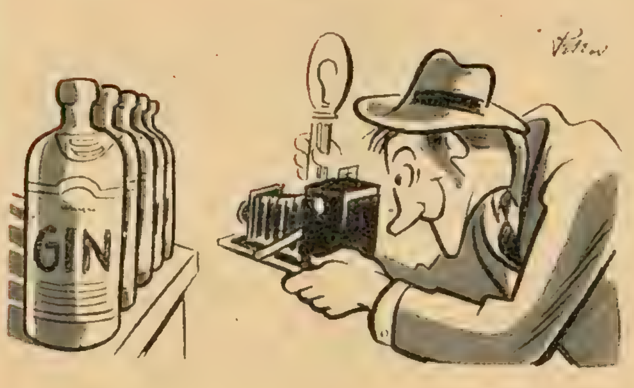
"There are other angles that will make me positively lousy with money," Albert said blandly. "The program is held on a different street corner every night, and the people what happen to be hanging around, accidentally like, get ten bucks apiece for answering one question. Get it?"

Willie squinted. "You plant the stiffs that answer the questions and take a cut of their dough," he said slowly.

"Precisely. Allowing for introductions, commercials, and that kind of junk, the program actually runs thirteen minutes. We give a minute and a half, tops, for each question. I got this down to a science. That means eight people a night. Maybe nine, if I ask short questions, but leave us not be greedy. Say eight people a night, six nights a week."

"How much of a bite do you put on the stiffs?" Willie asked.

"It will be on a strictly high-class, ethical basis," Albert said. "A radio agent is entitled to twenty per cent of his client's dough. I looked it up.



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

SCHNAPPS-SHOTS: Photos of Holland-gin bottles.

BERTHDAY: Pullman porter's anniversary.

OARDEAL: Washington crossing the Delaware.

HARLEMQUIN: Bill Robinson.

TERMIGHT: A white ant's strength.

ANGRYSTURA: Bitter bitters.

MAYONNEIGHS: Dressing for an oat salad.

COAKS: To try to get acorns to grow.

ALAS! PIRIN: Shucks! No headache remedy!

TWIGWAM: Branch tepee.

I get two bucks from each stiff. Sixteen bucks a night, six nights a week. In rough numbers, a hundred a week. Plus my salary."

"A gold mine," Daisy breathed.

"I am not one of those crumbs who forgets old friends," Albert said, turning to Willie. "I am cutting you in. I give you the concession for furnishing the stiffs."

"At how much per head?" Willie asked briskly.

"A quarter a head is a fair price."

"Highway robbery!" Willie yelped in outrage. "I do all the dirty work and you—"

Albert held up his hand imperiously. "Do you have the timidity to compare your work with mine? Besides, what work is it for you? All the stiffs you need you can find at the track without interfering with your own business. They hang on street corners anyway, so you tell them where to stand. For this they collect ten dollars—less my commission and your service charge. They net seven seventy-five for a minute and a half. Is that bad?"

"But a quarter a head—" Willie protested.

"Do you know what that means?" Albert continued glibly. "Eight quarters a day buys a two-dollar ticket every day at the track. The ticket might win, maybe the daily double. It's like finding money."

Willie wavered and Albert knew he had his man.

ALBERT smiled affectionately upon Daisy. "Who would of thought," he mused aloud, "that only twenty-four hours ago I would leave this here very cafeteria and find fame and fortune in the street?"

"And that we could get married," Daisy said with stars in her eyes.

Albert choked on his cigarette. "Married?" he said bleakly.

"Why, sure, now that you have a steady job and all. Ever since we've been intendeds, isn't that what you've been saying?"

"Yeah, I know, baby, but this is an extra-special job," Albert said desperately. "I got to give it all my thoughts. It—it wouldn't be fair to you if all the time I'm thinking of the man in the street."

"Most men are married," Daisy said relentlessly. "They got time to think. How many hours a day can you think, anyway?"

"Of a girl like you, twenty-four hours a day," Albert said winsomely. "That's the trouble. My head would be in the clouds. My feet wouldn't touch the ground. I would lose contact with my public. I would be throwing down Dr. Swift."

Daisy began to sniffle stentoriously. "Dr. Swift means more to you than me," she said.

In his newly found eminence, the prospect of becoming embroiled in a public scene horrified Albert. "Just wait a few weeks, maybe a few months, baby," he pleaded. "First let me convince myself and the world I can do this job. After all, I'm not a cinch. Maybe I'm too smart for the public. Maybe the questions I ask will be over their heads."

The tinkling of wedding bells pealing persistently in Daisy's inner ear was the only discordant note in Albert's life. Dr. Swift's program was gaining the enthusiastic support of church and civic groups as a result of the searching questions propounded by Albert. Through the stiffs recruited by Willie, Dr. Swift's Street Forum fearlessly and unequivocally condemned wife-beating, exploitation of the underprivileged, insults to the flag, threats to the sanctity of the American home, and idle hands as the devil's workshop.

But all was not sweetness and light. Willie was a hair shirt Albert wore in the guise of friendship with philosophy and forbearance. Albert was obliged to lecture Willie repeatedly on the sweet uses of honesty. Willie had inspired ideas for selling the pickpocket concession at Dr. Swift's broadcasts and for promoting snide schemes to sell through the program stock which would not have been serviceable for wallpaper.

Albert was regarding himself with expanding awe and his shrinking income with increasing indifference. Although Dr. Swift had raised his salary to thirty-five dollars a week when he shrewdly arranged a meeting of the Forum next to the première of a Bing Crosby picture, leading Dr. Swift to the assumption that the mob scene was a tribute to the broadcast, Albert's two-dollar commissions were dwindling. Too many unsolicited citizens were fighting the stiffs for the microphone and were reluctant to relinquish it.

He brought a Messianic zeal to his work; he was a man with a message in the mouths of others. A scathing denunciation of high taxes uttered by the stiffs, who stumbled unerringly over the long words, preceded by a few hours a prepared statement from the Treasury Department which asserted that a new and lower tax rate was under consideration. The day after a stirring plea for international co-operation was voiced on the program, the Secretary of State made the same plea over a coast-to-coast network.

There was only one storm signal, no larger than a woman's hand, on Albert's horizon. The hand belonged to Daisy.

"People are talking," she told him.

"About what or whom?" Albert asked loftily.

"About us," Daisy said with a catch in her throat. "They are saying I'm a—a fallen woman."

"Daisy! Watch your language!" Albert said severely. "Think of your surroundings, and, anyway, what has this got to do with me? I ain't seen you in weeks."

"Ain't it the truth," Daisy said hollowly. "That's what Mr. Gloober is saying."

"And who is Mr. Gloober?"

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"I'm dating an All-American end. He won't have missed a tackle for two years . . . until tonight!"

Make a date with a real champion. Meet up with a big bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions" — tomorrow morning.

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SPEIDEL CORP., PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

"The landlord. He is also the Sunday-school treasurer. He is a very strict man and now he wants that we should move. Everybody on the block is talking."

"Why don't you pay your rent?"

"Money is no objection, Albert. Mr. Gloober says he does not want any tenants that do not live right."

"So why bother my head with a narrow-minded landlord? Go find another apartment!"

"You just don't find another apartment these days," Daisy chided him gently. "A landlord today is like a king. You don't know what goes on with poor people any more."

Daisy's accusation found a vulnerable spot in Albert's conscience. He suddenly realized she was absolutely correct. He ate in restaurants instead of cafeterias, he rode in taxicabs and not the subway, he patronized the five-dollar window at the race track. He had indeed lost touch with the man in the street.

"I give you my word, baby, I am all eyes and ears to your problem," he said humbly. "Why does Mr. Gloober want you to move?"

"He thinks I'm a—a you know what. I've tried to tell him we're only intendeds, but Mr. Gloober says no self-respecting girl would live in the same house with a man if she ain't married."

"Are you?" Albert asked hopefully.

"You should know, Albert. Mr. Gloober thinks you're the man."

"Whatever gave him that cockeyed idea?" Albert cried. "Is he your brother or mine that he should be our keepers? I can get character witnesses to prove my relationships with you are strictly on the up-and-up."

"Mr. Gloober don't believe it," Daisy sighed. "He heard the first time you was on the air. He heard me give my address for you."

ALBERT clapped his forehead. "That was your own responsibility on your own head!"

"I couldn't let you stand there like a dope and tell the whole world you was sleeping in the park," Daisy said.

"Better the park than this."

"Would marrying me be such a hardship?" Daisy demanded.

"Who said anything about marrying?"

"Mr. Gloober. He says if you don't clear the good name of our block, he will expose you."

"On my sacred word, baby, I will do the right thing by your block, but Dr. Swift and the program—"

"Dr. Swift, the program. You can lump them, with my compliments. You talk like the program was the sermon from the mountain, or something."

"Public opinion is the voice of the people," Albert said. "What's one landlord's opinion against millions of others?"

"Then ask the public what it thinks about love," Daisy retorted.

(*Continued on page 74*)

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
120
100
80
70
65
140
55
170
175
525
200
HOWARD
475
250
425
350
300

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★ The blade that revolutionized double edge shaving! Made by the secret 6NX Process, it takes an edge steel has never taken before—giving extra keenness, longer life. Discover this new experience in shaving comfort today!

Star Division, American Safety Razor Corporation, Bklyn., N. Y.

(Continued from page 72)

Albert was caught in the toils of an inspiration. "I accept the challenge," he said. "I will go to the public tomorrow night and ask what it thinks about love. I will make you a bargain to reside by its decision."

Albert labored with cunning and resourcefulness on his plans and in the clear cold light of the early morning proclaimed them good. Having decided upon the water front as the locale least likely to attract women and unrehearsed stiffs, it required little effort to convince Dr. Swift that it would be an amusing, diverting novelty to have longshoremen, with hair on their chests, discuss the tenderest emotion in their native habitat.

Reluctant to entrust Willie with the selection of the stiffs, Albert personally supervised the casting of the roles in the drama. Although his standards were rigorous, he persevered until he found eight horseplayers at the track who confessed they had once attended high school. Working on this firm foundation of mental attainment, Albert carefully rehearsed them between races in the proper answers to his artful questions. At the end of this siege, Albert was satisfied he was the master of the situation.

ROLLING toward the water front in the cool of the evening, Albert was at singular peace with the world and his conscience. He envisioned Daisy sitting at her radio, her heart breaking into a thousand small pieces. The script he clutched fondly would tell her, gently but irrevocably, that the integrity of some men's souls impelled them to renounce sweet, cloying love for dedication to a loftier purpose.

This pleasant reverie was rudely disturbed by a sudden uproar.

The isolated pier he had chosen for the broadcast now was swarming with people, all of them women. Albert looked around wildly for his hand-picked stiffs. He saw them huddled together protectively on the far side of the street, confronted by a phalanx of Amazons armed with brooms, mops, and carpet beaters which they were brandishing with formidable determination.

Albert rose and exhorted the stiffs to rally round him. An angry chorus advised him to sit down and sheddup. A stale vegetable squashed against the truck as if to punctuate the command. Albert sat down. The microphone was set up, and the women, moving with purposeful premeditation, engulfed it.

The program commenced, and Albert, from the lower depths of despair, heard his splendid leading questions answered with foul distortions and cruel misinterpretations. Red-faced perspiring ladies brazenly asserted man's predestined happiness was contingent upon a state of marital bliss. Albert was helpless to halt their foolish prattle.

(Continued on page 76)

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appearing in
"DUFFY'S TAVERN"
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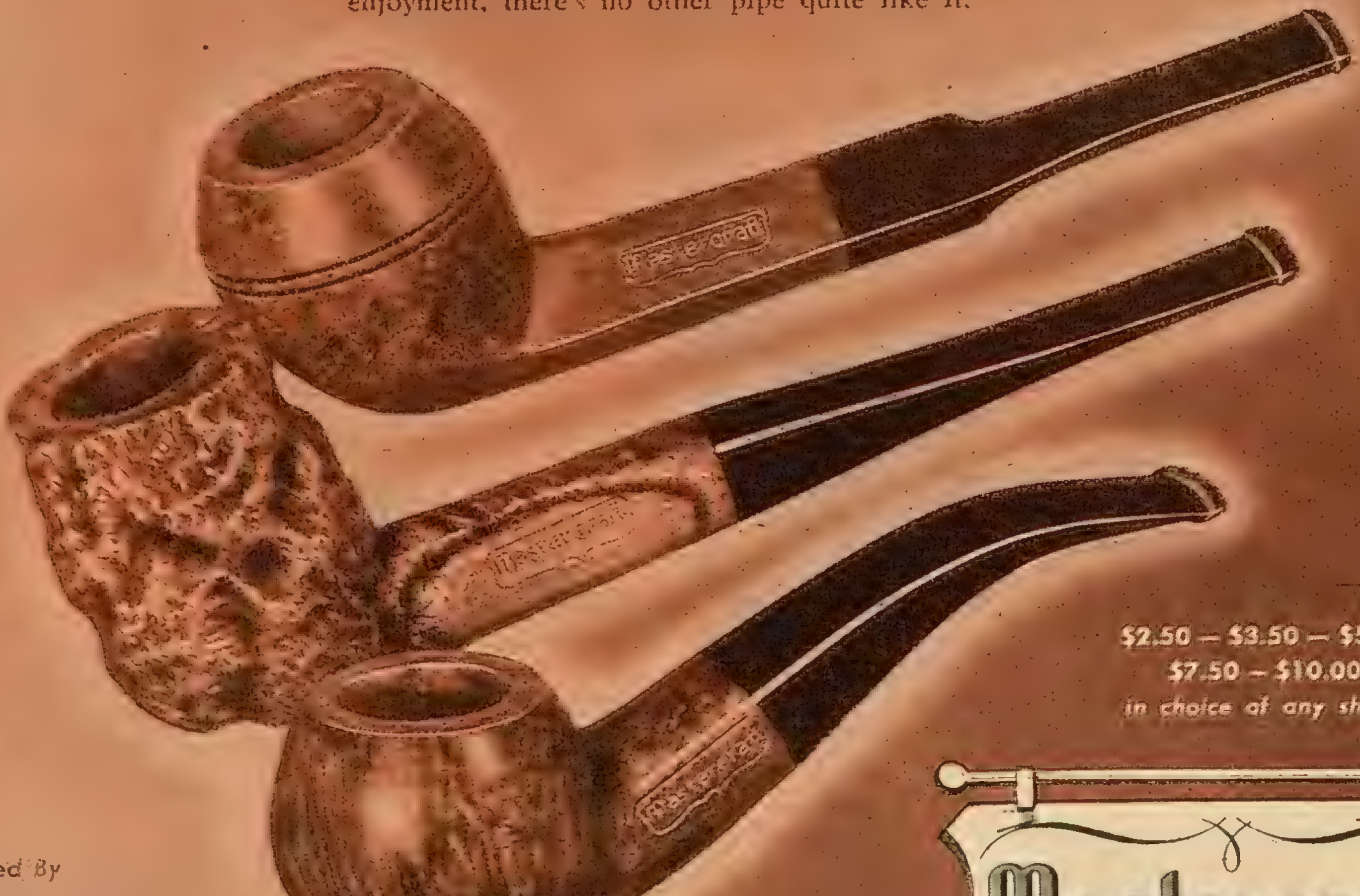

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UNITED DISTILLERS (of America) LTD.
Baltimore, Maryland

(*Continued from page 74*)

There was a scraping of feet as the program built inexorably to the sock payoff: What goals have given life sublime meaning to men throughout the ages? Albert ventured a peek at the crowd. He saw the massed women breaking ground to make a path to the microphone. Daisy, dressed somberly in black, was nearing the microphone upon the arm of a short round party Albert instinctively identified as Mr. Gloober.

The script fell through his nerveless hands to the floor.

The announcer asked Daisy the climactic question. Albert closed his eyes and wept silently for his vanishing freedom.

"All man wants," Daisy said shyly, "is jobs, security, a home, and kiddies, if you'll pardon the expression. This he can get only with the help of a good, unnerstanding woman, especially the kiddies."

Albert bolted upright as the crowd squealed its unrestrained acclaim of these sentiments. He recognized the sonorous ring of a great cosmic truth in her sweet simple words. It was true.

WITH a happy wordless cry, Albert bounded from the truck and embraced Daisy.

"I have been a blind swine," he said. "Forgive me, baby."

"You ain't mad on me?" Daisy asked in wonderment.

"For what? I am ecstatic. On my sacred word."

"And you ain't mad on Willie either for telling me the place and the questions? Willie was only trying to do the right thing by everybody and prove to his girl friend that she should go back to her husband. Honest, you sure that you ain't mad?"

Albert bestowed a wet noisy kiss upon Daisy's cheek. The ladies shrilled falsetto encouragement of his ardor.

"I am a servant to public opinion," he murmured in her ear. "Their whim is my command."

"Ain't it grand what perfect strangers will do for you?" she breathed.

"You don't know all of these dames?"

"They are Mr. Gloober's tenants. Like I said, a landlord these days has power of life and death, and Mr. Gloober told them nobody gets their leases renewed unless they come here tonight and show you the error of your ways."

Albert sighed. "A tough break. I can collect my commission only from you."

Daisy stiffened in his arms. "Why, you cheap, no-good—"

Albert smeared her lipstick with his finger.

"Shush, baby. The public. Don't worry, you'll get value received for your two dollars. It's for the license."

THE END

NOT TOUGH ENOUGH

Continued from Page 41

and deliberately. He did not taste it. "When did this happen?"

"A year—a year and a half ago. His luck run out. He can't draw no cards, he can't throw nothin' but twos and threes on the dice, the favorites win at all the tracks. Jimmy is flat on his back. So he tries to phony a couple of checks and the police grab him. Five to ten years."

Mickey's legs were suddenly weak. Pete looked at him. "Jimmy owe you any money, Mick?"

Mickey shrugged. "A few bucks."

A few bucks. Ten thousand of them. His end of the light-plane business. The carefully planned future.

He said, "I'll see you later, Pete," and went out and started crosstown to the Goodnight Club.

It was easy to remember the night he had loaned Summers the money. It had been in his dressing room, an hour after the Sonnyboy fight. Summers was a gambling man of more than middling stature, a pocketful-of-money man who had also been a friend. He had offered his condolences. "I took a beating myself," he'd said. "Sixty thousand down the drain. But tomorrow's another day." And he had asked for ten thousand that would get him into a card game. Mickey had given him a check. It had been like putting money in the bank. Some bank.

THE Goodnight Club was a classy trap, and as Mickey entered, the lights were dimmed for the show. He followed the headwaiter through the expensive gloom to an empty table just as a blue spot led Marge to her place before the band.

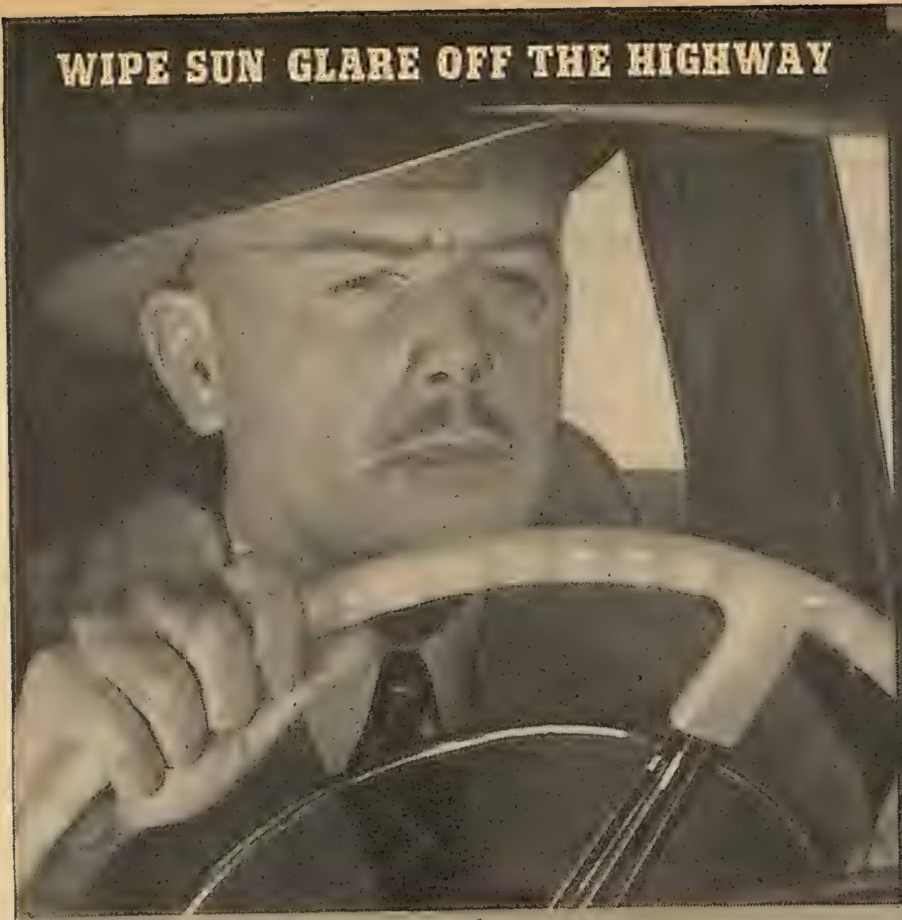
Mickey filled his eyes with her. She had not changed. The chestnut hair caressed her lovely shoulders, framing the soft angularity of her face. It was all there. His loneliness had not exaggerated her loveliness. The wide-set eyes; the mouth that was, perhaps, a bit too generous for beauty; the soft, full slenderness sheathed in black silk. He listened to her sing something called Where Is the Dawn? a tuneful lament that spoke of long and empty nights.

In a little while Marge brought laughter back to the crowd with a thing of her own. It was called Willie the Whistling Wolf. She sang three choruses before they let her go.

Mickey moved fast and was right behind her. He took her hand and said, "Hello, Marge."

She turned quickly in the dimness of the corridor, and her eyes were at first resentful, then incredulous. She said, "Mickey!" in that low voice, then she was softly, wonderfully in his arms. She clung to him for a little while, sobbing, her face tucked under his chin. Then she raised her face, and her mouth was warmly alive on his.

(*Continued on page 79*)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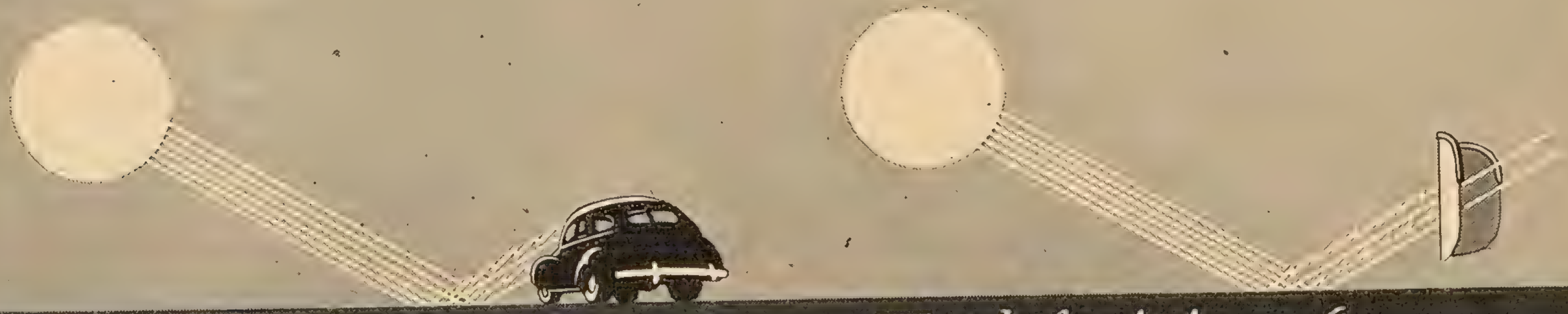

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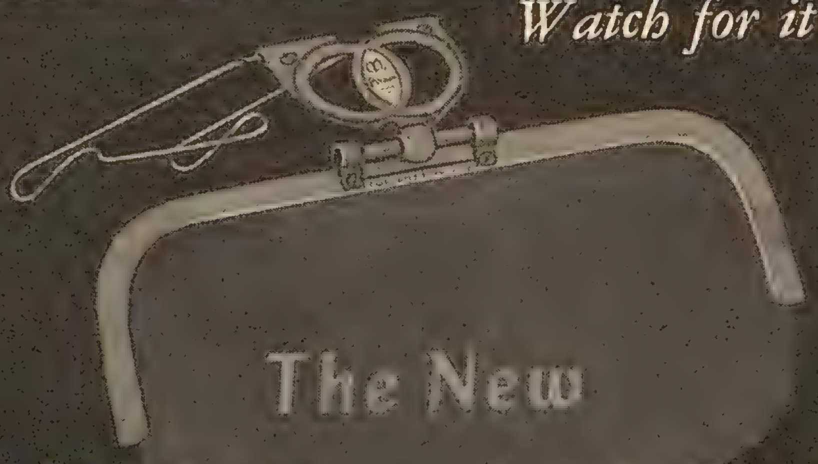

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To make sure of getting *your* Taylorcraft at the earliest possible moment, therefore, we respectfully suggest that you send now for the name of your nearest Taylorcraft dealer—and that you fly this amazingly safe, roomy and *comfortable* plane without delay. Such a demonstration will show you very quickly why Taylorcraft — backed by years of *pre-war* as well as intensive war experience —is "the No. 1 choice of the experts." For pleasure —for business!

Prompt action *now* will guarantee you against having to take "second choice"—if you want to fly by Spring!

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VICTORS! **Because you weren't here to place an advance order for your favorite personal plane, we at Taylorcraft have reserved 25% of our entire production for your needs. Just show your discharge papers—and go to the head of the line!**

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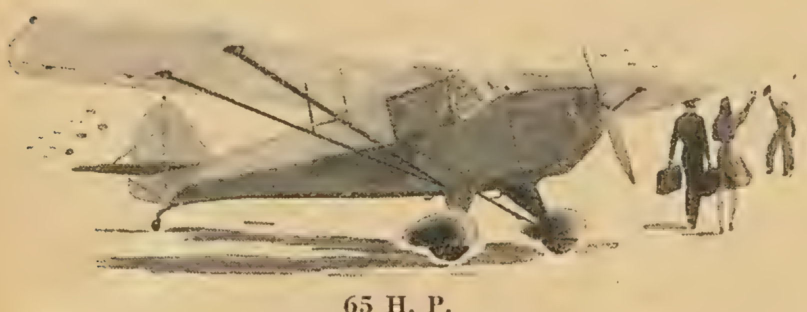

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TAYLORCRAFT *Model* B-12
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Wing span	36 feet	Climb (first minute)	600 feet
Luggage capacity	50 lbs.	Service ceiling	11,000 feet
Maximum speed	105 m.p.h.	Cruising range	378 miles
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We will finance your plane for only $763 down, balance divided in twelve monthly payments.

TAYLORCRAFT IS TAKING ORDERS AND DELIVERING PLANES TODAY

(Continued from page 76)

They left the Goodnight for a quiet little bar down the street, and sitting in a booth, talked themselves breathless for fifteen minutes. Mickey spoke of his plans for the years ahead, before he thought of Jimmy Summers and the ten thousand that he no longer had, but needed desperately. And when the thought snapped back into his mind, he was too far launched on the gay, delightful tale to retrace his steps.

"And Mickey," Marge said, "no more fights."

"No more fights," Mickey answered, and something told him he lied. "I'm getting too old."

"Besides," Marge told him excitedly, "you're getting a break, like meeting a debutante. Six thousand dollars I have. If we need any money, we can use that."

"You bet," Mickey said. Then he asked, "How fast can we get married in this town?"

Marge put a forefinger to her chin, lowered her eyes demurely. "Why, Mr. Moore! This is such a surprise!"

Mickey grinned, but within him there was no laughter. For two or three years before he had gone away, marriage had been an accepted part of their vague plans. But there had seemed to be no necessity to hurry. Mickey had wanted everything to be just right, and money had been a problem. He cursed at the memory of what a clown he had been. Two-hundred-dollar suits—enough of them to outfit an army. A big new car every six months or so. Playboy Moore. Big-Shot Moore. Soft-Touch Moore. The guy who had been having such a fine time he could never afford to get married.

Marge said, "Tomorrow afternoon you have a date—at the License Bureau."

THE next morning at ten o'clock Mickey kept another date, this one with George Dowell, who ran the fight business.

Mickey had thought the thing through in the night. It was his only way out. He couldn't take Marge's money. He had dipped lavishly into the reservoir of her patience and her love, but the money she had saved he would not use. Deep within himself he knew it was the only way things would work.

Dowell was a short stumpy man. He looked at Mickey sharply. "What's on your mind, Mick?"

"A fight. A couple of fights." He had it planned. "Kid Freeland. Manny Sax. Duffy Loomis. Something like that."

"How's about the Sonnyboy?" Dowell asked. "You'd draw. I could give you thirty thousand for the Sonnyboy."

"Somebody would probably give me thirty thousand to dive off the top of the Empire State into a damp rag, too. What good would it do me?"

"It would take you five, six fights to pile up thirty thousand, fighting Freeland and those bums." Dowell reached into a drawer and there was suddenly a contract form on his desk, a fountain pen in his hand. "Thirty thousand for the Sonnyboy, Mick. In a month."

Mickey felt himself being drawn in. He fought it. "How come that guy isn't in the Army, the Navy?"

"The draft board calls him," Dowell said, "and the Army gives him the once-over. They look in his ears. What do they find?"

Mickey shrugged. "Rabbits?"

"A foxhole, ready made. Punctured eardrums. They turn him loose."

"A mistake," Mickey noted. "Once they had hold of him, they should have thrown him in a cage." Whoever had named Sloan "Sonnyboy" had possessed an odd sense of humor. He was murder on the loose, a deadpanned vicious killer.

Dowell said, "It's fast money, Mickey." His eyes were half closed.

Mickey sighed. A hell of a way to earn it, but fast money.

AT lunch he told Marge. She looked at him, and the laughter, the happiness that had been in her eyes were gone. She said nothing.

Mickey said, "It's just this one, Marge." He explained quickly about Summers and the lost ten thousand. She listened, her eyes on him, accusing, refusing to understand. When he had finished, she said, "But the money I have! If it isn't enough, we can raise the rest somehow."

And he tried to explain about that, too. How he wanted them to start clean, fresh. "It'll be just this one time."

Her eyes were not pleasant to see. "I know. Just this one time. Until you see a car you like, or hear of a horse you like. Or until someone needs ten thousand. And then it will be just one *more* time."

"It won't be like that," Mickey promised.

"I know it won't," Marge said, and the pain, the bitter disappointment were heavy in her eyes. "When you get rid of this idea, call me." She walked out.

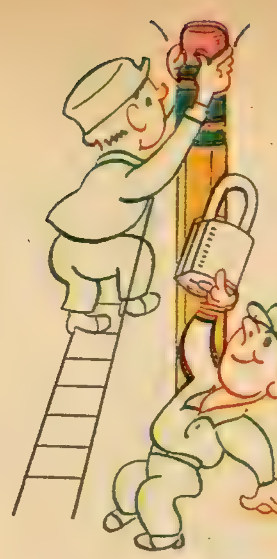
He went up to Pop Tremaine's, in the country, to work. He called Marge every day, but she would not speak to him or answer his letters.

He discovered that he was in good shape, that slogging up and down the mountains of Italy had done him no harm. He hit the roads for a week, worked on the bags. He was bored to death with himself. He sent to the city for Willy Belford and Manny Sax and Tony Breco. Willy to talk to, the others to work with.

Willy Belford was a corner man, one of the best and most expensive in the business. The first time they were alone, he asked, "What's the angle, Mick? You gonna go off the high board? You goin' in the tank?"

Mickey said, "Give me that again?"

Willy shrugged. "I can't figure this thing. I listen here and there, I hear



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this and that. It all don't make too much sense. People are bettin' a lot of dough on the fight. You'll be the favorite."

"I'll be *what?*"

"It's even money now," Willy said. "By fighttime you'll be five-to-three. I don't get it, so I figure I'll ask you. You know Willy don't shoot his mouth off. Read the papers. People'd rather bet on you than buy a bond."

Mickey read the papers, and their contents appalled him. He would be a sentimental favorite—the soldier back from the wars, the returning hero. Even the sports writers had the fever. They spoke of his Silver Star, glamorized an incident at Salerno.

He said, "Maybe I should show that Sonnyboy my medals." He knew that Sloan's backers, the smart money, stood to make an awful killing. It was a shame, but he could do nothing about it. Mickey worked. Four days before the fight he caught the easy, flowing rhythm of his work.

He went down to the city for the weigh-in the morning of the fight. At the Commission offices, Sloan was the brown-haired, expressionless bundle of smooth muscle Mickey so vividly remembered.

In the afternoon he tried to rest. When he woke he called Marge, but she wasn't at home. He walked into the ring that night with troubles fighting for standing room in his head.

His big trouble was in the other corner. Mickey remembered the last time. In the first round Sloan had hit him with a right-hand shot to the head from which he had never recovered. From that moment on, it had been Sloan's fight. It had lasted seven rounds, and then they had led Mickey from the ring, a silly grin upon his bloody face, the sound of receding thunder filling his head.

HE was mindful of Sloan's hands tonight. He knew what he was here for. A beating and thirty thousand bucks. Thirty thousand that wouldn't be worth six cents to him if Marge didn't change her mind.

It was not a role he was accustomed to play. He was not a losing fighter. He had learned his trade carefully and well. But his day was done. Sloan was terrific, perhaps better than Mickey had been at his own best, five or six years back.

He could dog it. He could go into the tank so artistically that no three people in the jammed ball park would be the wiser; save himself some bitter punishment. It was a thought he had examined and discarded.

Fifty thousand people filled the night with noise.

Then it was time, and he went out to the center of the ring. Sonnyboy was there with a couple of handlers, and Mark Baring, who would work the fight. Baring gave his little talk, and Willy Belford jerked his head at the Sonnyboy. "Examine the bum for weapons," he said.

Then Mickey was back in the corner, and Willy said, "Take care of yourself, Mick," just as the bell turned him and sent him out.

Sloan stabbed a left hand at his head and Mickey slipped it, took the following right high on the head. They clinched, and Sloan was strong, his punishing hands busy.

Mickey worked him over. For a couple of rounds, while he was fresh and unhurt, he could make this guy regret that he had ever laced on a pair of gloves. Mickey had been a champion before Sloan. There were some things he knew.

HE drew a lead from Sloan, slipped it, hooked his own left to the head. He turned Sloan with a deft hand at the elbow, pasted him with a right and slid away. He jammed his left to Sloan's head twice without a return, made Sonnyboy miss with a right, pushed him into the ropes and belted him with both hands. Sloan fought to him and Mickey clinched, clubbed the man twice with his right then broke swiftly, expertly, and was in the clear. He stepped back in before Sloan wanted him, led with a right hand and wheeled away before there was a return. He went to the center of the ring and stood there waiting.

The crowd loved it. They roared their approval to the night, and Mickey wondered at their foolishness.

Mickey dictated the movements of the fight for four rounds. He had been hit several times, hurt once, but Sloan's usually expressionless face showed unmistakable signs of both anger and punishment. His mouth was cut, there was a tiny rip over his left eye.

In the corner, Willy said, "This guy should pay you. He is gettin' lessons. Can you take him, Mick?"

"At your age you should know better," Mickey said.

The bell sent him out into new, light rain that increased steadily. The canvas grew slippery at first, then heavy, soggy. Freedom of movement was hampered, Sloan's wet body was difficult to control in the clinches.

In the sixth, Mickey started to feel the pace. He was aware of the first exploring fingers of the tiredness a man carries with his years. Sloan was strong, unaffected, and Mickey started to take his licking.

By the eighth the rain had established itself as a steady downpour. The crowd huddled under newspapers, providently provided umbrellas, but they did not leave. Mickey wished he had their choice. Sloan was becoming unmanageable. His legs, his heavy, battering arms were young, packed with untapped power. Mickey held him off, husbanded his fading strength.

After the ninth, Willy Belford said, "Will you make it, Mick? You gonna last?"

Mickey said, "No." He was near the end of the line. There weren't six

(*Continued on page 82*)

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(Continued from page 80)

more rounds within him. It would be like the last time.

And then he decided to see how tough Sloan really was. The fight was gone, his own resources ebbing swiftly. No need to hoard them now.

And at the bell he walked out jauntily, almost gaily, met the Sonnyboy more than halfway. He threw a left hook to Sloan's head, belted him with the right, clubbed him with the right again, shook under the impact of Sloan's left hook.

The crowd went mad. Mickey bulled Sonnyboy to the ropes, threw both hands at his head, then drove his right to the body.

Sonnyboy hit him. Hit him just a trifle high with a right hand, and Mickey thought the ball park had collapsed. He braced his sagging knees, threw a right and missed, and then the lightning struck.

He was sitting in a puddle on the canvas, and Baring's shout was "Five!" and he wondered if his legs would get him up there. He tried, got up on one knee and rested there for a precious second. He was on his feet at "Nine." He took the left lead high upon the head, slid inside the terrific right that followed, shoved Sonnyboy away and belted him.

He hit him twice with the right, then had him on the ropes. Sloan still was strong. Mickey hooked his left to the head, robbed the man of some of his strength with a right hand buried in Sloan's body.

The returns were weaker now, and Mickey forced his leaden arms to do their work. He kept the attack alive somehow with heavy, sodden blows; measured each shot, wasted not an ounce of fading energy. Sloan smashed him on the side of the head with a right hand that was like a bomb, and Mickey dug his toes into the canvas. He clubbed Sloan twice with the right—heavy, sullen shots, then stepped away. Sloan came to him slowly, pain and blood and doubt upon his streaming face. Mickey speared him with a long left, pulled the string on the right and loaded it down the line. Sloan stopped dead in his tracks, and Mickey hit him twice before he fell.

Sloan folded slowly to his knees, then pitched forward on his face. Mickey watched Baring count. Sonnyboy did not budge. Mickey said, through the blood in his mouth, "Tough. Very tough. But not tough enough." It was a fitting epitaph.

IN the corner, under Willy Belford's tender, busy hands, the rain was kindly, cooling, on his face. He said, "Willy, the older you get the less you know."

Willy said, "Ain't it the truth, Mick? I lost a thousand bucks on that bum."

Most of the crowd had gone before he felt that his legs would take him uncomplainingly to the dressing room. He had another fight to make tonight. A tougher fight than he'd already won. He had to make Marge believe he had meant what he'd said —that this had really been the last one.

And then Mickey saw her. She was seated on the aisle, about thirty rows removed from the ring. Her suit and flowered hat had undoubtedly been lovely things, but the rain had handled them roughly.

She arose and walked to Mickey, and her lips were soft upon his battered mouth. In a moment he said, "I called today. I was heading for you now. It was really the last, Marge."

"I hope it was," she said. "But even if it wasn't, Mickey, I couldn't stay away. You know that."

He hadn't, until now. He held her close, and all the weariness, the pain were gone from him. She leaned back a little and said, "I even won money on the fight, Mick."

"You what?"

She nodded. "All the papers said you'd win, and I knew you were in better shape than the last time, so I bet."

It was an astounding business. He asked, "How much, kid? What did you clip them for?"

"Three dollars," Marge told him, and her face was perfectly serious. "I knew you'd win."

Mickey shook his head. "You live dangerously, kid. Dangerously." He held her close to him in the rain. It was a beautiful evening.

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SCHOOL AT JOB'S FLATS

Continued from Page 35

Tom Mowbray rode down one morning to find Cousin Jonathel tromping about in the wet clay, mixing a batch of bricks.

"There's a crazy medicine man up on San Carlos stirring up one of the Apache tribes," Tom said gravely. "They'll break out before long to raid down toward Mexico. You should be making those bricks for a fort."

Jonathel smiled. "With soldiers at posts all over Arizona, why should we be afraid? The old raiding days are over and everyone knows it, except the grannies who still see Cochise and his warriors behind every yucca stalk."

Cousin Jonathel saw the hurt on his face and quickly stepped from the clayey mire. "I didn't mean—"

"I know what you meant. It's what everyone means who doesn't know Apaches. I only hope you never learn to know them."

HE did not appear in the settlement again for weeks. If Jonathel grieved, we were too busy to notice it. Job's Flats worked like slaves, the men building the dam and cultivating subirrigated patches along the river; Jonathel and all of us younger children making batches of adobes.

In mid-September, T. Frisco returned on his spotted mule. When we proudly dragged him over to our stacks of adobe bricks, T. Frisco was shocked. He kicked hard at a few bricks, but, to his disappointment, they held together.

As inducement, Jonathel promised that the school should be named in his honor.

Next morning at sunrise T. Frisco was laying adobes like mad, while Cousin Jonathel and we children mixed his clay mortar and kept a supply of bricks close to his feet. Soon the walls, with timbered openings left for windows and a door, were ready for the rafter logs, in Arizona called vigas.

That splendid progress shamed the men into quitting the dam long enough to haul down big logs off the mountain and lift them into place. Over these we youngsters swarmed, laying the peeled poles diagonally between the vigas for a ceiling, afterward covering them with brush capped by six inches of packed dirt.

Jonathel had written to our Tucson merchant, asking credit for window glass, as scarce in Arizona Territory as diamonds. Promptly the merchant sent as a gift window frames complete with panes. T. Frisco contributed a handsome paneled door, and two men made benches and desks. The floor was clay packed to a stone-like hardness and as easy to sweep as matched boards. With an adobe fireplace, the Tio Francisco School of Job's Flats was ready, except for one necessary item: books. Each pupil contributed

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whatever he found at home—dog-eared backless readers, spellers, arithmetics, histories. Little Mary Lawmiller brought the only volume in their one-room cabin: the big family Bible.

In October, school began, attended by the very small boys and all of the girls. The larger boys were busy helping on the dam, but on rainy days they dropped in.

Late one morning we heard hoofs beat up to the door, followed by the jingle of spurs. We guessed it was Tom Mowbray, who rarely came to the settlement. Instead, it was Tom's fourteen-year-old brother, Dan.

"Morning, Miss Jonathel," he greeted our teacher. "I—I sort of—well, I had a little time and—"

"Come in, Dan," invited Cousin Jonathel, and she placed him on a bench beside her desk where she could give him special attention.

All morning, between recitations, she taught Dan his letters. At noon he rode away, to return two days later for a short hour. After that he dropped in two or three times a week. Dan learned lightning-fast. Within a month he had galloped through the second reader and was far along on his multiplication tables.

It was one afternoon, when he was leaving after a two-hour stay, that he opened a book on Cousin Jonathel's desk and, looking hard at it, burst out excitedly, "I can read this! I can read!"

Tears appeared in Cousin Jonathel's blue eyes. "It's worth all the work building this school to hear you say that." From a shelf she picked up a book with a dark red cover. "This is the first book I ever read. Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales. I want to give it to you, Dan, as your first book."

Dan glanced down over a page and, looking up, thanked Cousin Jonathel. Then, eyes glued to the page, he headed for the open door just as a rider swept around the schoolhouse corner.

Tom Mowbray, his face like a thunder cloud, swung out of his saddle. He greeted Cousin Jonathel and turned to Dan. "I sent you to ride Priest Canyon today," he said.

"I finished it," said Dan. "Branded two calves. Tom, I can read!" he half shouted. "I've been riding down to spend a little time in school when I got my work done early. Jonathel just gave me a book. See—my own book, and I can read it."

"Don't be angry, Tom," begged Jonathel. "To deprive Dan of school is a worse crime than to keep one of his hands tied so he couldn't use it. He learns so fast."

"Learns," Tom repeated harshly. "What he needs to learn in Arizona is to keep himself alive."

"Dan," he went on sternly, "I told you there was no time now for school. I warned you not to ride here alone. After this, either you will stay on the ranch or you can live in Job's Flats and attend school all day, if it means that much to you. Take your choice between the Flats people and me."

Dan, still holding open the gift book, looked defiantly at his brother. You could see what was in his mind.

Two angry spots burned through Cousin Jonathel's smooth tan. "We have little in food and education in Job's Flats, Dan," she said, "but you are welcome to share."

Dan hesitated, then he handed the book back to Jonathel and dabbed at his eyes with his shirt sleeve. "I can't stay," he said slowly. "Tom has taken care of me since I was four; I belong with him. But," he ground out in a sudden rage, "I'll never step into a schoolhouse again. Nor open a book as long as I live. Good-by and thank you, Miss Jonathel."

He hurried to his horse, leaving his brother.

"YOU had no right to do that," Cousin Jonathel told Tom, and her voice shook. "All Dan will know is what a savage knows; he'll be no better than a savage."

There was no compromise in his gray eyes. "Dan and I have been near starving, and we came even nearer to dying. Nothing can be worse than dying at the hands of Apaches. If Dan has to be no better than a savage to stay alive, then let him be one. And if you folks in Job's Flats need to be savages to stay alive, for God's sake, be savages!"

Cousin Jonathel shook her head. "I cannot believe that. We white people are civilized and educated; if that means anything, we should be able to protect ourselves from Apaches while living on our own level, not sinking to theirs. Instead of dreading them, we should be teaching them to leave their bloody ways. We can't let them terrify us into becoming hunted animals, hoping only to be allowed to live. Can't you see it, Tom?"

"No!" he said hotly. "I know Arizona; you don't. Being civilized or educated won't help when Apaches raid through here. You are fools in Job's Flats. With this trouble on San Carlos, you should have a guard out day and night, and a fort built."

They stood for a long minute, looking at each other, heedless of our watching eyes. Then Tom Mowbray said good-by and turned away, while Cousin Jonathel closed the door, in such a way it seemed to us that she was shutting Tom out of her life forever. All that day, as she taught, she held her head high, but that night we heard her crying into her pillow.

The next day was unseasonably warm. In the afternoon, while we recited drowsily, we were awakened by faint reverberations coming from far up the valley. Prospector blasts, we guessed.

Job's Flats suddenly became uneasy. The men stopped work on the dam and Jonathel dismissed school.

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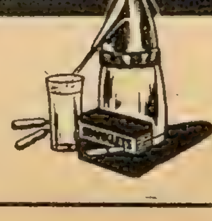

At dusk a cowboy raced in on a sweat-lathered pony. The Apaches were raiding, he shouted as he changed his saddle to a fresh horse. More than seventy renegade warriors, with their families, had left the reservation to head for Mexico. Meeting a string of freight wagons at the upper end of our valley, they butchered the drivers and looted the vehicles. By then troopers from Camp Jackson arrived. Driving the Apaches on to the small conical mountain, they had surrounded it. The faint thunder we had been hearing was a battle.

"You folks better pull out of here 'fore daylight," the cowboy advised. "Come dark, those bronco Injuns will slip past the soldiers and there's just one way they'll head—straight for the pass above. They'll reach here 'bout daylight and murder the lot of you."

He raced on to carry the warning. Darkness came and we heard the dim sullen sound of the firing only occasionally. No one had any appetite for supper. Seventy ravening warriors, hungry for loot, drunk with blood lust, were enough to throw a good-sized town into a panic. We clustered near the schoolhouse—women, children, and about half of the men in the settlement. The other half were away freighting.

"Only thing to do," said old Gabe Payson, who had lived twenty years in Arizona, "is to hustle up on the mountain and hide around Tom Mowbray's ranch."

"BUT why should they attack Job's Flats," asked Cousin Jonathel, "poor as it is?"

Gabe grunted. "They'll want our horses, and they'll be wanting to kill just for the fun of it. We'd have no chance against seventy warriors. We got to run."

"Si, we run," approved T. Frisco. *"Correr! Los Apaches!"*

"I can't leave," said Chan Fitton. "My wife's too sick to travel."

"And if we go, they'll burn everything we leave behind," argued Luther Baggs.

"Goddlemighty!" yelled Gabe Payson. "Think of your lives, not your shacks! We'll take your wife in a rig, Chan. There'll be a sure-'nough massacre here if we don't run. Maybe we could stay if we had a fort like Tom Mowbray told us to build."

"But we do have a fort," said Cousin Jonathel. "The schoolhouse. Its bricks will turn bullets."

"The schoolhouse might serve if we plugged up the windows," admitted Payson. "No, we couldn't hold off seventy warriors charging us from every direction. We got to run."

"Gabe's as bad as Tom Mowbray," said Luther Baggs, "in a sweat if anybody whispers 'Apaches.'"

At once everyone was arguing, but queerly almost all wished to stay.

Gabe Payson shook his head sadly, looking on us as doomed. "There'll be nothing here come sun-

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up 'cept dead people and smoking houses," he predicted. "You don't know Apaches. Tom Mowbray knows 'em; he learned about 'em early. His father was a college professor that come West for his wife's health. With them was their grown daughter and two small sons, Tom and Dan. Freighted in his books, thousands and thousands of 'em, and built a big log house in a settlement on Mourning Dove Creek."

He cleared his throat. "And there Professor Mowbray sat and read his books until Chief Little Victorio and twenty renegades swept down. The settlers had no fort and they joined up at the Mowbray house and fought until a warrior sneaked up to set the place afire. When the flames drove 'em outdoors, every soul was butchered 'cept Tom and Dan, Tom being eleven, Dan four. The boys was out hunting their burros and Tom hid little Dan and himself in a chaparral clump, near enough to hear the horrible things that happened. That's why Tom is so wary of Apaches and so agin books."

THERE was a shocked silence, then Cousin Jonathel spoke in a low voice: "And that's why he thought a fort more important than learning to read! Oh, he was right! He's always been right, and if he were here now, he'd advise us to run."

But folks wouldn't budge from Job's Flats. T. Frisco could take the horses up, but the people would stay.

After T. Frisco had gone with the horses, the families all crowded into the school, among the benches and desks. Then, while the clouds made a black shutter across the sky, men took out the window frames and filled the spaces with loose adobes.

In the ink-dark night, terror filled the schoolhouse. For a long interval, when we heard no faint rattle of gunfire from the cone peak, we were certain that the Indians had slipped past the soldiers and were heading for the pass. We imagined we heard their ponies move down the valley; we could smell the dust lifted by unshod hoofs. Listening with stopped breath, we thought we heard the water rippling faintly against pony legs at the ford. Although they could see nothing, riflemen kept their eyes glued to the loopholes left in the bricked-in windows.

Luther Baggs cocked his rifle to fire, but Gabe Payson spoke sharply: "Don't shoot. Nothing out there. 'Paches don't fight at night 'less they have to; they won't jump us until dawn."

"But it's almost dawn now," said Luther Baggs.

It wasn't even midnight. My sister Linnie whimpered and clung to Jonathel. Mary Lawmiller's mother prayed in a loud whisper. The Fitton baby, lying by his sick mother on a straw tick, burst into wails.

"Hark!" said Gabe Payson finally. "Horses moving this way, but they're coming down from the pass."

"Apaches, you said," quavered Luther Baggs as he cocked his rifle again, "don't fight at night 'less they have to."

The invisible hoofs shuffled nearer, and then a voice called, "This is Tom Mowbray. Dan and I and T. Frisco brought back your horses."

"Thank the Lord!" sang out Gabe Payson. "Help us climb on those horses and let's get out of here."

THE door was unbarred and Tom Mowbray stepped in, but we could not see him. "I'm afraid it's too late to leave," he told us. "Their scouts are across the river; I heard them signaling each other. If you leave, they'll trail you."

"What can we do?" shouted Luther Baggs.

"Jonathel," Tom Mowbray said, ignoring Luther, "you told me yesterday that we should not let the Apaches terrify us into becoming like hunted animals; that we should live as civilized people and try to bring the Apaches out of their bloody ways."

"I was wrong!" cried Jonathel. "We should have built a fort instead of a school."

"No; you should have built the school," said Tom Mowbray. "Forts will not win Arizona from hostile Indians. It is the homes we build, the towns, the schools that will keep us from becoming like Apaches. You were right, Jonathel. I could not sleep thinking of what you said."

"But what can we do?" shouted Luther Baggs again.

"First," said Tom, "you need to quiet down, Luther. The main bunch won't be here before dawn. Remember that these Apaches off the reservation are in greater fear than we are. Their lives are made up of fears—dozens of them: the superstitious fear of their medicine man, fear of the soldiers, fear of the night which they think is filled with enemy spirits, fear of being caught and punished for the murder of the freighters. And just now their greatest fear of all is running into a soldier ambush. We'll be ready to fight them if we have to, but the Apaches will be afraid to come near Job's Flats if they think the soldiers have set a trap for them here."

"But there is no trap," said Gabe Payson, puzzled.

"We can make it seem like one in this darkness," said Tom Mowbray. "If, instead of waiting here, you will all go out and act as if you were soldiers planning an ambush."

"That's an idea," Gabe Payson said quickly. "That's smart—making 'em think the Flats is full of soldiers."

Luther Baggs started to object, but Gabe shut him up quick. "It's no-ways safe inside here with a nervous feller like you a-holt a rifle," he growled. "Let Tom run this show."

All agreed to that; they'd had enough of shivering in the crowded schoolhouse. It was scary, stumbling around in the darkness at first, but

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the work that Tom Mowbray assigned took away the panic.

All over the Flats were stealthy movements and various sounds: horses being led about, men occasionally marching in rhythm, the unsaddling and unpacking of horses, the braying of T. Frisco's mule.

More important, Tom and Dan Mowbray with T. Frisco would each take a pair of horses up toward the pass, walking them noiselessly over the turf. Then, after they had twenty or so, back they'd come, bringing the horses over the rocky wagon road with such a clatter of shod hoofs that you'd swear it was a cavalry troop.

Across the river we were sure that Apache scouts were straining to read the meaning of the stir.

Then, at the first fading of the inky night, we crowded again into the schoolhouse, except the Mowbrays and T. Frisco, who lay on the flat roof, behind the low parapet.

No one spoke; no one had words to say. The terror came again and the painful thudding of our hearts. We knew that we were few; that our fort was a flimsy defense; that the simple strategy of Tom Mowbray to take advantage of the fears of our enemy was perhaps our only hope.

Then, just as we could bear it no longer, from the three on the roof came jubilant yells and the shout, "It's safe! Come out!"

We poured through the doorway. The sky was overcast, but out in the valley we saw a snaky dust cloud raised by many horsemen. Tom Mowbray's pair of powerful glasses had revealed it to be made by the Apaches, heading east.

Gabe Payson and Tom Mowbray forded the little river and climbed the bluff to beckon to us. There in the dust we saw the tracks of several unshod Indian ponies mingled with moccasin prints left by scouts for the hostiles. The scouts had ridden to turn the main party from Job's Flats.

AFTER breakfast, Jonathel said in her brisk way, "We will have school as usual." Barely had the first recitation begun when the Mowbrays entered, Tom with his hand on Dan's shoulder.

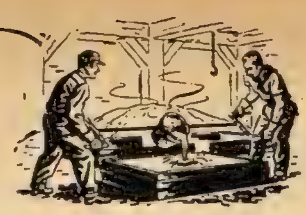
"I've brought you back a pupil, Jonathel," Tom said. "It took a lot of begging to get Dan to return. And if you have room, I'm offering myself as a half-day pupil. When I left off lessons, fractions were still as dark as last night to me."

For a full half minute Cousin Jonathel stood looking at Tom Mowbray. Her eyes held the flash of tears, but in her face was warmth and happiness.

"Fractions?" she murmured. "I still get them a little mixed myself."

"Then we'll work them out together, Jonathel," said Tom Mowbray, and he stepped a little nearer. "You and I, we'll work everything out together."

THE END



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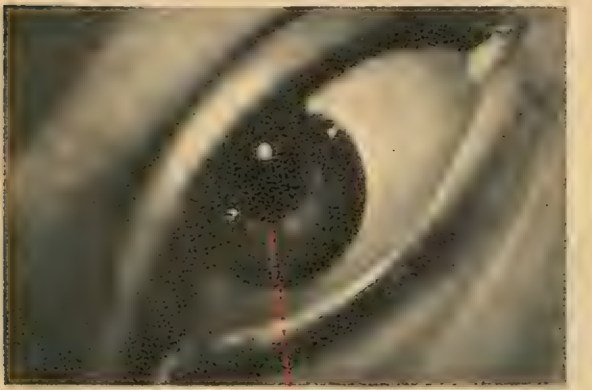

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Paris and Texas meet in New Orleans.

SARATOGA TRUNK

(Warner Brothers)

Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Flora Robson, Jerry Austin

THE latest of a long line of fabulous fictional females to hit the screen is Clio Dulaine, out of Edna Ferber's most valuable piece of luggage—Saratoga Trunk.

Fabulous is indeed the word for the lady's personality, and the production, directed by Sam Wood, is scaled to size.

As Clio, Ingrid Bergman very successfully puts the kibosh on the Aryan myth by donning a black wig and becoming a fascinating Creole. All of her nascent charm comes sparkling out—she's gay, she's haughty, she's replete with *joi de vivre,* she's utterly bewitching.

Illegitimate daughter of a New Orleans society man who was accidentally killed by her mother, Clio has lived in Paris until her mother's death. Then, in 1875, she returns to New Orleans, determined to live down the family scandal and to marry into a fortune and respectability.

Clio and her two body servants, the mulatto Angélique (Flora Robson) and the dwarf Cupidon (Jerry Austin), make a devastating trio. Through their stylishly brazen appearances, they succeed in making her father's family squirm so much that the Dulaines send their lawyer with $10,000 to get her out of town. She accedes, first demanding that her mother's body be brought back and buried in a vault marked "Beloved Wife—Dulaine."

Meanwhile Gary Cooper as Clint Maroon, a Texas gambler, has captivated Clio. But he's vetoed as being marriageable because she thinks of him as penny-ante stuff.

Clint goes to Saratoga to beat the races, and a letter to Clio telling of

A polite cat fight on the Saratoga Springs piazza.

the green pastures and eligible millionaires makes her decide to go there and acquire a husband.

Posing as a French countess, she wins favor with everybody at Saratoga, especially Bartholomew Van Steed, the railroad scion. When Clint, in a magnificent fight on the railroad, saves Van Steed's fortune for him, and wins himself a partnership in the firm, Clio's ethical dilemma vanishes. She and Clint and the two servants are four of a kind, and the lid of the Saratoga Trunk closes on that winning combination.

That's the essence of the story. The atmosphere is equally rich—all the way from New Orleans to Saratoga, and its hotel with the long wicker-chair piazza the Springs, complete with gazebos and band concerts and stiff-mannered old ladies and gentlemen taking the waters.

Looking down with amusement at the proceedings is Gary Cooper, who slides into the role of Colonel Clint Maroon with greater ease and fitness than he's shown for many years. He makes a heroic-size hero out of the drawling, reckless Texan.

Cooper's great, but the touch of genius in the film is Jerry Austin's performance as Cupidon, the dwarf. With his highly expressive face, he demonstrates beautifully a man-sized spirit in a tiny body.

Flora Robson's Angélique is something of a *tour de force* also. The famous English actress shows amazing versatility in her Negro dialect.

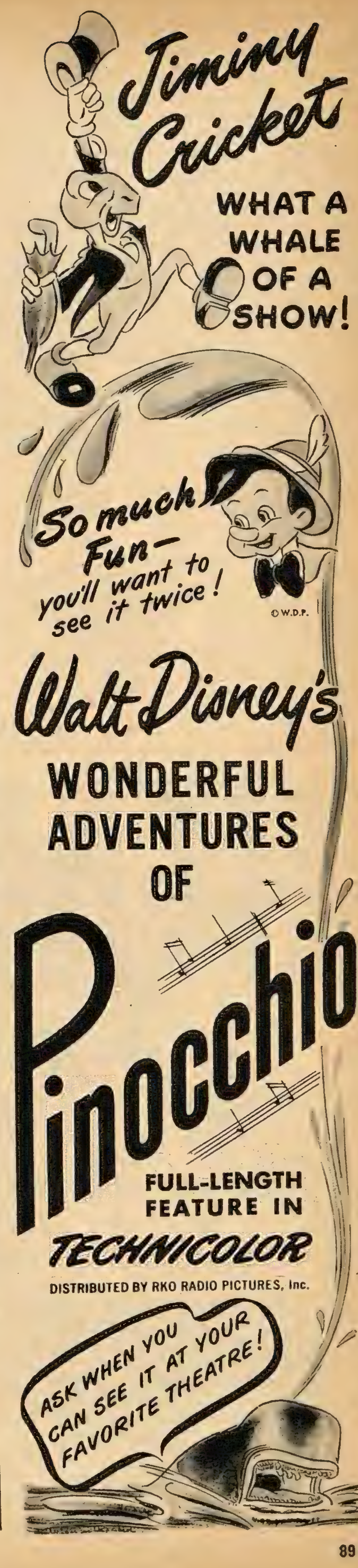
Max Steiner's music is just about perfect. In one instance, when the lobby of the hotel is buzzing with gossip about Madame la Comtesse, the orchestra can be heard deftly imitating the miaowing of cats.

Saratoga Trunk is a rich, romantic period piece. You couldn't elect a more glamorous history course.

The phony countess shows off.

The wounded heroes enter.

Clio's kind of therapy will make that headache disappear.



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(*Continued from page 68*)

contractor's man failed to show up to pay off the workers.

Conditions quickly improved when the Employers' Association and the Building Trades Council began to co-operate. There have been no major labor disturbances in the construction industry for nearly forty years.

The building trades unquestionably performed their share of war work. The Seabees, for example, were mostly craftsmen of the building trades. When the Navy asked for help, all the district Councils put on recruiting drives. From the New York district alone, more than 30,000 union members enlisted. When the Navy called for ship repair men at the New York Navy Yard in Brooklyn, thousands of union members whose basic contracts called for pay of $2 an hour went to work at the Navy rate of $1.26 an hour. The building-trades unions also put up the war plants and factories.

These same unions, however, abused many of their opportunities to serve the nation in wartime. At countless construction sites, non-union men applying for work were forced to pay exorbitant union initiation fees. The wages on these jobs were high, and thousands of men were willing to pay $100 each to a union in which they had no interest, in order to earn the wages.

The building-trades unions also have been foremost in the dangerous practice of "make-work." Electrical workers on a construction job insist that factory-assembled electrical devices must be torn down and then rewired to provide work for local craftsmen. Technological advances, such as the concrete mixer, brought dismay to cement workers. They demanded and gained the right to have stand-by workmen on the job: men who do not work but who might have mixed the concrete.

The prefabricated house now has the building-trades unions frowning with grim disapproval, although it is made in large part by men who belong to them. They believe that factory-produced houses will put their members out of work. The 3,000,000 building craftsmen cannot catch up with construction needs in less than fifteen years, no matter how many prefabricated houses are built. Moreover, millions of people don't want prefabricated houses, and nobody so far has prefabricated a school or a bank building, or a theater.

Within the twenty-six unions of the building trades we have, surely, artisans capable of building anything our architects may design. In the days to come, America will have desperate need of these builders. They must not be exploited or victimized either by unscrupulous contractors or by unscrupulous labor politicians. They must not, on the other hand, take advantage of our pressing need.

THE END

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NOT IN THE COMMUNIQUE

Continued from Page 24

daddy took on Easter Sunday" which "isn't very good, but maybe you might like it anyway. . . . Lots of love and kisses. ANN."

The envelope containing the second note includes a faded snapshot of a teen-age girl, demure and serious. Whispering out faintly from the rain-blurred message are the broken words, "I hope I am not too disappointing . . . your dreams I should say . . . 'cause you only saw me once." The name has been lost.

THE final letter of the four appears to be from dad. "My dear Bart: Well, we received a letter from you last Friday and one today. Keep up the good work. Paula also received a letter from one of your buddies, which she will answer promptly. However, it has been over three weeks since we have heard from Johnnie. I suppose he has been en route to a new station. . . ."

There is mention of some pictures which have been taken and are being sent to him and Johnnie. Then, "Yesterday was Easter Sunday and what a fine day it was, just like summer. All the trees and plants are about one month early. Even my iris will be in bloom in about another week. I have planted some peas and they are doing well.

"Bart, have you moved out yet? Of course you can't tell us where you are, but if you have made a move, you can at least say this in your letters.

"The war news looks very good—don't you think so? Hope and pray it will be over shortly, then we can have you with us again. We miss you. . . . Love, MOM, PAULA and DAD."

For this boy the war did end soon, for in the exact center of the four letters is a bullet hole. Perhaps the newspapers that day spoke of stubborn resistance from the enemy on Okinawa.

In the bottom of a foxhole, punished by the rain and mud until the barest legibility remains, is strewn the accumulated correspondence of a wife. Here are some random sentences: "I love you with all my heart." . . . "The strike is all over and I'm glad, too, because I lost three days and the whole week before that, so I better catch up and try and get back what I lost." . . . "I love you so darn much, and always remember that I'll be waiting here for you no matter how long it may be, but I'll be hoping and praying that it may be soon." . . . "I miss you terribly." ". . . her brother just came back from overseas and he was in pretty bad shape, he was wounded in France and got it in his face and shoulders. When I seen him, hon, I couldn't enjoy myself because I thought of you." . . . "Jean is sitting right next to me and you ought to see how she tries to write. . . . She keeps interrupting me and wants me to draw her pictures." . . .

A faded blossom, flattened and dead, clings to the paper between the pages of the next letter. The blossom is from "our favorite tree." She prays "that you'll come back to me. I don't care if it's two years or three, but please, please come back. . . . Goodnite my darling. . . ."

Somebody's dad, in a short note, tried hard to hide his feelings under a tone of sternness. "Dear Bob: Just heard that your outfit received the Presidential Citation for work on Guam. Congratulations and hurry up and get some word to us. Most of the fellows who have boys on Okinawa have already heard from them. DAD."

Two snapshots of an exceptionally attractive girl are wrapped in a letter. "Adored Darling: Another day less to wait for your return. I keep trying to tell myself that time is flying and you'll be back very soon, but it's sort of hard to believe. You've been gone years. . . . I'm enclosing two pictures of my Easter outfit. The suit is 'Marine Gray' . . . white blouse, red pocketbook and gray hat. . . . When I asked the saleslady what gray it was and she said 'Marine Gray,' the suit was sold.

"I wish you could see one of the babies I'm taking care of. He's about a year old, big blue eyes and very cheerful. You know, whenever I'm holding a baby that's cute, I always ask the Lord to let you come home safely to me so I too can have a baby. Oh, darling, if you only knew how hard I pray for that. . . . God bless you. . . ."

WE pick up a prayer book. A sliver of shrapnel has slashed through it, lodging amid the pages and clipping them together. Rust stains have gathered around the metal where it protrudes on either side of the clip. On the forward page of the clip is a drawing of the callers at Christ's tomb being spoken to by the guardian angel: "You are looking for Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He has risen, He is not here. . . . Go, tell his disciples . . . that He goes before you."

A small black notebook is blank except for the names and addresses of half a dozen girls.

At the bottom of a shell or bomb crater we retrieve a long letter in a prim hand to "Dear Jack: We had a surprise today. Joe came home. . . . It took sixteen days to come home. He went to France." There is comment on the developments in Europe and the approaching V-E Day, which "General Eisenhower said he would not proclaim . . . until the boys who were going were on their way to the Pacific."

Corrosion has eaten holes in the page, taking out some of the words. "I've been working . . . a pinafore for Sandra. . . . I also did what I could on my woolen dress. . . . It is a beautiful day. We had rain yesterday, but it cleared up and got very cold. It is very clear now, as it is getting dark. The sky is very blue. . . . Love, HELEN."

A white card hidden by a film of dust proves to be a high-school graduation announcement, forlornly incongruous in this setting. It is inscribed in black script, "The Class of Nineteen Hundred Forty-Five, T—— Senior High School, Announces its Commencement Exercises Friday evening, May Twenty-fifth, at eight o'clock, High School Campus." Who the brother or sister was who sent it belongs to the weather.

Near a ripped helmet we find an earth-coated Mother's Day greeting. On the front is a cupid-like figure entering between the pages of a big book entitled "To Mom" over "Mother's Day," with the title section encircled with blue flowers. "'Twould take a whole big volume, Mom," begins the sentiment at the bottom of the front; and going inside it continues, across both pages: "Or maybe two or three to even start to tell you how much you mean to me."

UNDER a torn battle jacket are two letters written in copybook hand and sealed with a lipstick imprint. A few lines are readable. "You know . . . as I go through the day I have so much I want to write to you, but when I get a piece of paper before me and pen in my hand I'm at a loss for words. All I can think of is that the guy I love is so far away from me and that I miss him so much. . . ."

A soldier in Europe writes to his marine brother in the Pacific, using red ink on Red Cross stationery. "Hi, Marine . . . I am in the 502nd Regiment, attached to the 101st Airborne Division. You probably read how it held off the whole damn German army at Bastogne, five days before being relieved. You can bet your boots I am proud to be one of these Battered Bastards of Bastogne! . . . I have been in combat already (can't say where) but it was pretty tough. I gather by news from Dad, you are in the South Pacific somewhere. I sure hope it isn't Iwo Jima, for I read it isn't so healthy. . . . Gee, I hope Mother isn't taking it too hard, for we left pretty close together, and you know how much she worries. Well, take care of yourself and give them hell whenever you see them. When it's over here I will probably be right down there with you. . . . Best of luck! Your brother. . . ."

In a communications trench lies a mud-laden packet of letters from a mother in Mississippi. They are scrawled in pencil on ruled tablet paper. After repeated pleas for word from her son, which apparently go unanswered, she writes: "Dear Frank B. My Dear Son. I wont you to tell me one thang do you thank you would go to heaven if you get killed over there you know you was not no chistane when you left here

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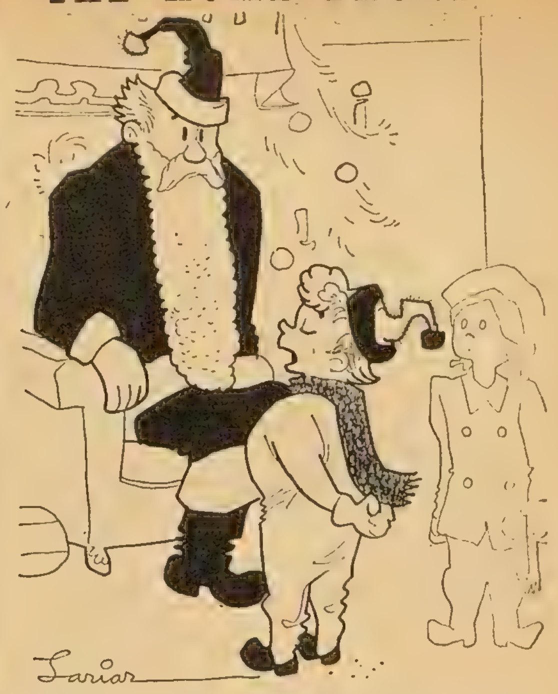

"You know, of course, with the war over you'll be expected to produce this year!"
LIBERTY

I just werry about you all time you dont have to Jorned a church are to be cistian to be Saved you can trust in god he will Saved you So please try to be a good boy tell Mother how you feel about your Soul for we can all live again after this world is Burned up if we only live right we have a feeling in our heart where we are living right are wrong So trust in god and he will Save you and if we dont never meet again on this earth we can live together in a better world to come So I hope if you dont feel like you are right with god you will Study More about it and look to god for life enturnel. . . ."

That many did "study more about it" is evident from the Bibles left behind on this Okinawa waste. Here is the back of a pocket copy of the New Testament, stiff with dried earth. A few pages remain between the covers. On one is a message from Franklin D. Roosevelt, commending the reading of the Bible to those who serve in the armed forces. On the back of the page, otherwise blank, is written in ink, "Okinawa Jima." Then comes a page bearing the national anthem, followed by an index headed, "Where to Look." First on the list is a recommendation that, "If you are facing a crisis, read the 46th Psalm, page iv."

Several feet away, its pages yellowed, we find the rest of the book. Some of the pages are bent back and fixed in place under the book by repeated wettings from the rain. This leaves the volume open to the Forty-sixth Psalm, which place has been marked for ready access by turning up the lower right-hand corners of the next fifty or so pages. The lines begin, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. . . ."

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

FRUITS OF WAR: The girdle and brassière buyer of a large New York department store (R. H. Macy) says that the cloth eye is here to stay. A wartime measure designed to save metal, the cloth eye, with its attendant hook, results in a flatter closing on bandeaux and girdles, which apparently makes up for its bad habit of hiding from Modom as she jujitsus herself into her foundation haberdashery. . . . It is the passionate hope of the corset coterie that by spring a good combination of rubber and synthetic rubber will be available for garters, which have been the toughest girdle problem of the war. They've been too short, and the synthetic rubber used always gave up the struggle long before the rest of the garment expired. Synthetic rubber in the body of the girdle has proved to have certain advantages—it is more resistant to body oils and perspiration than genuine rubber. Since the real McCoy has greater tensile strength, corset manufacturers will continue to work toward the perfect combination of rubber with its synthetic sister. They also hope to reinstate steel zippers in place of wartime aluminum, which was not so strong or so flexible.

STRATEGY: I find that my three-year-old son often agrees to a disagreeable program if he is given a decision to make in connection with it. I get results, for example, by asking him whether he prefers his spinach with salt and butter or just plain naked, instead of saying dictatorially, "You *have* to eat it, whether you like it or not." Or "Which bear do you want to sleep with you?" instead of "You've *got* to take a nap."

DANGER AHEAD: There are three million miles of roads in the United States, many of which have been neglected during the war. The current average age of automobiles is over eight years, whereas in 1940 it was only four. Tires are badly worn, and sudden blowouts are imminent and dangerous. According to Sidney J. Williams, assistant to the president of the National Safety Council, conditions are now more hazardous than they were four years ago, and even then, traffic casualties reached a record of 40,000 deaths and 1,400,000 injuries. Now, though there are fewer cars on the roads, they are less roadworthy, and we human beings are less roadworthy too, after years of driving very little or not at all. Until our nerves and our cars are in condition to return to prewar speed, we should go easy on the accelerator. As President Truman said in connection with the Safety Council's drive against accidents, "It is unthinkable that the nation will lose the war against accidents after winning the war against the Axis." Community organizations, clubs, and schools can help in calling a halt to the tragedies of peace.

TO POULTRY, RETURNING IN PROFUSION

Fine, feathered friends, not long ago
Despairing housewives missed you so.
They cried, "Our kingdom for a bird!"
Which makes their current squawk absurd.
For now they yammer, "What the dickens!
Can't we get anything but chickens?"

EN ROUTE: Ambling into a Fifth Avenue toy store (Schwarz) to take a look at the rising tide of Christmas toys, I met up with a stuffed cloth kangaroo. The salesclerks fell upon it with shrill cries of rapture, until one observed that the kangaroo's pouch in which she carried her young hopeful was green, while the rest of the mother was an unblushing salmon pink. There was general agreement that the manufacturer should have had a woman consultant around to tell him the facts of life. . . . A large New York department store (Macy) is confident it will have a supply of electric trains and skates back on its Christmas counters, not to mention bikes and velocipedes. So, mothers, get ready to have the wild life in your home turn into hell on wheels.

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THE FUTURE OF THE ATOM

Continued from Page 17

mental research should suffer during those years. That loss will have to be added to the cost of the war.

"And science sustained another blow, too. You speak of developing atomic energy for commercial purposes. Such development requires competently trained men. But as a result of the war, science faces a serious deficit in such men.

"For the past few years our college students have gone into the armed forces. No deferments were granted to science students. The most competent teachers, too, were taken out of the universities to solve wartime problems. We had to win the war; all of us understood that and accepted it. Still, we now have to confront the facts that, first, we have a lack of trained students—the scientists of tomorrow—whose ranks it will take several years to replenish and, second, that the present generation of scientists has had to abandon the field of fundamental research in order to do its part in the war. So you see why I say that in many ways science has *lost* several years of progress."

TO continue work on the bomb itself, it became clear as we talked, holds little further interest for Dr. Oppenheimer. It is a task that is finished, behind him. It is time to turn again to fundamental research in the laboratory.

I mentioned current theories about a pea-sized pellet of atomic energy that would soon run a refrigerator for ten years, or furnish endless power to an automobile, or keep a furnace working for a decade. Dr. Oppenheimer did not smile.

"From what we have so far learned," he said, "it is a mistake to speak of having atomic energy run your car, power your airplane or your motorboat. Atomic energy, as we know it now, is not feasible for such purposes or for private home use. It can be employed only on a large scale—for tremendous industrial installations or for the needs of an entire community. What you say about the amount of energy that can be concentrated in a pea-sized pellet is true. But the release of that energy now requires at least a fifty-ton unit. The unit must be encased in walls of concrete many feet thick; these are necessary shields against the radiation generated in the process of releasing atomic energy. Therefore, it would hardly be practical, without some new invention, to speak of employing such units in the home or in automobiles.

"If, however, you wish to distribute power to a whole community from a central atomic source, that *is* possible. A community can readily accommodate a large unit. You may even build such a unit into a great ocean ship. But you would hardly build it into a private yacht. We face limitations at present which we must recognize.

"Still, there are many things we already know we can do. To these we can turn at once. The production of heat or of electric power for whole communities is one of them."

"Would such a change necessitate the rebuilding of present equipment in the home?" I asked.

"The need for alterations will be surprisingly slight," Dr. Oppenheimer said. "Atomic energy will not supplant present home equipment; it will merely change the source of its power. It means a change of fuel, not of system; an atomic energy unit instead of a conventional boiler. It will probably work out that the new source of power will not supplant coal and oil but will supplement them and make possible operations which are not dreamed of today."

THE things Dr. Oppenheimer said, as well as his factual manner of saying them, seemed to bring the atomic age to the immediate present. He was not discussing theories; he was talking of existing conditions. Because of this, perhaps, I reverted to a statement he had made earlier in our conversation.

"When atomic energy was first released, a year and half ago," I asked, "how hot did your systems run?"

"Not very," he said. "Not hot enough for any practical purposes. Just enough, let us say, to keep a pot of breakfast coffee warm. But the principle for obtaining such heat was established. We did not develop it further because that was not our problem at the time. Now people will have the leisure to take up that principle again and to apply it to peacetime needs."

"Is there danger in the necessary research? Danger for the men engaged in it?"

"There is danger, yes, but in the laboratory, of course, we take every possible precaution against it. During our three years of work at Los Alamos we had only one fatality. The danger lies principally in the radiation that surrounds our experimental units. And yet this very radioactivity is a by-product of our work that can be of inestimable value to science; particularly to medicine, since it provides new fields for research in radiotherapy."

Dr. Oppenheimer paced the floor again while he discussed the therapeutic potentialities that lie in atomic energy. He spoke of them for several minutes. Then he stopped, and the tone of his voice changed.

"The truth is," he said, "that we cannot consider atomic energy merely in its industrial or military sense. Its possible uses are infinite. With our restricted imaginations we cannot even guess at them. The same could have been said, I think, of every new principle for producing power that man ever discovered.

"Could Faraday, for example, fore-

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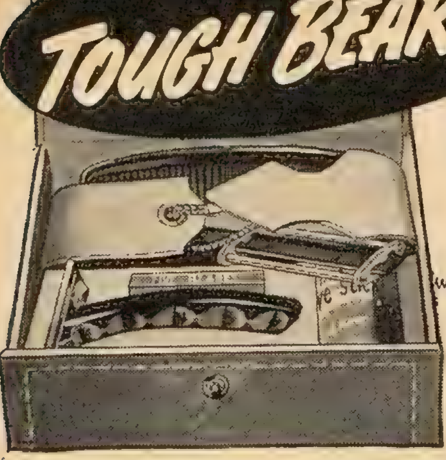

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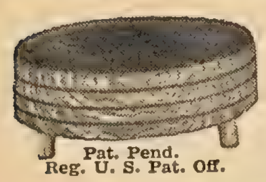

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see the total effect of electrical power on civilization? Could he foresee its economic, its social, its cultural, its scientific results? In his day he could not even imagine them. And when the internal-combustion engine came into existence, could it be foreseen that because of it airplanes would some day be possible? For the same reason—the limiting factor of human imagination—we cannot predict today what atomic energy will mean to the future in technological change, in the evolution of science, or even in the philosophy of man. So far, we know only that we have produced a new source of power, and that, within certain feasible areas, we can soon begin to put it to work."

SINCE this power had been developed at Los Alamos by scientists who represented several nations, we came to a discussion of the political future of atomic energy.

"Not only is it an international problem," Dr. Oppenheimer said, "but this, I think, is one of its greatest hopes. It should result in new conceptions of national and international welfare. No nation can hope to hold a monopoly on a form of energy. Nor is any one nation, including our own, wholly responsible for what we know today of atomic energy. The background of our present knowledge was supplied by scientists from every country of Europe and many elsewhere. Of course we are glad that the atomic bomb was developed in the United States. But we recognize the fact that ours were the final steps in a long series of advances made in past years.

"But that is not really the main point. Atomic weapons are very terrible weapons; the mixed awe and revulsion which all of us felt was a proper feeling. Before our children are grown to manhood the weapons can be made far more terrible, in vast numbers, at a cost small compared to the costs of war as we have known it. There is the deadliest danger for all mankind in an atomic armament race; there is the greatest common need there has ever been for all nations to collaborate in an effective prevention of war. On this one point almost all of us who have worked on the atomic bomb are unanimous—this, even more than the possible contribution toward shortening the war, was the reason we felt it so desperately necessary to get the job done, the facts proven, in all their terror and urgency, for the world to see.

"Our hope for the future is to see this new form of energy as the peril, the challenge, and the hope that it really is. It can bring about a major change in human life. Here, if we are wise, is a force we can apply to forge the peoples of the earth into closer unity, for in it they will see a new common danger, a new common interest, a new commonwealth. I hope we shall have the wisdom and the courage to use this new power."

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TWO MEN ON A MULE

Continued from Page 23

are extremely modest, Davis almost painfully so. Glenn blushes whenever he's called "Mr. All-America." When one sports writer complimented him, he muttered:

"Heck, even you could score touchdowns—without jarring your glasses—through the holes this Army line rips open."

Neither will ever need the treatment one Big Ten star got a few years ago. This headliner was enchanted by the press clippings in his scrapbook. One day, when his signal was called, the center failed to snap the ball, and the star was holding nothing but an armful of air as he dug off tackle.

"See how great you'd be without me," snapped the pivot man. "You looked silly without the ball." It deflated the star for good.

BLANCHARD is the players' player, the coaches' player, and has been the focal point of Army's effectiveness. "Doc was the one who softened the other team up," says Sam Cordovano, former wrestling champ, player and coach under Lou Little at Columbia. "He does a terrific job on the defensive tackles. When he hits you, you stay hit, and feel as if you've been broken in two." One fellow who will shout "Amen!" to this estimation is Don (Rock) Whitmire, Middy who had been heralded as one of the all-time collegiate greats at tackle. Rock limped off the field, never to return, before the last Army-Navy game was thirty minutes old.

Commander Oscar Hagberg, Navy coach who has been decorated for sinking several Jap ships while serving as a submarine officer early in the war, has had no easy time plotting revenge in the service renewal.

"I make up nice little graphs figuring out how to stop Davis on those sweeps, and suddenly I see I've left things wide open for Blanchard. When I close things up, Davis is running wild around end. I've been waking up nights with Blanchard beating a tattoo on my stomach and Davis dancing elusively just beyond my fingertips. Sometimes I wish I were back on a nice quiet submarine, with only the Japs throwing depths bombs at us."

If Blanchard catches the eye of the moleskin masters, Davis is the delight of the man in the stands. He brings 'em to their feet with his tight-rope sprints down the side-line. He gained 1,500 yards—almost a mile—while playing less than half the time in nine games last year. His 20 touchdowns and 11.1 yards per rush set modern collegiate records.

Physically, Glenn Davis is different in many ways from his bosom pal, Blanchard. He's as light as Doc is dark, as small by grid standards as Blanchard is husky. While the fullback stands six feet and weighs 210 pounds, Davis at 5.8½ and 173 is the smallest member of the squad—a tip-off, incidentally, on the heft of the mighty minions operating on the Plains. Both are twenty years old.

There's an interesting story behind Davis' enrollment at the Academy. He's a sort of going-away present. When Blaik left Dartmouth for West Point, Professor Warner Bentley, of Dartmouth's English Department and director of dramatic productions there, tipped him off about someone named Davis, son of a banker, in Claremont, California. When Blaik investigated, he learned there were two, not one. Of course he wanted Glenn Davis, who had scored 236 points in his senior scholastic season, and who in one game had handled the ball five times, scoring four touchdowns and passing for a fifth to his twin brother, Ralph.

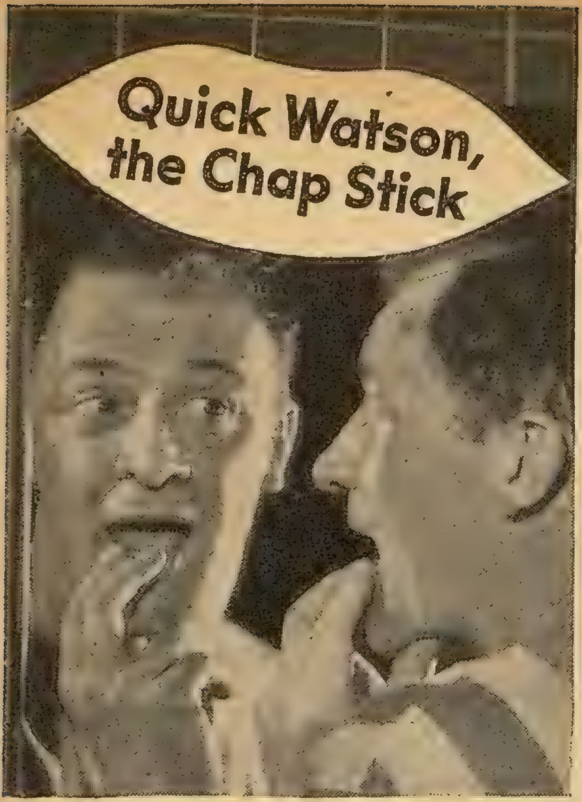
"It was the old story," laughs Blaik. "I had to take both brothers or none. So I took both. Ralph was only a B Squad player in football, but he was a champion shot-putter, and it was he who gave Blanchard the tips on form that enabled Doc to win the intercollegiate championship in March."

FRESH out of high school, Glenn Davis encountered scholastic difficulties in his first year. He had to hit the accelerated curriculum "cold," and it's little wonder he flunked in math. In the spring of '44, however, he breezed through the make-up exams and re-entered as a plebe in the fall.

For a fellow who gets more fan mail than any other grid hero at the Academy, Davis is as elusive to the girls as he is to enemy tacklers. He has yet to attend one of West Point's famous hops. Blanchard will drop in occasionally (stag), and will even dance a few numbers, but not Glenn Davis.

You can't get anybody at the Point to say so out loud, at least not until he gets his lieutenant's bars, but Glenn undoubtedly is the greatest all-around athlete in the annals of the U.S.M.A. He set a new Army record in the grueling physical-fitness tests with 926½ points out of a perfect 1,000. The old mark was 865.

Mickey Owen took one look at him on the baseball diamond last spring, when the Dodgers were training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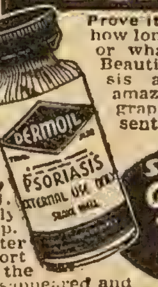

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near by, and said, "If that boy were a free agent, he could get a bigger bonus for signing a major-league contract than the $51,000 Dick Wakefield got from Detroit. He's as fast as Pete Reiser, looks like a deadly hitter, and can go get 'em like Terry Moore in the outfield." Such praise may sound a bit extravagant for Army's clean-up hitter, but Branch Rickey, probably the best judge of baseball talent, admits, "Davis is one of the best outfield prospects I've seen in half a dozen years."

At Blaik's suggestion, Davis went out for track last winter to keep his legs in shape. In his first competition he won the sixty-yard dash against Dartmouth. He seemed certain to become one of the mainstays of Army's IC4A champions. But then Leo Novak, his track coach, made a remark he'll always regret. In Blaik's presence, Novak mused, "If I can change Davis' stride a little, I'll make him the greatest quarter-miler in the country."

That was too much for Blaik. He wanted no part of any change in the stride that had galloped to grid glory. So Glenn hung up his track spikes and donned basketball sneakers. Under the late Ed Kelleher's masterly tutelage, he rapidly developed into a high-scoring first-stringer.

FOOTBALL fans can easily comprehend his touchdown runs, but only the experts and his opponents really understand the secret of his breakaways. The secret that underlies the performances that earned him the Maxwell Memorial Trophy, Helms Foundation Award, Walter Camp Trophy, and Player of the Year Award last fall is this:

When the California Comet heads for the side line on his pet end-run play, he does not actually run as fast as he seems to be. The enemy end and secondary keep shifting with him, and, judging from his speed, they think they have him paced perfectly for a clean tackle whenever he tries to cut in. But Davis — unlike practically every other player, who puts on best speed while moving laterally and slows down when cutting forward—has the talent of adding a burst of speed as he cuts in, leaving the enemy in the lurch.

As far apart in technique as the two oceans on whose shores they were born, Blanchard and Davis combine to give Army the deadliest one-two punch any football team ever had. Stanford boasted Frankie Albert and Norm Standlee; Boston College contemporaries were tricky Charlie O'Rourke and big Mike Holovak; Princeton had its Dave Allerdice and Bob Peters. . . . You can go back through the years, but you won't find a tandem to match this one.

That old scout really tabbed 'em right when he said, "ONE, TWO, and BOOM!"

THE END

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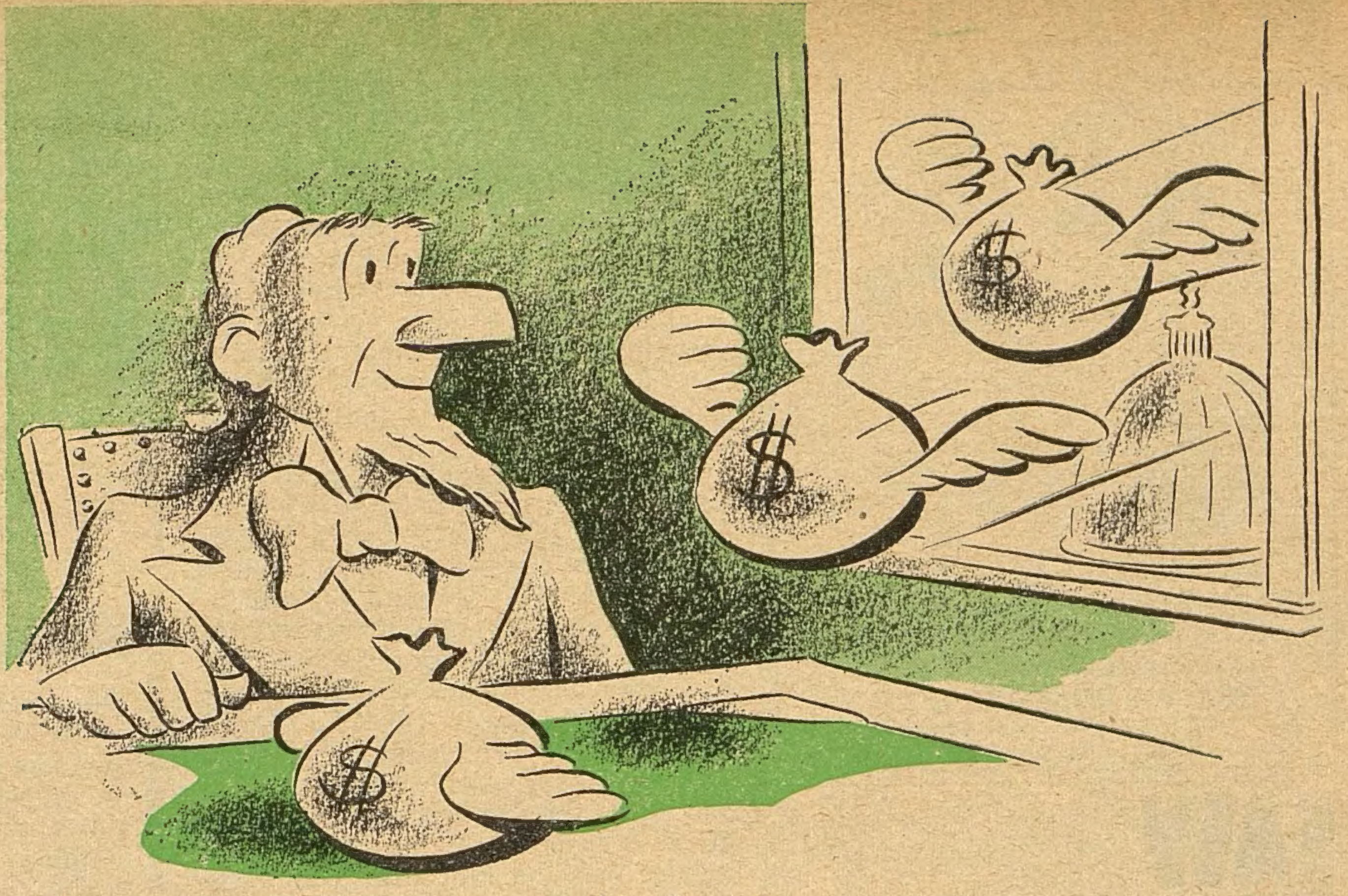

Chickens home to roost.

UNCLE SAM PROFITS FOR A CHANGE

SO rarely does your Uncle Samuel turn a dollar-and-cents profit on one of his investments, that when it does happen it's news indeed.

Some twenty-seven years ago, in 1918 to be exact, the Post Office Department began to foster the development of air transportation by pumping a little financial lifeblood into the infant industry in the form of air-mail "subsidies." Through the years the air lines grew. So did the amount of money the government was losing on its air-mail operations. Up until 1943 it paid out, to fly the mail, $128,734,266.62 more than it took in. Then came the turning point. The 1943 fiscal year showed an estimated net profit of some eighteen million dollars; 1944, about fifty million profit; and for the fiscal year ended last June, the profit is estimated at seventy million.

Adding these up puts Uncle Sam well into the black on air mail—a most gratifying outcome for all concerned. If the air lines, woefully short of planes during the war, have been able to turn such handsome profits for the Post Office, they should do even better with more, newer, bigger, and faster aircraft in the years to come. Cheaper air-mail postage, which ought to be in the cards, means still greater volume and still more astounding statistics to be added to those amazing figures already in the record books.

For example, in 1918, 16,009 miles were flown and about 18,000 pounds of mail carried. In 1944 it had grown to 115,000,000 miles and 132,000,000 pounds of mail. The 1945 figures will be still bigger when they're added up.

The government's payments to the air lines have gone down from 3.2 mills a pound-mile in 1932 to .32 mills in 1944, a reduction of 90 per cent. While pound-mile payments were going down, revenue from passengers and express was increasing. The total percentage of air-line revenue derived from mail dropped from 82.6 in 1932 to 20.72 in 1944.

Truly the air lines of the United States have had a remarkable and healthy growth fostered by a farsighted and, except for short lapses, intelligently applied system of government support which several years ago stopped being a "subsidy" and began to turn a handsome profit.

It is gratifying for Uncle Sam to get his money back, but even if he hadn't, the investment would have been profitable anyway.

Without a lustily growing air-line system our aircraft-manufacturing industry would have been virtually nonexistent at the start of the war. We would have lacked the trained nucleus on which to pyramid the vast production that war demanded. We would have lacked the skill and know-how of operation on which to base our globe-girdling military transport system. We would have been least prepared where we needed it most—in the air.

Great credit is due the men who built the air lines—the men whose daring and technical skill made air mail safe and swift and thus attracted the volume that enabled Uncle Sam to get his money back and more besides. It is gratifying to the public to know that for several years the air lines not only have been paying their own way but giving the Post Office a handsome profit to boot. It is good for our people to witness this example of private initiative and democratic government working hand in hand to such superb accomplishment.

Paul Hunter

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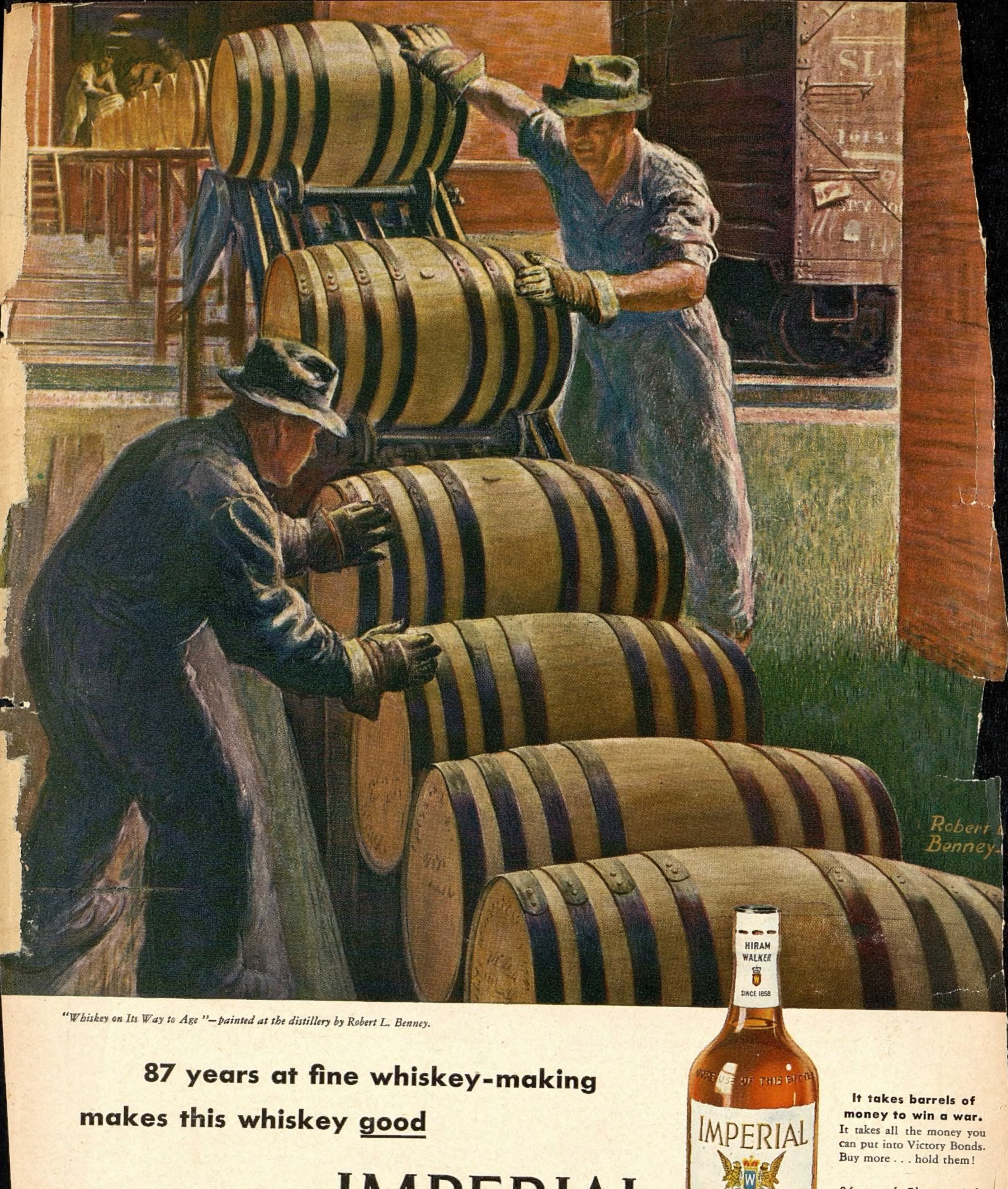
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